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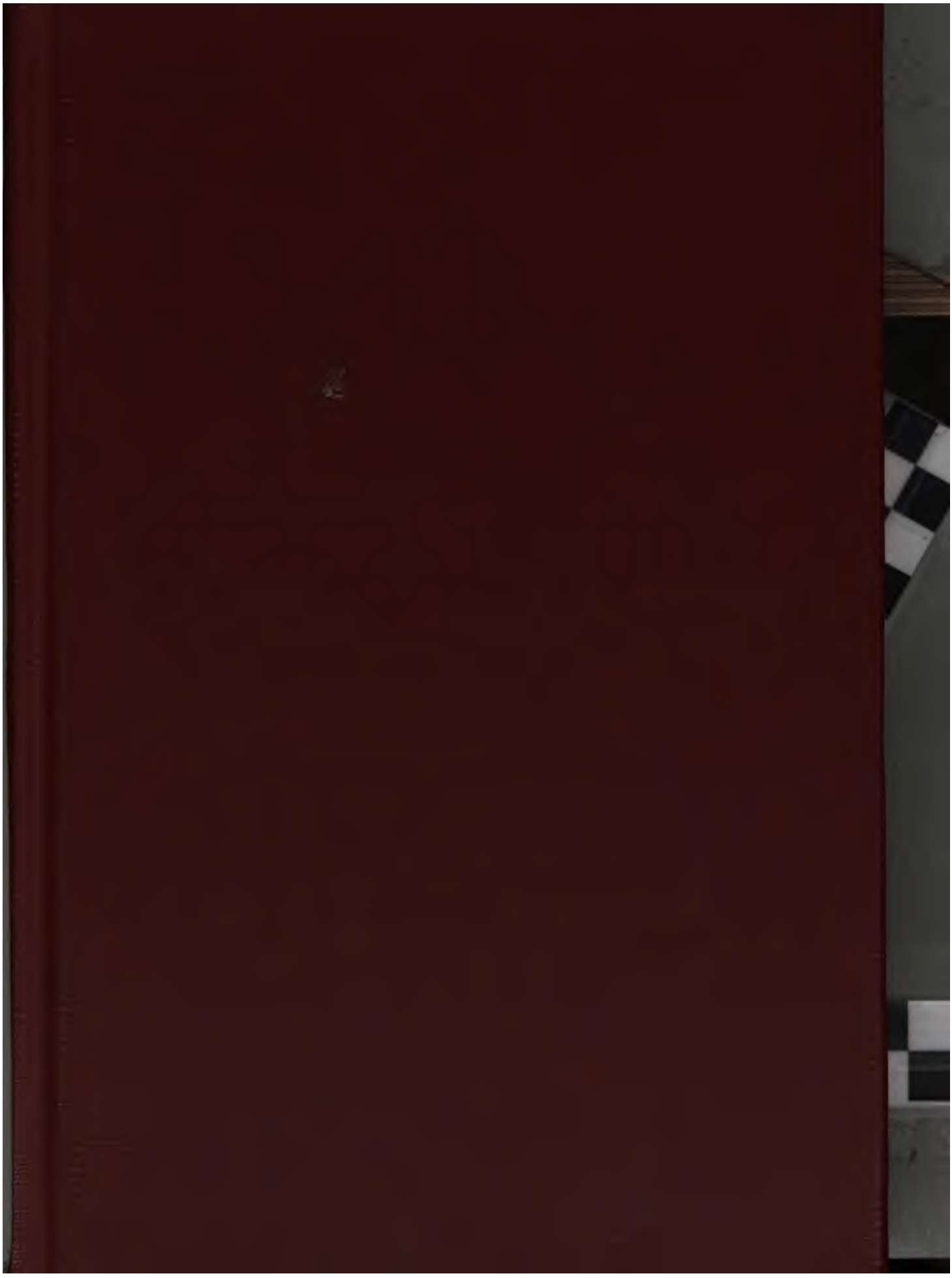

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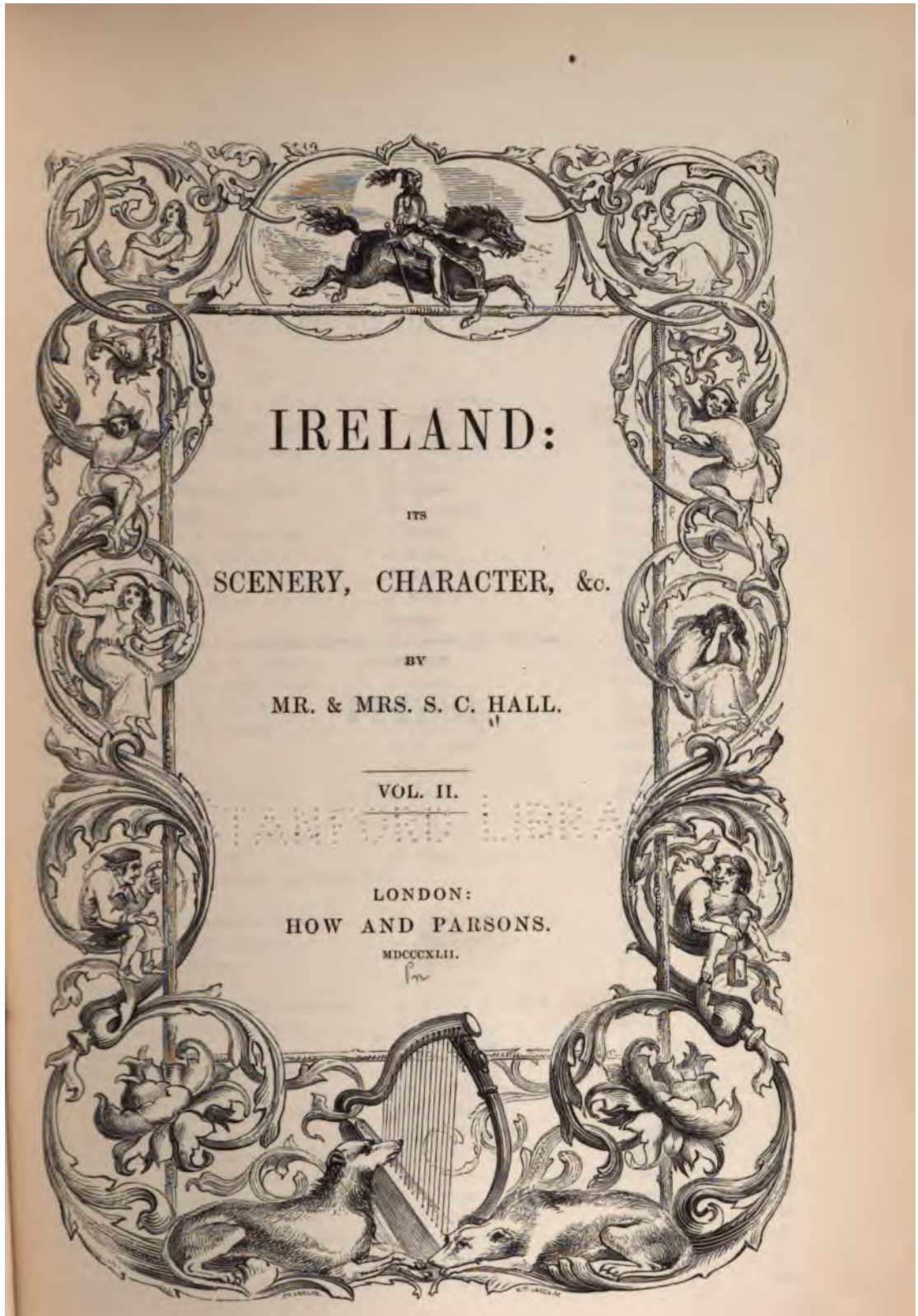

IRELAND:

ITS

SCENERY, CHARACTER, &c.

BY

MR. & MRS. S. C. HALL.

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IRELAND,

ITS SCENERY, CHARACTER, &c. &c.

KILKENNY.

KILKENNY is in the province of Leinster—an inland county—bounded on the north by the Queen's county; on the south by the county of Waterford (from which it is divided by the river Suir); on the west by the county of Tipperary; and on the east by the counties of Carlow and Wexford—being separated from nearly the whole of the latter by the Nore:—

> "The stubborn Newre, whose waters grey,
> By fair Kilkenny and Ross-ponte board."

So it is styled by Spenser. The general aspect of the county is level, but, the soil being very fertile, the prospect is at all times cheering.

To visit Kilkenny, we voyaged along the beautiful river Nore, and landed

at the pretty little town of Inistioge, close to far-famed Woodstock. The river is here crossed by a bridge, a very elegant structure of ten equal arches,

the southern side of which is ornamented by Ionic pillars. There are few seats in Great Britain so richly and gracefully endowed by Nature, or so improved by science and taste, as that of Woodstock. The rarest shrubs of various foreign lands are skilfully mingled with "old Patrician trees" that have been rooted there for centuries; while the "plebeian underwood," that fills every sequestered nook, seems "in place" in the midst of cultivation, for it prevents the eye from discovering a single spot of nakedness. Into the broad river that skirts the banks a score of tributary streams are rushing; now and then as miniature cataracts down lesser precipices; occasionally forming

a placid basin, where the trout may be seen basking or at play; or rippling onwards, through, or beneath, overhanging boughs, making the sweet and gentle music that, more than any other earthly sound, cheers and calms at once. Little valleys and small hills, undulating slopes and rough precipices, steps formed by the roots of aged oaks, rocks shaped by the hand of Time into forms grotesque—such are a few of the varied gifts with which Nature has bountifully enriched Woodstock. Art has been busy among them, but with so rare a skill that it seems to have laboured, always, under the direction and control of Nature. On two or three of the heights, and also immediately skirting the river, graceful and picturesque cottages have been erected; the former command magnificent views of the distant mountains and the adjacent valleys, while from the windows of the latter may be seen the salmon leaping —literally—"in shoals." The gardens that adjoin the house are happily contrasted with the natural luxuriance of the ground; the beds are formal, and of artificial character, but filled to abundance with flowers from all parts of the world. It is impossible for either the pen or pencil to render justice to this fascinating place; we have selected one scene—only because it will bring the beauties of Woodstock to the memories of all by whom they

have been seen—the cottage beside which the boats are moored, and where liberal arrangements have been made for the accommodation of visitors. Amid these "delicate marvels" the accomplished authoress of "Psyche" spent many years: here the sweetest of her poems were composed, and here she died, in the spring of the year 1810—bequeathing to the world a volume of pure thoughts conveyed in graceful and eloquent verse *.

It was evening when we quitted Woodstock and took the road to Kilkenny. Passing through Thomastown, a very old borough, so called from its founder, Thomas Fitzanthony, one of the earliest of the English settlers, we diverged somewhat from the regular route to visit the ancient abbey of Jerpoint. The sun had gone down, and the hour was in harmony with the

solemn and impressive character of the scene. The ruins occupy an area of three acres, and retain abundant evidence of the beauty as well as extent of the time-honoured structure. It was founded, according to Archdall, in 1180, by Donough Fitz-Patrick, king of Ossory, for Cistertian monks, and dedicated to the Virgin. The abbot was a peer of Parliament; and among

* We found in an "Album," deposited in one of the cottages, where visitors are expected to insert their names, the following epigram, which we considered worth transcribing:—

"Here, in this happy Eden of our earth,
Dwelling with Nature and her holy train,
A mortal woman gave a spirit birth,
And Psyche made immortal once again."

the mitred abbeys of Ireland, that of Jerpoint was esteemed in wealth and architectural grandeur the fourth in the kingdom. On its suppression, in 1540, it possessed 6500 acres in demesne land; which, being surrendered by

Oliver Grace, the last lord abbot, were granted, together with its other estates, to Thomas, tenth earl of Ormond. The hour, some old memories, and the singularly picturesque character of these remains, with which the hand of the Destroyer has dealt more leniently than with others, contributed to leave upon our minds a very forcible impression of their singular grandeur and beauty; they stand alone in their magnificence; there is no object within ken to distract the attention—nothing to disturb the imagination in recalling them to their condition of wealth and splendour, to contrast it after a while, with their fallen state, as we pace through dilapidated aisles, among broken sculptured sepulchres of its ancient lords, or "close-packed" graves of the poor peasants of yesterday*.

* We may, perhaps, be allowed to extract a few stanzas from a boyish poem, written, and "privately printed," anonymously, many years ago, "On visiting Jerpoint Abbey." It has been brought to our remembrance less by the locality we are describing than by finding it quoted by Mr. Moore, in the third volume of his "History of Ireland," and there characterised as "a poem of considerable merit." We hope for pardon, therefore, if we are tempted—by a compliment, from so high an authority, to the muse by whom we have long ceased to be influenced—to trespass upon time and space that might be better occupied.

I gaze where Jerpoint's venerable pile,
Majestic in its ruins, o'er me lowers:
The worm now crawls through each untrodden aisle,
And the bat hides within its time-worn towers.
It was not thus, when, in the olden time,
The holy inmates of yon broken wall
Lived free from woes that spring from care or crime—
Those shackles which the grosser world enthral.

A short distance east of the road from Thomastown to Kilkenny, between ennetsbridge and Dungarvon, is the round tower of Tulloherin, one of five at still exist within the boundaries of the county. It is in a fair state of

---

Then, when the setting sun-beams glisten'd o'er
The earth, arose to heaven the vesper song;
But now the sacred sound is heard no more,
No music floats the dreary aisles along;
Ne'er from its chancel soars the midnight prayer,
Its stillness broken by no earthly thing,
Save when the night-bird wakes the echoes there,
Or the bat flutters its unfeather'd wing.

Here, where I stand, perchance, was once the scene
Sway'd by the feudal chieftains of the spot.
No records live to tell what they have been;
Their laurels faded, and their fame forgot;
Save when some peasant quotes the name of Grace,
Allied to thoughts of noble deeds and days,
To give that ancient and heroic race
The heartfelt tribute of a peasant's praise;
Or sings, in rude but energetic strains,
Some legendary tale of times gone by;
Beholds yon abbey's desolate remains,
And quotes the annals of its brilliancy,
When to its stately porch and sculptured nave
In better days the poor and sorrowing hied,
And as the holy fathers solace gave,
Found their griefs soften'd and their wants supplied.

* * * *

Nor let thy last lord, Jerpoint, be forgot,
Whose sorrows teach a lesson man should learn;
But fancy leads me to the very spot
From whence he parted, never to return.
I mark the venerable abbot stand
Beneath the shadow of his church's towers,
Grasping the wicket in his trembling hand,
Reverting to past scenes of happier hours,
And dwelling on the many years gone by,
Since first his young lip breathed his earliest prayer,
To lisp of Him who lives beyond the sky,
And nurse the hope he might behold Him there.
And now he gazes, ere his steps depart,
While earthly feelings wake that long had slept;
When, with a look that spoke a breaking heart,
He turn'd him from his hallow'd home and wept.

* * * *

But mark where yonder dusky clouds roll on,
To cast a darker shade on all below!
Now that the song of birds is hush'd and gone,
The stream makes lonely music in its flow;

preservation, but without the cap; the ruins of a large church are, as usual, close beside it; the church is not very ancient, but appears to have been erected since the introduction of the pointed style of architecture. The stones (of red sandstone) that formed the doorway have been removed by the peasantry to make "Fire-stones." Unfortunately, in several other

---

Thy stream, thou lovely river! thine, sweet Nore!
Flowing, though all around thee feel decay;
Thy banks still verdant as in days of yore,
Through the same plains thy crystal waters stray;
Still through the same untrodden pathway glide,
On, to the trackless ocean's silver shore,
Till mingling with the sea's eternal tide,
The fair, the clear, the pure, exist no more.
How like each early hope, each youthful thought!
When the young heart like yonder stream might stray,
Till from the world its spotless hue had caught
The taint of care and sorrow on its way.

O Night! how many a thing we learn from thee—
Mother of contemplation! we may gaze
Through thy thick curtain on the Deity,
With eyes unblinded by the sun's bright blaze.
Oh, nurse of Fancy! on thy spotless wing,
When in thy holy west the day-beam falls,
To happier, brighter worlds the soul may spring,
And leave the day to its ephemerals.
How oft, when thou wert passing o'er the earth,
And trampling nature's fairest on thy way,
Thy shadows gave my pensive feelings birth,
And I have loved in thy lone hour to stray!
Thy coronet was gemm'd with worlds of light,
By distance soften'd; and thy sable dress
Was sparkled o'er by orbs, that beam'd so bright,
As they were conscious of thy loveliness.

But now it seems as 'twere thy mourning hour;
The dew thou weep'st falls heavily around;
And nature feels not thy refreshing power
Give trees their bloom, and verdure to the ground.
Farewell! all chill and cheerless as thou art,
Thy clouds hang o'er yon fane; whose fallen state—
How true an emblem of the human heart!
That, once deserted, soon is desolate.
Farewell!—those relics of the days gone by,
Have waken'd feelings which thy shadowy reign
Has call'd forth into being; and thy sky,
Though dark, I have not gazed upon in vain.—
Farewell! yon ruin'd tower and broken wall,
Near which on many an eve I've loved to stray,
Teach me, that thus our proudest hopes must fall,
And leave us, time-worn, darkly to decay.

KILKENNY CASTLE.

KILKENNY

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instances we had occasion to remark the carelessness displayed in preserving these singular, interesting, and mysterious relics of remote ages; in some cases the foundations have been undermined, and it is to be apprehended that in a few years many of them will be altogether lost.

The first object that strikes the visiter on entering Kilkenny is its famous Castle, the ancient and present seat of "the Ormonds," standing on a small hill that overlooks the river Nore. It has recently been put into complete repair by its most noble, and respected, and estimable lord, and now, therefore, recalls little of its early history. The traces of age and of "honourable scars" are altogether lost; and fancy will strive in vain to associate "the fortress" closely with the contests of centuries. It is said to have been originally erected by Strongbow; to have been soon afterwards destroyed by the Irish; and to have been rebuilt in 1195, by William, Lord Marshal, Earl of Pembroke. In 1391 it came, by purchase, into the possession of James Butler, third Earl of Ormond, in whose descendants it has remained vested —while so many other properties in Ireland have changed hands—to the present day. The principal attraction in the castle is the picture-gallery—a noble apartment, about 150 feet in length; it contains a fine collection of portraits. They illustrate the long career of this distinguished family, which occupies a station so conspicuous, and so honourable, in the history of Ireland.

The founder of the illustrious house of Ormond was Theobald Walter, one of the followers of Henry the Second, who bestowed upon him a large

grant of his newly-acquired possessions in Ireland. To these lands the king added, about six years afterwards, the office of chief-butler of Ireland, which, like the estate, was made hereditary. To this office was annexed soon after a grant of the prisage of wines, which entitled the Butler to one tun of wine out of nine brought by any ship into the ports of Ireland. The ancient sirname of this family is a matter of dispute; but from this time, it is well known they took the name of their office and were called Boteler, Botiller, Le Bottiller, or Butler, often holding the chief offices of the kingdom of Ireland and distinguishing themselves by activity and loyalty. In 1315, Edmund le Botiller was created Earl of Carrick, as a reward for his services in opposing an invasion from Scotland. His son, James le Botiller, marrying the cousin german of Edward the Third, was made Earl of Ormond in 1323, and in 1328 obtained from that king all the rights of a palatine in the county of Tipperary. This grant, which was originally intended only as a personal favour to the first earl, after being recalled, was enlarged by the same king, who made the Palatinate of Tipperary an hereditary possession. James, the first Earl of Ormond, was succeeded by his son, who, on account of his royal extraction, was called the "noble earl," and whose modesty procured him in Ireland, where accidental appellations are much in use, the more valuable distinction of "James the Chaste." In 1359, he was made Lord Justice of Ireland, an office which he occasionally held for several years; "being thought the most proper person to keep the kingdom in safety against the attempts both of the French and Scots."

James, the third Earl, was made Lord Justice of Ireland in 1392, by Richard the Second, in which office he died, after having reduced the powerful clan of the Byrnes to become Federators or Liegemen. He left his estate. with the addition of the Castle of Gowran, which he built, and of Kilkenny, and the manors adjacent, which he purchased, to his son, James, the fourth Earl, who was so much esteemed for his learning and prudence that, before he arrived at age to take possession of his estates, he was, in the absence of the Lord-Lieutenant, left Lord-Deputy of the kingdom, and in that post presided in the Parliament. Some years afterwards he was, by Henry the Fifth, constituted Lord-Lieutenant; defeated the Irish in several remarkable skirmishes; and was so much regarded by the Crown, that he was not only made Lord-Lieutenant a second and a third time, by Henry the Sixth, but was so favoured by his master that when a charge of treason was brought against him by the Talbots, in 1456, the King dismissed it, and forbade its revival under pain of "royal indignation." The fifth Earl was beheaded, as a partisan of the House of Lancaster; his brother, having been restored to the

estate, by Edward the Fourth, and "making a journey to Jerusalem, died in the Holy Land." His successor dying without male issue, the Irish estates fell to a remote cousin, Sir Piers Botiller; but Sir Thomas Bullen, a favourite of King Henry's, who had married one of the daughters of the sixth Earl, desired of the Earl of Ormond the resignation of his title. "To propose and to command, to command and to compel," writes the old Family biographer, "were words of nearly the same import with Henry the Eighth," and, therefore, the proposal was accepted "with great readiness;" but upon the death of Sir Thomas soon afterwards, Sir Piers was restored to the title; an act of parliament having been passed to establish his right "that it might neither in him nor in his posterity be thereafter questioned *."

His son, the Lord James, who retained also his father's title of Earl of Ossory, had for many years the direction of the treasury in Ireland, but being summoned to England, in consequence of a dispute with the Lord Deputy, about raising a new tax, he was poisoned with sixteen of his servants at an entertainment at Ely House. His successor, Lord Thomas, was the famous opponent of the Desmonds, and conducted the government of Ireland for Queen Elizabeth. James the First, on his accession, renewed Ormonde's commission of Lieutenant-General of the Army. The Earl's great rival was the Earl of Leicester; and Carte relates several anecdotes characteristic of the courage of the one and the cowardice of the other †.

* Sir Piers Butler, during the suspension of the title of Ormonde, which was transferred to Bullen in 1527, was created Earl of Ossory, and was a very loyal subject of the King. The Earl of Kildare, the great adversary of himself, his predecessors, and his successors, proposed to him and his son, Lord James Butler, to unite their strength to subdue the kingdom and to share it between them, but received from the young lord the following answer:—"Taking pen in hand to write to you my absolute answer, I muse in the first line by what name to call you—my lord, or my cousin—seeing your notorious treason hath impeached your loyalty and honour, and your desperate lewedness hath shamed your kindred. You are, by your expressions, so liberal in parting stakes with me, that a man would weene you had no right to the game; and so importunate for my company, as if you would persuade me to hang with you for good-fellowship. And think you, that James is so bad as to gape for gudgeons, or so ungracious as to sell his truth and loyalty for a piece of Ireland? Were it so (as it cannot be) that the chickens you reckon were both hatched and feathered; yet be thou sure, I had rather in this quarrel die thine enemy than live thy partner. For the kindness you proffer me, and good-will, in the end of your letter, the best way I can propose to requite you that is, in advising you, though you have fetched your fence, yet to look well before you leap over. Ignorance, error, and a mistake of duty hath carried you unawares to this folly, not yet so rank but it may be cured. The king is a vessel of mercy and bounty; your words against his majesty shall not be counted malicious, but only bulked out of heat and impotency; except yourself by heaping of offences discover a mischievous and wilful meaning.—Farewell!"

† Ormonde used often to tell her Majesty in plain terms, that Leicester was a villain and a coward. The Earl of Ormonde coming one day to court, met Leicester in the ante-chamber, who bidding him good-morrow, said, "My Lord of Ormonde, I dreamed of you last night."—"What could you dream of me?" asked Ormonde. "I dreamed," says the other, "that I gave you a box on the ear." "Dreams," answered the Earl, "are to be interpreted by contraries;" and without more ceremony, gave the Earl an hearty cuff on the ear. He was upon this sent to the Tower, but was liberated soon afterwards.

The Earl dying without male issue, the title and estates descended to his nephew, Earl Walter, upon whose death they where inherited by his grandson, James, the first Duke of Ormonde—distinguished in history as the "Great Duke;" who was Lord-Lieutenant and chief governor of Ireland upwards of thirty years. He was the twelfth Earl of the family, and the seventh who bore the name of James; and was born at Clerkenwell, in London, on the 19th of October, 1610, and succeeded his grandfather in 1632; his father having been drowned "near the Skerries" in 1619.

He gave early evidence of his gallantry, and "found means to marry his cousin," heiress of the estates that had been forced by James the First from the house of Ormonde, and so re-united the title to the immense possessions of his ancestors. The indomitable courage which he manifested through life was exhibited on one of the earliest occasions of his appearance in public to sustain the honours of his family. The animosity in the Irish Parliament having risen so high that there was danger lest their debates should terminate in blood, the Lord Deputy issued a proclamation forbidding any man to sit in either House with his sword. "The Usher of the Black Rod was planted at the door of the House of Lords to receive the swords of the Peers, and as the Earl of Ormonde was coming in, demanded his, but was refused; that officer hereupon showed the proclamation, and repeating his demand in a rough manner, the Earl told him if he had his sword it should be in his bowels, and so marched on," and took his seat with his weapon girded to his side. The deputy imagining his authority treated with contempt, summoned the Peer to answer for his conduct; upon which Lord Ormonde said he had so acted in obedience to a higher authority, and exhibited the king's writ, which summoned him to attend Parliament "cum gladio cinctus." The boldness of the Earl obtained for him the friendship of the Lord Deputy, who "made him a privy counsellor at five-and-twenty years of age." It would be foreign to our purpose to detail the various incidents in the life of this accomplished nobleman; they fill three huge folio volumes, of Carte; the history of his life being indeed that of his country for nearly half a century.

In 1688, "the great Duke" was succeeded by his grandson, James, the eldest son of the Earl of Ossory, who died before his illustrious parent*. The talents

* The son of "the great Duke," the Earl of Ossory, unhappily died early, in his fortieth year; but not until he had contributed largely to sustain the honours and increase the reputation of his family. A more perfect character than the Earl has not perhaps existed in modern times. "In a word," writes the historian, "his virtue was unspotted in the centre of a luxurious court; his integrity unblemished amid all the vices of the times; his honour untainted through the course of his whole life." The touching apostrophe of

and virtues, as well as the fortunes, of the princely race were inherited by this brave and excellent nobleman. Honours and distinctions were heaped upon him by William the Third and Queen Anne; but in 1715 he was impeached upon a shallow charge of conspiring to restore the Stuarts to the throne. In a moment of angry pique he refused to meet his accusers, retired to France, and joined the party of the Pretender; the consequence was, his attainder and the forfeiture of his estates; and he died in exile at Avignon, a pensioner on the bounty of the King of Spain.

An act was, however, passed, in 1721, to enable the duke's brother, the Earl of Arran, to purchase the Irish estates, excepting the Palatinate of Tipperary, which was extinguished; and, as it was subsequently decided that no proceeding of the English legislature could affect Irish dignities, this nobleman was in reality the fourteenth Earl and third Duke of Ormond, although he never assumed the titles; and on his death without issue, they became extinct. In 1791 they were restored by the Irish House of Lords to John Butler, Esq., of Garryricken, who became seventeenth Earl of Ormond. He was succeeded by his son Walter, eighteenth earl, created in 1816 Marquis of Ormond. Dying without issue, he was succeeded in 1820 in the earldom by his brother James, who on the 5th of October, 1825, was advanced to the dignity of Marquis of Ormond in the peerage of Ireland.

Immense possessions of this princely house have been, from time to time, wrested from them; although they are still very considerable. When

Evelyn, on the death of his "noble and illustrious friend," contains a volume. "His majestie never lost a worthier subject, nor father a better or more dutiful son; a loving, generous, good-natured, and perfectly obliging friend—one who had done innumerable kindnesses to several before they knew it; nor did he ever advance any that were not worthy; no one more brave, more modest; none more humble, sober, and every way virtuous. Unhappy England! in this illustrious person's loss. Universal was the mourning for him, and the eulogies on him. O sad father, mother, wife, and children! What shall I add? He deserved all that a sincere friend, a brave soldier, a virtuous courtier, a loyal subject, an honest man, a bountiful master, and a good Christian, could deserve of his prince and country." But even this fine panegyric is weak in comparison with that of the Earl's father,—pronounced in a single sentence, in reply to some expression of condolence —"I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Christendom!" the most comprehensive and affecting eulogy ever pronounced. One anecdote of the Earl cannot be repeated too frequently; for it will suffice alone to bear out the warmest praise of his biographers. Soon after the infamous attempt of the ruffian Blood to murder the Duke of Ormond—and in which he would have succeeded, but that he aimed to give a dramatic effect to the atrocious deed, by "hanging his victim at Tyburn," and was dragging him through the streets for that purpose, when the nobleman was rescued—the Earl of Ossory met in the King's chamber the favourite Duke of Buckingham (who was universally believed to have been the instigator of Blood), and thus addressed him, while he sought refuge behind the King's chair: "My lord, I know well that you are at the bottom of this late attempt of Blood's upon my father; and, therefore, I give you fair warning, if my father comes to a violent death by sword or pistol, if he dies by the hand of a ruffian, or the more secret way of poison, I shall not be at a loss to know the real author of it; I shall consider you as the assassin; I shall treat you as such, and I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the King's chair; and I tell it you in his Majesty's presence that you may be sure I shall keep my word."

its representative was attainted, in 1715, he was distinguished by the following titles: The most high, puissant, and noble prince, James Butler, Duke of Ormonde, Earl of Brecknock, and Baron of Lanthony and Moore Park in England, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Ormond, Earl of Ossory and Carrick, Viscount Thurles, Baron of Dingle and Arklow in Ireland, Baron of Dingwall in Scotland, hereditary lord of the regalities and governor of the county palatine of Tipperary, and of the city, town, and county of Kilkenny, hereditary lord-chief-butler of Ireland, lord-high-constable of England, lord-warden and admiral of the Cinque Ports, and constable of Dover Castle, lord-lieutenant of the county of Somerset, lord-lieutenant and custos-rotulorum of the county of Norfolk, high-steward of the cities of Exeter, Bristol, and Westminster, chancellor of the Universities of Oxford and Dublin, colonel of the first regiment of Foot-Guards and of the first regiment of Horse-Guards, captain-general, and commander-in-chief of all her majesty's forces by sea and land throughout the British dominions, or acting in conjunction with allied powers, one of her majesty's most honorable privy council in England and Ireland, knight companion of the most noble Order of the Garter, and lord-lieutenant, general, and governor-general of the kingdom of Ireland. The revenue of this great nobleman, and the estates forfeited by him in England and Ireland, have been estimated at £80,000 a year. And in further illustration of the princely possessions of his family, it may be added, on the authority of undoubted evidence adduced by the historian Carte, that his grandfather "the first duke's losses by the troubles of Ireland, in 1641, amounted to £868,500 16*s.* 9*d.*, beyond all official profits, and every other description of remuneration afterwards received."

From the turrets of the castle, there is a striking view of Kilkenny, and a magnificent prospect of the winding Nore, and the fertile valley through which it passes. One is instantly startled by the singular effect, to be witnessed nowhere else in the world, of a large assemblage of houses, with the usual chimneys, from which no smoke issues;—one of the marvels attributed to the city in the old rhyme,

> "Fire without smoke, earth without bog,
> Water without mud, air without fog,
> And streets paved with marble."

The Kilkenny coal, of which we shall speak presently, gives no smoke; there are few bogs in the vicinity; the streets are literally paved with a black marble raised in the immediate neighbourhood; fogs are, we believe, very rare; and although the Nore is here as muddy as the Thames at Bankside, a vast number of small streams run into it that are as clear as crystal.

Kilkenny consists of English-Town and Irish-Town; the latter being, of course, the more ancient, and retaining some of its early prescriptive rights, having its own port-reeve; and, until the Union, keeping the privilege of sending two members to parliament. The oldest part of this old borough is "the Butts Cross;" where, formerly, the inhabitants exercised themselves at the long bow, to which they were compelled by several Irish statutes *. The present Butts-Cross stands on the site of the ancient butts; and near it was the bull ring—the scene of a sport once famous in Ireland; or rather among the Anglo-Irish.

Kilkenny was, for a long period, strictly speaking, the capital of the English Pale. In the year 1309 a parliament was held in the city; it is, indeed, asserted, but upon doubtful authority, that the legislative assembly had previously met here; of its proceedings in 1309, however, many records have been preserved; one of its acts provided severe penalties against any of the English who "affected the fashion of the Irish;" it would seem with but little effect, for about a century afterwards, another, and still severer, statute was enacted to "prevent the contagion from spreading," and to punish those who "looked on the long glibbs of the natives as boasts and ornaments."

In 1367, "a splendid and numerous" assemblage met, as a parliament, at Kilkenny; over which presided Lionel, Duke of Clarence; and in that year was passed the "famous" statute, known in history as "the statute of Kilkenny †."

* That of Edward IV., A.D. 1464, in particular, recites "that every Englishman, and Irishman that dwells with Englishmen and speaks English, that be betwixt sixteen and sixty in age, shall have an English bow of his own length, with twelve shafts of the length of three quarters of the standard; the bows of ewe, wyche-hasel, awburne, or other reasonable tree, according to their power—the shafts in the same manner, on pain of two-pence per month." Again, "In every English towne in this land, the constable shall ordaine one pair of butts for shooting; and every man between sixteen and sixty shall muster at the butts, and shoot up and down three times every feast day, on pain of an halfpenny per day."

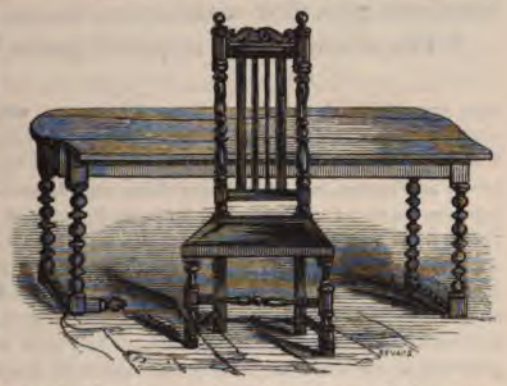
† "In the fortieth year of his reign," says Sir John Davis, "King Edward held that famous parliament at Kilkenny, wherein many notable laws were enacted, which do show and lay open (for the law doth best discover enormities) how much the English colonies were corrupted at that time, and do infallibly prove that

A more memorable parliament than either of these, however, was held in Kilkenny soon after "the grand rebellion" of 1641. In 1642 "the Confederate Catholics" assembled in this city, in a small house, pictured in the accompanying print*. Their first meeting (of "deputies from all parts of the kingdom,") was held on the 24th of October, in that year; but their earliest act was to protest that the members were summoned merely for the purpose of consulting on their

which is laid down before; that they were wholly degenerate, and fallen away from their obedience. For first it appeareth by the preamble of these laws, that the English of this realm, before the coming over of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, were at that time become mere Irish in their language, names, apparel, and all their manner of living, and had rejected the English laws and submitted themselves to the Irish, with whom they had made many marriages and alliances, which tended to the utter ruin and destruction of the commonwealth." The statutes enacted on this occasion were to the following purport: that the Brehon (or old Irish) law is an evil custom, and the use of it to be deemed treason: that marriage, nursing, and gossipred, with the Irish be treason: that the use of Irish names, apparel, or language, be punished with forfeiture of lands or imprisonment, until the party give security to conform to English customs; that the settlers should not make war upon the Irish without the order of the state: that the English should not permit the Irish to graze upon their land; nor present an Irishman to an ecclesiastical benefice; nor receive them into monasteries or religious houses; nor entertain any of their minstrels, rhymers, or news-tellers: nor cess horse or foot upon the English subject on pain of felony: and that sheriffs might enter any liberty or franchise to apprehend felons, or traitors: and that four wardens of the peace should be appointed in every county, to assess every man's equal proportion of the public charge for men and armour. A century later, the English had become still "more Irish than the Irish," and in consequence additional laws were enacted to "stay the plague." An act was passed ordaining that no subject shall be shaved above his ears, or wear glibs, or crommeals (moustaches), or linen dyed in saffron, or above seven yards of linen in their shifts; and that no woman wear any kirtle, or coat tucked up, or embroidered, or garnished with silk, nor laid with usker after the Irish fashion; and that no person wear mantles, coats or hoods after the Irish fashion (except women, horse-boys, cow-boys, and soldiers, at the rising out and hostings, all which may wear mantles); and that everybody shall endeavour to learn the English language and conform to the English fashion, &c. It was followed soon afterwards by another act, directing "that noblemen shall have but twenty cubits or bandles of linen in their shirts; horsemen, eighteen; footmen, sixteen; garsons, twelve; clowns, ten; and that none of their shirts shall be dyed with saffron, on pain of twenty shillings." The statutes of Kilkenny, except "those that will that every subject shall ride in a saddle, and those that speak of the language of Irish," were afterwards confirmed by the Irish Parliament, held before Sir Edward Poynings. See 10 Hen. VII., cc. 8 and 18.

* "The meeting," according to Ledwich, "was held in the house of Mr. Robert Shee, son of Sir Richard Shee, now Mr. Langford's, in Coal-market; the lords prelates and commons all in one room; Mr. Patrick

own affairs, "until his majesty had settled these present troubles." They gave to their meeting, however, the character of a solemn parliament; appointed two houses, in one of which sate the lords spiritual and temporal, and in the other the representatives deputed by cities and towns; nominated a speaker; and "an eminent lawyer as a substitute for the judges." The "two houses" assembled in one room. The room may still be examined by the curious; and the old oak table and chair of the speaker are yet preserved: we considered it would be interesting to procure drawings of them. The king and the parliament in England, having ample employment out of Ireland, suffered the confederates to pursue their own course with little or no interruption; although some show of resistance was made by the Marquis of Ormond, the lord-lieutenant; but towards the close of the year 1643, that nobleman considering "the unsupportable wants and miseries of the army, the great distress of many of his majesty's principal forts, the imminent danger of the whole kingdom, and the impossibility of prosecuting the war without large supplies, whereof they could not apprehend either hope or possibility in due time, did for those reasons conceive it necessary for his majesty's honour and service, that the cessation should be agreed to upon the articles then drawn up and perfected."



The confederated catholics were left almost unopposed to pursue their own course; their earliest effort was directed to the repeal of Poynings' Law;* but "for the rule of their government they professed to receive

Darcy, bareheaded upon a stool, representing all or some of the judges and masters of chancery that used to sit in parliament upon woolsacks; Mr. Nicholas Plunket represented the speaker of the house of commons, and both lords and commons addressed their speech to him; the lords had an upper room, which served them as a place of recess, for private consultation, and when they had taken their resolutions the same were delivered to the commons by Mr. Darcy." The chamber of meeting consisted of one large hall, forty-nine feet by forty-seven; with a dungeon underneath, twenty feet square, with which the hall communicated by a trap-door and stone stairs. This hall is now subdivided into a kitchen, shop, and three or four rooms; the house being occupied by Mr. "Thomas Hulcatt" as "the Kilkenny Commercial House." Our engraving is from a drawing by Mr. J. Egan, a clever artist of Clonmel, to whom we are indebted for the majority of the illustrations contained in this Number, and to whose zealous and able co-operation we bear willing testimony.

* Sir Edward Poynings was a Kentish gentleman, selected by Henry VII. to govern Ireland in 1494. The object of his mission was to quell the partisans of the house of York, and to reduce the natives to subjection. But he was not supported by forces sufficient for that enterprise, and the Irish, by flying into their woods and mountains, eluded his efforts. He, however, summoned a parliament at Drogheda, in which he was

Magna Charta and the common and statute law of England in all points not contrary to the Roman Catholic religion, or inconsistent with the liberty of Ireland;" they commanded all persons to bear faith and allegiance to the king, and to maintain his just prerogatives; at the same time they utterly denied and renounced the authority of his Irish government administered in Dublin by "a malignant party, to his Highness's great disservice, and in compliance with their confederates, the malignant party of England."

"The administration of public justice," we quote from Leland, "they

more successful, and passed that memorable statute, which is known as "Poynings' Law," and which established the authority of the English government in Ireland. By this statute, cap. 22, all the former laws of England, concerning the public weal, were made to be of force in Ireland. Another of the acts, known as Poynings' law, 10th Henry VII., cap. 4, was intended to restrain the power as well of the deputy as the Irish Parliament; and doubts having arisen as to the construction of this act, it was afterwards (by St. 3 and 4 Ph. and M. c. 4) declared to mean—1st. That before any parliament be summoned or holden, the chief governor and council of Ireland shall certify to the king, under the great seal of Ireland, the considerations and causes of it, and the articles of the acts proposed to be passed in it. 2nd. That after the king, in his council of England, shall have considered, approved, or altered the said acts or any of them, and certified them back under the great seal of England, and shall have given license to summon and hold a parliament, then the same shall be summoned and held; and in it the said acts so certified, and no other, shall be proposed, received or rejected; however, it was provided that any new propositions might be certified to England in the usual forms, after the summons and during the session of parliament. Considering the length of time required, and the danger incurred by a journey to England in those days, it is obvious that this chapter of Poynings' statute was too inconvenient to be strictly observed in sessions where there was heavy or urgent business to be transacted. Accordingly, in a parliament held in the following reign (28th Hen. VIII.) in which a greater number of important statutes were passed than in any preceding Irish Parliament, it was repealed as to this act of that parliament—which was declared valid notwithstanding. See 28th Hen. VIII., cc. 4 and 20. The same course was adopted soon after in another session, most important in the history of early Irish legislation, the 11th Eliz.; but lest the precedent should be too lawlessly followed, it was in this year ordained that no future bill to suspend or repeal Poynings' Act should be certified into England without the consent first obtained of a majority of both houses. This one of Poynings' laws was not however finally repealed until 1782: see St. 21 and 22 Geo. III. c. 47, Ir. But the usage has since been, that bills were often framed in either house under the denomination of "heads for a bill or bills," and in that shape they were offered to the consideration of the lord-lieutenant and privy council; who, upon such parliamentary intimation, or otherwise upon the application of private persons, received and transmitted such heads or rejected them, without any transmission to England.

It was also, as we have stated, enacted by another of Poynings' laws (cap. 22), that all acts of parliament, before made in England, should be of force within the realm of Ireland. But by the same rule that no previous laws made in England were binding in Ireland, it followed that no acts of the English Parliament made since the 10 Henry VII. bind the people of Ireland. A very large proportion of the important English statutes passed before the Union were, however, afterwards adopted in the Irish Parliament, and it was sometimes provided (without specifically re-enacting them) that the English acts relating to particular subjects should be in force in Ireland.

Previous to the establishment of Poynings' law, the method of passing statutes in Ireland was nearly the same as in England, the chief governor holding parliaments at his pleasure, which enacted such laws as they thought proper. With respect to the dependent state of Ireland, it was declared by 6 Geo. I., cap. 5, that the kingdom of Ireland ought to be subordinate to and dependent upon the imperial crown of Great Britain, as being inseparably united to it; and that the king's majesty, with the consent of the lords and commons of Great Britain in parliament, hath power to make laws to bind the people of Ireland. But this act was repealed in 1782, and the Union, in 1800, changed the whole system of the government of Ireland.

assumed to themselves. To each county they assigned a council, consisting of twelve persons, who were to decide all matters cognizable by justices of the peace, pleas of the crown, suits for debts and personal actions, and to name all county officers except the high sheriff. From these there lay an appeal to the provincial councils, consisting of two deputies out of each county, who were to meet four times in a year to decide suits like judges of assize, with some particular limitations of their jurisdiction. From these, again, there lay an appeal to what was called "The Supreme Council of the Confederate Catholics of Ireland;" an assembly consisting of twenty-four persons, chosen by the general convention. Of these, twelve were to reside at Kilkenny, or in some other convenient town; no fewer than nine were to compose a council; and of the sitting members, two thirds were to decide on every measure. This council was to choose sheriffs out of three nominated by the county-council; to command all military officers and civil magistrates; to determine all matters left undecided by the general assembly; to hear and judge all causes criminal and civil, except titles to lands; to direct the conduct of war, and every matter relative to the interest of the confederacy. For the greater honour and security of this important assembly, a guard was assigned, consisting of five hundred foot, and two hundred horse. As this scheme of supreme council had been adopted from the ecclesiastical synod, so also was the oath of association taken from their form, with a retrenchment of one part only, in which the clergy bound their votaries never to consent to peace until the church should be amply invested, not only with all its powers and privileges, its splendour and magnificence, but with all its ancient possessions, which no zeal for religion could induce the present possessors to restore."

The Roman Catholic religion was thus to a large extent re-established in Ireland; in 1645, the Roman Catholics had possession of nearly all the churches in the kingdom; and that they considered their objects completely accomplished, is proved by a letter written by the Confederates to the Pope, in 1644, "wherein, among enumerations of their good fortune, they exultingly observe, Jam Deus optimus maximus catholico ritu palam colitur; dum cathedrales, pleræqu' suis antistibus; parochiales parochis; religiosorum multa cœnobia propriis gaudent alumnis."

In 1645, when civil discord was about to cease, and a treaty of peace was actually signed by Lord Ormond and the leaders of the confederates, the nuncio of the pope, John Battista Rinuccini, Archbishop of Firmano, landed in Kerry, on the 22nd of October, 1645, bringing with him a supply of arms, ammunition, and money, for the carrying on the war; he immediately proceeded to Kilkenny, and declared the objects of his coming—the principal of

which was "to establish the Roman Catholic religion." His first step was to issue a decree of excommunication against all who had been instrumental to the treaty; and he succeded in his efforts so to involve the country in war, that Ormond was utterly deprived of the power to render any aid to his master, during the struggle he was making for his crown and life in England. This state of affairs was only put an end to by the arrival of Oliver Cromwell before the walls of the city—on the 23rd of March, 1650; he at once summoned it to surrender; after a brief and ineffectual defence by the governor, Sir Walter Butler, articles were agreed to, and a page, more remarkable than honourable, in the history of Kilkenny, was filled up.

There is, perhaps, no city in Ireland so full of striking, interesting, and—notwithstanding the unseemly localities in which they are, for the most part, situated—picturesque, ruins as Kilkenny. Our way was guided through numerous alleys and by-lanes, to examine relics of the olden time; we found wretched hovels propped up by carved pillars; and in several instances discovered Gothic door-ways converted into entrances to pig-sties. It was a painful, indeed a revolting, picture of the mingling of ancient glories with existing miseries; for, at the period of our visit, poverty had forced its way into nearly every cabin; and absolute starvation might be noted in many a form and face. Ruins of abbeys, churches, castles, and castellated houses, are to be encountered in every quarter; some of them, however, have been rescued from the grasp of the spoiler; as in the case of the Black Abbey recently converted into a Roman Catholic chapel, in which the gaudiness and glittering 'finery' of modern taste were oddly and painfully mingled with the solemn grandeur of ancient state*. The priory of St. John, in "the

* The Roman Catholic chapels throughout Ireland, with the exception of a few in the principal towns, are exceedingly ungraceful structures, resembling, in their exterior, rather huge and ungainly barns than edifices for Divine worship. This is to be regretted, as evidencing bad taste in the builders, and either indifference to, or inability to appreciate, elegance, in the population. We must no doubt attribute much of this evil to the want of sufficient funds; for the only means of erecting them are obtained from the people, in collections, generally, of very small sums. But a trifling addition to the cost might considerably improve their appearance, and so familiarise the common eye to a better order of things—a certain source of improve-

Liberties," is now a parish church, but parts of it have been suffered to remain unrenovated. Its foundation is coeval with that of "the castle." Grose, in describing its former condition, observes that "for about fifty-four feet of the south side of the choir it seems to be almost one window." The character of the whole building is light, graceful, and peculiarly elegant; so much so, as at once to justify the term applied to it by the citizens, from the number of its windows, of "the Lantern of Ireland." One of the most beautiful of all the ruins, that of the Franciscan friary, has been put to uses far less worthy—it is now, and has been for many years, a tennis court—the greater part of it, however, is in so solid and perfect a state, that a comparatively small sum of money would suffice for its restoration and adaptation to the purposes of religion.

But by many degrees the most important and interesting of the ecclesiastical structures of Kilkenny, is the cathedral of St. Canice. It is in the Irish Town, stands on a slight eminence, and is an extensive and beautiful pile. The foundation of it was laid, according to Ware, towards the end of the reign of Henry II., by Bishop O'Dullany, who translated the old see of Ossory from Aghadoe to Kilkenny; but it would appear to have been raised by degrees, and not to have been finished until two centuries later; and it is

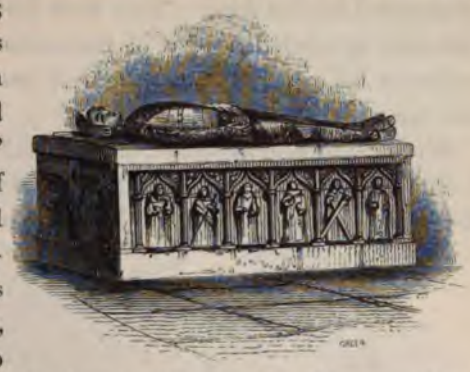
ment. In the interior, also, there is usually a sad aspect of discomfort: bare whitewashed walls; the altar dressed with shabby tinsel ornaments, and hung with miserable coloured prints; clay flooring; a few deal stools, with two or three rush-chairs for the better class;—such is the character we have almost invariably noted as belonging to the country chapels. We sincerely hope, now that the peasantry are manifesting everywhere a disposition to neatness and cleanliness, these defects in their places of worship will gradually disappear, and that the neighbouring gentry will assist in decorating them fitly; a few trifling contributions would materially alter and improve their condition; and we have reason to know they would be gladly accepted. We some time ago presented to a chapel (over which presided a worthy clergyman, an estimable friend of our childhood) a pair of prints, of a more valuable kind than ordinary; and were gratified to find that this commencement of an improved taste led the way to other improvements; his chapel is now conspicuous for an air, both within and without, of comfort and even elegance.

more than probable that it was erected upon the site of a building coeval with the introduction of Christianity into Ireland *. During the wars of the seventeenth century the venerable structure received great injury; the whole of the interior remained in a state of dilapidation, and was rapidly sinking into utter ruin, when, in 1756, Bishop Pococke was advanced to the see of Ossory. He immediately applied his energies and devoted his property to its complete repair; having been assisted in the work by several generous subscribers, whose names are preserved on a marble tablet in the north transept.

It is of a cruciform shape, surmounted with a tower disproportionately low. In extent it ranks next to the cathedral of St. Patrick, and Christ Church, in Dublin; the length from east to west is 226 feet; and the breadth of the cross from north to south, 123 feet. The nave is distributed into a centre, and two lateral aisles, communicating by pointed arches, springing from plain pillars of native marble, defaced unhappily by the brush of the lime-washer. Four pointed windows illuminate each aisle; and the upper part of the nave is lighted by five quartrefoil windows. In the side aisles and between the pillars are numerous monuments; one of them we copied; it is to the memory of Sir

* There can be no doubt that "a holy man," named Canice, or Canicus, a person "eminent for learning, sanctity, and austerity of life, built somewhere near the present cathedral, a cell from which, joined with the name of the saint, the town afterwards took its name." Peter Shee, the historian of the cathedral, supports this opinion by references to various authorities. In Hanmer's Chronicle it is recorded that "in memory of this Canicus, there is now a famous town in Leinster called Kilkenny." Holinshed refers to him as a holy and learned abbot, after whom the town is called; and adds, "So remarkable was he for piety and learning, that he was reputed of all men to be as well a mirrour of the one as a parragon of the other. Being stept further in years, he made his repair into England, where, cloistering himself in an abbey, of which one named Doctus was abbot, he was wholly wedded to his books and his devotion." Camden informs us, in continuation, that having voyaged to Italy, he returned to Ireland, "where he was occupied preaching to the inhabitants of the northern parts, and went again into Britain, living an eremetical life, at the foot of a great mountain among the Picts. But some religious men of Ireland discovering where he was, sent messengers to him, and prevailed with him against his will to return to a more useful and active life, in preaching the gospel in Ireland." The historian also refers to the name Kilkenny; "which is as much as to say, the cell or church of St. Canice." From these opinions, however, Dr. Ledwich entirely dissents; considering the saint "an imaginary personage."

John Grace, baron of Courtstown; and bears the date of 1568. We counted above a dozen as richly sculptured; one of the most remarkable covers the dust of "Peter Butteler, eighth Earl of Ormonde and Ossory, and Margaret Fitzgerald his wife*." Another tomb is to the memory of Bishop Walshe, who was murdered in 1585. A profligate, named Dullard, was cited to appear in his court†, to answer a charge of adultery, to which he replied, by breaking into the palace, and stabbing the prelate to the heart with a skein. The murderer



* This lady is remarkable in history. She was daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and, inheriting the lofty spirit and the warlike temper of her ancestors, she is said to have emulated, if not excelled, her lord in feats of arms; having always a numerous train of armed followers, well trained and accoutred, at her command; by whose aid she levied black-mail on her less powerful neighbours. Her favourite residence was the castle of Ballyragget, on the top of which a stone seat, called her "chair," is still shown, and a jutting stone, from which she used to hang her prisoners. Campion designates her "a rare woman, and able for wisdom to rule a realm, had not her stomach overruled herself." She was "a ladye of such port, that the estates of the realm couched to her; so politic, that nothing was thought substantially debated without her advice; manlike and tall of stature; very rich and beautiful; a bitter enemy; the only means by which, in those days, her husband's country was reclaimed from the sluttish Irish customs, to the English habit; but to these virtues was yoked a self-liking and a majesty above the tenure of a subject." Tradition tells us that being seized with a dangerous illness, a clergyman was sent to attend her, who admonished her as to certain duties necessary for her to discharge before her exit from earth. The admonition was ill received: she told her spiritual adviser, it was better that one old woman should suffer the pains of another world than that the Butlers should be left without an estate.

† "The Bishop's Court" is attached to the north side of the choir; some singular anecdotes are preserved of its earlier powers, and the modes in which they were applied. One of them would almost exceed belief, but that the facts are recorded upon sure authority. About the year 1336, a lady of rank and affluence in the city, Dame Alice Kettyl, was summoned before the bishop to answer to the charge of practising magic, sorcery, and witchcraft. Her accuser was Bishop Ledred; and her accomplices were, her son, William Outlaw, and two sisters, her maids, Petronilla and Basilia—foreigners, most probably, from their names (or, as it is surmised, the names are fictitious). They were charged with holding conferences, nightly, with an imp, or demon, called Robert Artysson, to whom, in order to obtain his co-operation, they had sacrificed, at a cross road, nine red cocks, and the eyes of nine peacocks; and by whose aid they were enabled—a strange labour—to sweep all the filth of Kilkenny to the door of the said William, muttering during their incantations the following lines:—

"To the house of William, my son,
Hie all the wealth of Kilkenny town."

The accused were all convicted; but the lady having powerful friends, was sentenced to pay a fine, and abjure sorcery; she afterwards "relapsed," and considered it prudent to escape to the Continent, in company with the maid Basilia. The other maid, Petronilla, was burnt at the stake, near the cross of Kilkenny, declaring previous to her death, that William Outlaw was a participator in his mother's orgies, and had worn the devil's girdle round his bare body for a twelvemonth and a day. He, however, was allowed to compound for his life, by undertaking to cover the roof of St. Mary's church with lead. On searching the closet of Lady Alice (as Holinshed relates), after her guilty flight, they found a sacramental wafer—a certain holy meal cake—bearing Satan's name stamped thereon, and a box of ointment with which she used to smear

fled to a neighbouring wood, and joined a band of outlaws, to whom he boasted of the deed he had done. They were however so disgusted with his brutality, that they appointed a jury of themselves to try him for the act; found him guilty on his own confession; and at once twisted "a gad" round his neck and hung him from the next tree.

We are informed by Ware, that about the year 1318, the cathedral was munificently embellished with stained glass, of so rare and valuable a character, that Rinuccini, the pope's legate in 1645, offered for it no less a sum than £700; to the honour of Kilkenny, however, the offer was declined; but a very short time afterwards, the fanatics of the English Parliament totally destroyed it, leaving but a few mutilated fragments that were gathered together by Bishop Pococke*, in 1760, and placed in two ovals over the western door. A singular stone seat, the chair of St. Kieran, stands in the north transept. The saint is believed to have preceded St. Patrick in the mission by thirty years, and to have been the first to preach Christianity in Ireland†.

a piece of wood, "on which she could ride through thick and thin, without let, hindrance, or impediment." In 1578, it is said, another trial for witchcraft was held at Kilkenny, under the direction of the Lord Deputy Drury, when, according to the historian of the period, "the offender was condemned by the law of nature, as there was no positive law against witchcraft in those days."

* A cenotaph to the memory of this excellent prelate is on the right of the door leading into the chancel. He was translated from Ossory to Meath; and died at Ardbraccan, in 1765. The inscription on the cenotaph states that "he discharged every duty of the pastoral and episcopal office with prudence, vigilance, and fidelity; adorning his station with unshaken integrity of heart and of conduct; attentive to the interest of religion, he caused several parochial churches to be rebuilt within his diocese. He promoted, and liberally contributed to, the repair and embellishment of this cathedral church, then unhappily falling into decay. He was a zealous encourager of every useful public work, especially the linen manufactures. He bequeathed a considerable legacy to the governors of the incorporated society for promoting the united interests of industry and charity within this borough of St. Canice."

† St. Kieran is said to have been the founder of the See of Ossory, early in the fifth century (A.D. 402), "at a place called Sagir in the King's County." He was born in the year 352; and at thirty years of age journeyed to Rome, where he diligently employed himself in the study of the Scriptures, and in perfecting himself in the knowledge of ecclesiastical discipline. In "the renowned city" he resided twenty years; and was then sent back to Ireland, "where he was consecrated bishop, with his five Irish companions, Lugacius, Columban, Meldanus, Lugad, and Capan." "Kieran," says Ware, "after his return to his native county did not hide the talent of his Lord, but diligently preached Christ, and converted numbers from idolatry to the faith." At Sagir, "near the waters of Fuaran, he built himself a cell, encompassed with woods, which soon became a great monastery, and giving the religious veil to his mother, whose name was Liadan, he built a cell for her also near his own, called by the Irish to this day Cell-liadain."

The well of St. Canice, a short distance from the cathedral, and dedicated to its patron saint, is still held in great repute by the common people; its water, on the hottest day of summer, is said to posses an icy coldness.

A round tower, in good preservation, but without the cap, immediately adjoins the cathedral. It is described by Peter Shee as "one hundred and eight feet high, forty-seven feet in circumference, and standing six feet and a half from the wall of the church." He labours to prove that, as "there is not the least internal evidence to encourage a belief that the column was ever intended to serve any one purpose in life but merely that of a monument," it was erected in honour of the patron saint of the cathedral, and that consequently its date cannot be more remote than the sixth or seventh century.

We may leave these "ancient ruins" for a time, to describe some of another character; and which, though not peculiar to Ireland, certainly enjoy in Ireland peculiar privileges and immunities.

One might imagine that the Irish, like the Turks, believe insanity to be inspiration, judging from the tenderness and care they evince towards the poor wandering idiots, who rarely provoke a harsh word or an unkind expression from the peasantry, by whom they are poetically termed "innocents," or "naturals." Although sometimes mischievous and always troublesome, they are fed and sheltered by the cabin-keeper with ready and unchanging cheerfulness.

"Surely," we once observed to a poor woman, from whom one of the class had purloined half a loaf, which she could ill spare, "surely you will have reason to rejoice when the new poor-law takes these afflicted creatures off your hands." "Well," she replied, "Billy is mighty teazing, and that's the thruth, and a shocking thief; but, God help him, he has no better sense; and somehow, I don't know how it is, but we'll be mighty lonesome without the

likes of him. Poor Billy! it will be *mortial* hard to shut him up in stone walls, the craythe r; they're poor *innocents*, and nothing worse—it would be well for us if we war the same."

To relate a few anecdotes of the class will, perhaps, be the best way to describe it.

"Larry of Leixlip" was a generous fool; he never met a stranger without bestowing something; a wild flower, a bit of straw, even a stone, he would present rather than offer nothing; unlike Peter Purcel (another "natural," whom we shall describe presently), he would watch the birds' nests until the young were nearly fledged, and then give them away. Larry was not remarkably honest; for he robbed "Peter to pay Paul." He was fond of the curate of the parish to which his rambles were generally confined; and one morning tapping gaily at the window where the young man was at breakfast, he said he had got something for him. When the window was opened —"Ah! ah!" said Larry, "ah! ah! I've got a present—guess at it." "An egg?" "No—better than that." "Some white sloe?" "No—better than that." "Tell me what it is." "Ah! ah! you love Larry, Larry loves you. Ah! ah! why should he have a wig, and you have none! Ah! ah! he don't love Larry; you do; I brought you the minister's Sunday wig. Ah! I watched where it hung upon a peg, and I took it last night!" And placing it over the young man's abundant hair, he danced and shouted with joy.

We knew one poor fellow, called Preaching Dennis, who incessantly cried out from morning till night, "What you see wrong in others, mend in yourself —what you see wrong in others, mend in yourself." Another, a woman, who never spoke until sunset, though she would mutter and "mow," yet never did she utter a distinct sentence until the sun went down, and then she would moan out, "Beauty fades, death comes—beauty fades, death comes;" a sermon in a sentence, and one to which her faded features and fine yet lustreless eyes gave much effect.

Thinking of these poor creatures, so seemingly mindless, and yet at times so full of keenness and susceptibility, brings to our remembrance a woman who wandered frequently along the sea-shore, but whose visits were certain to take place after twilight, immediately before a storm. The people called her by a very poetic Irish name, which signified "the storm-bird." The old farm-steward would shelter the lambs, and look to the barns, whenever this lonely woman was seen at evening to take her way to the cliffs, well knowing that a tempest was at hand; and no fisherman would launch his boat upon the waters if he caught sight of the flutter of her red cloak at the corner of a rock. She looked a broken-hearted, wretched creature, until excited by the howling

winds and the sight of the dancing billows; then she became like one possessed by the very spirit of the storm. She would shout, clasp her hands, dare the waves to advance, and address them as a queen might her subjects; fling back with expressions of scorn the stones they rolled upon the beach; and with a huge branch of what children call mermaid's ribbands, in her hand, wave defiance to the sea and clouds. No one cared to approach "the storm-bird" in these moments of frenzy; indeed, they rather avoided her at all times; but this did not prevent their leaving food, the only food they had, potatoes, or a few slices of "griddle bread," where she could easily find it. The dwellers by the sea-side are always prone to give a romantic reading to everything; and the story ran that this poor woman's sweetheart was drowned at sea, and that her mind could not support his loss. We confess, we felt as if a terror had been removed from the country when we knew she had been buried in the old church-yard—meet resting place for her troubled spirit, for there the sea storm roars loudly and the wild gulls skim the cliff upon which the ruins stand.

"Reddy the Rhymer" is another of our reminiscences. Some said that Reddy was a knave—an idle knave—who, loving play better than work, and having a moderate stock of scholarship, set up as "a fool;" finding folly both more pleasant and more profitable than wisdom. Certainly, Reddy was intensely idle; if he had made good his quarters for the day in a gentleman's kitchen, nothing could induce him to leave it; he would rhyme you for ten minutes together—

"The fire is bright,
And all is right,
And Reddy the Rhymer
Will stay all night."

His facility at doggrel was very extraordinary; but he was not always "i' the vein," and could not endure to be forced to what at other times seemed to be his greatest pleasure. The fellow was sarcastic, too, and particularly severe upon rustic dandyism, so that the young men were afraid of his severity; but his readiness and smartness made him a great favourite among the village belles. During the hay-making season he was sure to be found sleeping amid the hay. The sun, he would declare, was man's best friend, and he loved it too well to do anything when it shone. His wants were few, and he would never beg, but take anything he wanted without ceremony. He had a most melodious voice, and sung some Irish airs deliciously, but never finished a song; his memory, as it were, only carrying him to a certain point, and then leaving him abruptly. Music possessed more power over him than anything else, and a plaintive air would cause tears to chase each

other down his most unsentimental countenance. The young people often "quizzed" him, on matrimonial subjects, and inquired when he intended to be married: to this Reddy's reply was invariably the same—"Wife——strife!"—a long pause between the words being filled up by an ominous shake of the head.

In Clonmel we encountered another of the "rhyming class," a man who goes by the name of "Easy things are best." John Healy, or, as he spells it, "Haly," (for he says *e* is a superfluous vowel,) is a native of the county Kildare, but has long been located in Tipperary. He is now turned of sixty, or, as he himself expresses it, "something about the years of threescore and one." He gives the following account of himself: "My father was a gentleman; but I was deprived of my property because the neighbours considered me a fool, though I don't see any sign of a fool about me." He subsists partly on charity, and partly by going on confidential errands, in which he invariably proves faithful and satisfactory. He is a quiet and inoffensive creature, remarkably sober, and full of harmless humour and endless rhymes, which he sets off with a very rich lisp. He mends his own clothes, and endeavours to keep himself clean and well clad, always in the same costume, viz. "a blue coat, for England, a plaid waistcoat, for Scotland, and a green trowsers, for Ireland." Whenever he wants charity from any one, he accosts him thus—"Mr. ——

> "Of all the pictures going, I do say
> The picture of the money takes the sway."

or thus—

> "What stands for a hundred,
> And the name of a tree,
> Will spell you a thing
> That's most useful to me."

On receiving anything, he will say—"Mr. ——, I hope and trust you don't account me a troublesome beggar; this is the fourteenth of such a month, and mind, you're not to give me anything till this day month again. Good morning, sir, and remember—*aasy things are best!*"

Many of the old families encourage the presence of one of these half-demented creatures, who attach themselves to their patrons with a sort of animal instinct but an incorruptible fidelity. They are usually valuable assistants to the huntsman, know the fox earths, and pick up the birds in the shooting season; watch over the "young heir" with the deepest anxiety, and cater for the sports of the younger children; eat up the leavings of the servants' table, and sleep in the hay-loft; indeed, all of the class dislike the restraint of a bed, to which they attach an idea of confinement, and prefer nestling in hay or straw to anything else. Some of the resident gentry tolerate

rather than encourage them ; while others sanction their attendance as a matter of course—an appendage to their dwelling that could not be dispensed with.

The original of this sketch—our friend Barney, the established "natural" of Johnstown Castle—is a mixture of absurdity and shrewdness, although devotedly attached to the family, whose fortune and influence act as perpetual blessings to their neighbourhood, Barney is no way chary of his opinion, and does not hesitate to "blow up the masther whin he vexes him widout rhyme or rason." In his youth he achieved a considerable degree of notoriety, in Wexford, as a devourer of candles and soap, a practice, we believe, he has discontinued since his adoption as "Castle fool." Barney's great infirmity, however (an infirmity that certainly is apt to 'bother' his countrymen), is falling in love. Whenever the pretty face of a pretty girl is stamped upon his imagination, Barney scales the castle walls to get a peep at his enchantress, and sometimes pays dearly for his peeping. One evening we espied him shouting and jumping, and rolling down the terrace banks head over heels, and at last he came towards us. "Barney, will you be a good boy?"

"Oh then, sure I can't be much better than I am."

"Yet I have not seen you at work these five or six days."

"They wouldn't give me a spade."

"That is not true, Barney."

"'Pon my honour it is! Well, what will you give me if I go to work?"

"Sixpence!"

"Well, give it to me first; people say, 'Barney, I'll give ye sixpence,' and they get a bad memory after. Come, give it ti me now, and it 'll be off yer conscience."

"Here it is—What will you buy with it?"

"Coffee!" said Barney, making a solemn face. We gave him the sixpence; the instant he got it within his fingers, he broke into wild laughter. "Hurroo!" he exclaimed, "thank ye, and God bless ye; but I've changed my mind—I'll buy whiskey—whiskey—ah! ah!"

And so he did, and instead of going quietly to his favourite bed in the stables, he attempted to climb to a window, some forty or fifty feet from the ground, to catch a glimpse of a pretty servant, and in the morning poor

Barney was found almost a shapeless mass under the castle walls. We never expected to see him again, but at this present time of writing Barney is alive, and as ready to fall in love as ever.

There was a poor widow, in a parish adjoining our own, who had been bereaved of all her children save one, and he, poor fellow, was almost an idiot. Jack Lacey was tall, and his features fine, yet capable of but one expression, that of the most helpless affection it is possible to imagine; his love and tenderness towards his mother were touching in the extreme; she was his one idea. "They call my poor boy a fool," she would say, "but his folly is sweeter to me than all the wisdom of the world." At last it pleased God to strike the old woman blind; the middleman turned her out of her wayside hut, because she could not pay the few shillings' rent required for it; and the blind widow was led from house to house by her idiot son. We remember how meekly she would stand opposite our parlour window, her white hair combed carefully back from her high, wrinkled forehead, her hands crossed upon her checkered apron; and if the rain fell, or the sun shone, Jack's hands were immediately busy with her hood, which he would draw carefully over her head. Whatever was given to him he immediately transferred to his mother; nothing was reserved for himself, though he would pick up the crumbs of bread or potato she dropped while eating: if she had not forced him to take food, he would have starved himself to death. Sometimes you would meet them moving cheerfully, though slowly, along the road, or seated under a huge thorn tree, that grew near the old churchyard. It was curious to observe them kneeling outside the chapel door, Jack crossing himself and bowing exactly as his mother did, and then assisting her to rise, as if she were the child, and he the parent. At last the old woman died in a farmer's barn; they had gone to rest as usual, and in the morning poor Jack came out, saying "Mammy slept so sound he could not wake her." Although the gentlest of creatures, he became quite furious when they attempted to put her in the coffin, and was obliged to be restrained by main force, crying all the time that "Mammy was only sleeping." It was piteous to see him so lonely and desolate during the few weeks he survived her, fading gradually, until at last, poor, fond, faithful fellow! he was found dead upon her humble grave.

"Roving Jimmy" was altogether different from any we have known, but we have heard of his exploits, which were very extraordinary. He was remarkably fleet of foot, would deliver letters or messages without mistake, when certain of being paid for them, and not caring whether the reward were a penny or a pound; but he would, as he said, sadly enough,

"do nothing for love, for love did nothing for him." A more uninteresting or disagreeable person than the Rover it would be impossible to meet; he was a determined pilferer, and had the knack of annoying all who did not contribute to his pockets, which he strapped round his waist; he was miserly in the extreme, and would constantly steal from his right hand pocket to put into his left, and chuckle over his skill when the transfer was effected. It is a singular proof of the honesty of the Irish poor, that though Jimmy was known to possess a good deal of money, and wandered frequently through districts where the people were starving for want of food, he was as safe as if he had been surrounded by the police. When Jimmy died, the rags of which he formed the centre were found to have been inlaid with coins of various kinds; he died in a widow's out-house, where he had for many a winter's night companioned the pig; and yet the poor woman used every effort to discover "Jimmy's people" before she would appropriate a farthing of his savings to herself.

When visiting the ruins of a celebrated church, we observed to the woman who acted as guide, it was a great pity the nettles were suffered so completely to overshadow every vestige of antiquity that remained in the churchyard. "Ah," said she, "it's easy seeing that poor Jimmy Tullough isn't in it now." "And who was Jimmy Tullough?" we inquired. "Some," she answered, "called him Grey Tullough, others, Jimmy; but he was a lone friendless ould man; without any sense at all, he was nothing but a 'Natural'—and still he looked sometimes as if his head was full up of brains: he was always a grey-headed man in my remembrance; and I heard my mother say she never minded him anything else. There was something about him above the common, for the little boys that do be so fond of running after and making game of 'Naturals,' used to stand a one side peaceably, and let him pass, which he did quietly, more like a shadow than a man—his hair hanging about his long lean face; his ould reaping hook hung across his shoulder, and a straight shillalee like a spear in his hand; on he'd go, turning neither to the right nor the left, keeping his eyes settled on the path before him. If you said 'God save ye kindly' to him out of good-nature, he'd make no answer either by word or sign, but keep on—on—on walking, as if to eternity, whispering and gosthering for evermore something to himself, which mightn't be right, but which we hoped war prayers. He took no pleasure nor divarshin in anything; nor wouldn't take more than a halfpenny from e'er a lord in the land, though sorra a many of them kind in the counthry to tempt him—barrin at an election, when they're as thick and as sweet as May butter. He used to say 'Copper pays friends—silver makes friends—gold breaks

friends;'—indeed he spoke but little any time, and that when nobody spoke to him.

"Then why did you call him a fool?"

"Wisha then, I don't rightly know. He didn't care about anything except what I'm going to tell you, and when a body is mighty different from every other body, why we call them fools. Now Grey Tullough he'd steal off, ye see, from one ould ancient place to another, and when he'd get there he'd just begin fair and easy, and cut down every nettle that ever grew on the graves. He'd not uproot them, but he'd cut them down with the reaping-hook, and his poor hands would be blistered by them; but he'd never heed it—he'd keep on until all was finished; and I've heard that he'd thravel Ireland doing that holy work, clearing graves and ould ancient places of weeds and nettles: and sure moonlight and daylight was all one to him, he'd no fear in him of spirit or body. I'll never forget one night—one whole night—and above all nights in the year it was midsummer eve, and I couldn't sleep myself, nor a wink never came on my husband's eyes, with the trembling to think of that innocent ould man passing that night alone in sich a place as this very churchyard, with the Lord above knows who for company; and that ancient round tower looking down on him—for what do ye think but he was cutting down the nettles in this place that holy night; and the next morning just as I had turned out the potatoes, he came in as gentle as a lamb, and *sot* down in his ould place, the childre' making room for the stranger, as it's natural they should.

"'God save ye!' says I.

"'Kindly welcome!' says my husband.

"But not a word came out of Grey Tullough's head; only he sot as steadfast as if he was making laws. 'Take a sup of milk to the dry potato,' I said. 'Let him alone,' makes answer my husband, 'sure may be he see something last night, and is conning over his prayers.'

"'*I never see anything worse than myself*,' says the old man, shaking his head, while my husband and I looked at each other, for the craythur had seen a dale of things, and a power of people in his time, and yet was counted nothing but a natural, no one minding what they said or did before him, because they thought him an innocent; and sure it put us a-past everything, to hear such a thing from his old, white, trembling lips, and he out at all hours, and in all places; and we all know some of those naturals have a deal of insight given them; for, if the Lord thinks fit to shut out the reason and sense of this world from them, he opens their eyes to the sights of air and wather, and maybe earth, that we have no call at all to: and then to hear him say that he

never saw anything worse than himself made us think of ourselves; and we signed the sign of the cross between us and harm. And when he see us doing that, he gave a heavier sigh than before, and, without putting bit or sup inside his lips, he went out and came and stood under the shadow of the round-tower — where I stand now. 'Let him alone,' says my husband, 'for depend on it he's a cruel sinner,' he says. Well, somehow my heart turned the more to the craythur on that very account; and, taking *the needles* as an excuse, I kept by the door knitting away; and at last my husband went to his work, charging me not to heed Jimmy Tullough. So as soon as he was out of sight, I thought I'd look for a fresh egg in the hen's nest, and roast it for the poor ould man, who must be weak in himself after the night's fast, and I just turned to where the hen had her place in the thatch, and finding one, I put it in the turf ashes, and went out to get him in; but he was gone. 'The Lord save us,' I said, 'that's quare.' Well, I came within the blessed walls, and sorra a nettle he had left standing; I looked into the round-tower, and beside the crosses, and under the walls of the ould ancient chapel; and getting to the top I could see every sparrow that hopped the hedge for half a mile round; but sorra a sight of Grey Tullough did I ever see from that day to this. Some," she added with an air of mystery, and in a half whisper, "say that he wasn't upon the world at all—only a spirit; and that his time was up."

"And what do you think?" we inquired.

"Ah!" she answered, "sure thinking comes to nothing in the likes of that; it was mighty quare for a natural to say he never see anything worse than himself. Any way the nettles grow now, which they wouldn't do if Grey Tullough was in it."

Our sympathies were, some time ago, strongly excited by a young woman known by no other name we ever heard of but Mary. Mary's eyes were of that meaningless, moonlight cast that express nothing, and are painful from their vacuity. Unlike many of her kind, she was remarkably clean and exact in her person, and very fond of finery. The girl might have been about twenty, when, to the horror of every one—though known from her birth as a poor gentle idiot—she became a mother; her baby grew an animated intelligent little creature; and it was wonderful to see what new ideas seemed to be awakened in the poor mother by the presence of her child. She washed it invariably several times a day, and would deck it with scraps of finery and fresh flowers, as children do their dolls. At last it caught the small pox; and Mary was told she must leave it quiet on the little bed her kind aunt had provided for it. Apparently, Mary mistook the manifestations of the disease for dirt spots on the skin; and having succeeded in getting it out of the cabin,

she flew with it to the beach, where she commenced scrubbing it all over with the wet sea-sand. In another day the little laughing blue-eyed child was dead; it died silently on its mother's arm while she was asleep; and the woman who watched them both thought the kindest thing she could do was to remove the infant without her knowledge.

Of course she sought it everywhere in vain. For days and days she could not be prevailed upon to taste food, and in the night-time wandered unceasingly from place to place, seeking "ba—ba," and weeping herself to rest under the trees or hedges. After a time her wandering senses resolved themselves into one idea—that some one had stolen her child for its beauty. She accosts every one she meets with the painful question—"Have you seen my child?—have you got my child?" and then waits the reply with the most broken-hearted look it is possible to imagine. We were somewhat startled the first time she approached us. She lifted our cloak with a wild excited smile, and said—"Oh lady, have you got my child!" She then turned away with a changed countenance, and a heavy sigh, only to repeat the same question to the next stranger. Mary wanders in towns, and is as intent upon the discovery of her child in a crowded city as in the country. She will glide like a ghost through a fair, repeating her inquiry in the most pathetic tones; and the reply from the peasant women is always accompanied by a blessing. "No Mary, avourneen, we hav'nt got your child, ye craythur—we wish we had," or—"No Mary, darlint—ask it from the Lord above, agra!" And poor Mary will inquire who that is? "Hear her, the innocent! Oh then may He look down with mercy on you, Mary, asthore! see how broken-hearted she looks. Why then, hard fortune to the vylian that brought you to the knowledge of such sorrow—but for him you might be as you war, a quiet, harmless, natural—*dancing to the music of yer own heart*—by the side of the strames—or tying the hair, that used to shine like a sun-beam, up with wild flowers. Well now, only it's the will of God, I'd say why are such craythurs sent into the world at all? just to make us more grateful, may be, for the small senses we have ourselves. There—she's gone again, poor Mary, avourneen—you'll see your child no more—and sure so best; though we don't say that when our own are taken from us."

Peter Purcel was a mixture of shrewdness and absurdity, cunning and simplicity; a compound of nature and art, and sometimes nature without art; stringing truisms on so slender a thread that it broke before his work was finished, and then laughing at his own mistakes. At times one might imagine him not only a rational, but a deeply thinking creature—almost a philosopher—and listen to the wisdom that fell from his lips; when lo! a sudden change

would compel the conviction that the poor fellow was "only a fool!" Perhaps either conclusion would have been equally wrong.

Peter Purcel was called "a natural," and he knew it, and used to pun upon the term; saying, "it was better to be a natural, than *un*-natural, which many people that war'en't naturals were." He was a tall, thin, fantastic-looking creature, whose clothes were most miraculously kept together, being a heap of threads and patches, stitched here and there with packthread or twine. Still Peter generally managed to have a clean shirt, and, moreover, took as much pleasure in arranging his hair as a young girl would do, as it fell on either side of his pale, lank visage. The peculiarity of Peter's attire, however, was a sort of conical cap, which he had formed of crows' feathers, and which he designated his helmet, and expected every one to admire.

"For shame, Peter, to kill the poor birds and then steal their feathers!" we said to him one day.

"Me kill?—me!" he exclaimed, while springing from the ground, as was his constant habit when excited; and such an observation was sure to agitate him. "Me kill anything!—I who know life, feel life, love life. Me take life from any living thing! Me! Oh yarra! yarra! wirrasthru! me! or steal—is it me! Sha'! sha'! it's enough to set me dancin'-mad to hear the likes! Ah the fine, handsome, black birdeens, that knows the paths in the air, while mighty knowledgeable men can hardly find them on the earth—the beautiful crows, they know the differ, they know me, and I know them and their language — Ah! ah! caw they go, and down comes a feather! '*That's* for *you*, Peter,' down it comes, a token of good-will—a coal-black feather—to Peter Purcel from the king of the crows! Fine birds they are, wise birds; did you never hear their prayers? I did; just when the grey light comes stealing out of Heaven; the old king crow, he that nests in the tall fir-tree, caws to his queen—the old queen—and then to his people, and then they shake the dew off their feathers and trim their wings, and then they rise, as one bird, in the air, and pray."

"And what do they say, Peter?"

"Maybe they wouldn't like me to tell; but I'll tell you. I don't mind telling you, for you feed the small singing birds; they pray to be kept from the sins of man; they pray for plenty, and for peace; they're the *rale* united Irishmen—the black-bands of the air. I love the crows—hurrah for the crows! the coal-black crows!" And then he would wave his feathered helmet, and shout and dance.

Poor Peter Purcel was kind to every living thing, but his heart was in our rookery, a square field midway up the avenue that was filled with tall fir-trees, planted before it was imagined that trees would grow so near the sea: there a colony of rooks had established themselves, long, long ago, and there they were suffered to remain unmolested; but as the young plantations grew up about the house, the rooks thought it prudent to emigrate, and while the denizens of their old world remained at home, they drove the young birds to the plantations; and here a war of extermination was commenced against them. Nests, eggs, and birds were destroyed with impunity. Poor Peter was in a state of frenzy; he used to go about with his bosom crammed full of young crows and crows' eggs, saved from the fangs of the gardener's boys; and "*keen*" over his favourites when they died as if he had lost his dearest relative.

"Ah thin, it's little yer mother thought whin she lined yer nest, and rocked with the storm over the wonderful shell that held ye, ye poor birdeens, it's little she thought the end ye'd come to! Ah, God help us! we're all born, but those not dead don't know what's before them, and so best: and sure the hand that made desolate yer nest may stretch out for food yet, and have none to get! When the Almighty made Paradise, and put the holy Saints in it, and beasts, and things to cover the earth, he set the trees for the shelter of them, and the dwelling of the birds of the air; he made both the one and the other: but man is so cruel, birdeen agra! that he says, 'I'll have all the tree; though I haven't the skill to build a nest in it, and am *obligated* to live in a mud house under it, still you shan't keep what I can't have, because I am a man, and ye are a bird!—that's man's justice, birdeen, a lanan." And so he would go on for half the length of a spring day, mingling wisdom and folly together, as we never heard them mingled since.

On Valentine's day he always took up his station close to the gateway that led into the rookery. He gave names to particular crows, and affirmed that he knew them all. As the season advanced, woe to the urchin who attempted to ascend a tree or pelt a crow. Peter would watch their coming and going as a mother does the coming and going of a beloved child. When he saw a

steady pair wheel off to seek food for their young, he would stand under the tree and sing and talk "nursery nonsense" to the nestlings; if the birds made a great clamour, or, as he called it, a "bobbery," he would grub up a handful of earth worms, ascend the tree, imitate the noise of the parent-crows in a most laughable manner, and, having fed the young, descend with the agility of a squirrel, and then, with great gravity, inform the old rooks on their return of the civility he had shown to their offspring.

We remember asking him, somewhat foolishly, one morning, if the crows prayed more on Sundays than on any other day.

"No," replied Peter, "they pray as much every day as Christians do on Sunday."

"Long observation had taught him the path through the air the rooks would take on their return after a predatory excursion; and it was no unusual thing for Peter Purcel to go and meet them, and shout and dance when the dark flock came in sight. In winter he never asked for food or raiment for himself, but begged unceasingly for food for the crows, and if refused by the servants would appeal to the master.

"They have," said he, on one occasion, "a tenant's right; they *war* bred, born, and reared on yer honour's estate; and more, they have a right to labourer's wages, for they ate the grub that would ate the grain."

Peter was a great Marplot; if snares were set by the gardeners or game-keepers for vermin, he was sure to defeat their object by destroying the snares; and it was no uncommon thing for the cook to find at liberty the chickens she had set apart in a particular coop for immediate use; yet when they were cooked Peter would eat them: he was often upbraided with this inconsistency, but only replied with his usual half-laugh, half-shout.

Once, having detected a weazel at the instant it had pounced upon a poor rabbit, and having made prisoners of them both, one under one arm, and the other under the other, he did not exactly know how to act; after much deliberation, he let the rabbit go in a clover field, and then, sitting down in his favourite rookery, despite the creature's struggles, he extracted the weazel's teeth with an old penknife.

It was always pleasant to meet Peter in the country roads and boreens, for he was certain to say something quaint or strange. One evening we found him gathering wild flowers—"Here!" he exclaimed, "isn't this daisy the very moral of Mary Moore, with her round, white, starry face, and yalla breast-knot? and this, this little blue 'forget-me-never,' that's my mother, my own mother, in heaven! they put her in the abbey-yard, and say she's in heaven; the 'forget-me-never' grows round her grave—over where she's laid,

and these are her eyes, sure enough! Here's the tansey, the bitter tansey; that's Molly the cook, of a fast day in a black Lent, when she smells the meat, and can't eat it, can't eat it, can't eat it! and—" the idea of the cook's being unable to partake of the savoury messes she took so much pleasure to prepare was too much for his imagination. He tossed the flowers in the air, flung up his feathered cap, and shouted his wild senseless joy.

Time passed on, and we left the scenes of our childhood, to return to them only as a visitor. Modern improvement had decreed that the old rookery should be uprooted; this was sorrowful news to poor Peter Purcel, who first prayed against such a course, and then preached against it, long and loudly. Of course, the poor natural's remonstrances were made in vain; but the dispersing of the colony, and the noise of the woodman's axe, had such an effect upon him, that, like a turbulent child, he was locked up until all was over. Peter managed to make his escape at the moment the last tree was felled, the very tree which he used to call "King Crow's Palace." Ascending a mound, at the foot of which he had often sheltered, he looked upon the felled timber, the half-uprooted stumps, the crushed and mutilated boughs, with an expression of the most intense anguish. It was evening, and the poor rooks hovered like a pall above their once loved home.

"Hear me, birdeens," exclaimed Peter Purcel, with his usual extravagant action, "hear me; the time isn't far off, when he who has turned the blackbands from their ould castles will have no more call to the land he now stands on than ye have to what ye hang over at this minute, nor so much; ye'll be the best off then, birds of the air; he can't hinder ye from that; you'll be as free of the air as ever, when he won't have a foot of land to call his own!"

The estate soon afterwards changed masters, and the poor people talk of Peter Purcel's prophecy to this day. There is a proverb also current amongst them, when speaking of people who are much attached; they say, "As fond of each other as Peter Purcel and the crows."

The Kilkenny coal is chiefly raised in the vicinity of Castle Comer, a town about ten miles due north of the city, and not far from the borders of the county of Carlow and the Queen's county; and, in fact, "the Coal Field *"

* The term Coal-field is applied to a tract or district (more or less extensive) which contains seams of coal more or less numerous; their origin has been the collections of trees, shrubs, ferns, and all other kinds of vegetable matter, in situations peculiarly adapted for their reception, such as mouths of rivers, estuaries, where two or more currents meet, &c., &c. Their mode of formation may be seen in the enormous masses of drift wood collected at the mouths of the Mississippi and other American rivers: these, in time, will be covered with deposits of various kinds of rock, and ultimately become the supply of future generations.

extends into both these counties, being fourteen miles in length and eleven in breadth. The collieries have been worked for nearly a century and a half. According to Dr. Boate, their discovery was accidental; but the use of the coal was, in his time, limited to their immediate neighbourhood, "because, the mines being far from rivers, the transportation is too chargeable by land." They were first worked by Sir Christopher Wandesford, who had purchased the township from the Brennans, the ancient proprietors, the last representative of whom died in indigent circumstances about the year 1795.

On approaching the coal district, the observer is at once struck by the abruptness of the ridges that form the outer edge of the basin. The hills, rising eight or nine hundred, and, in some cases, one thousand feet above the surrounding country, are cultivated nearly to their summits, which are unusually flat, and covered, generally, with a thin stratum of peat, among which are frequently found the remains of huge trees, that must have at one period completely clothed their surface*.

On ascending the sides of either of these mountains, the prospect is amazingly fine, opening to view an immense extent of level country, agreeably diversified by wood and water, and thickly studded with towns and villages. But, on reaching their heights and looking towards the coal basin, a remarkable change takes place, the country assuming an aspect totally different. Flat, dreary, and almost barren hills, stretching in lengthened lines across a thinly populated surface, give to it an aspect cheerless and uninviting; the unpleasing effect of which is increased by large heaps of "deads,"—i. e. rubbish thrown out from the underground works, consisting of slate, small-coal, and the deleterious compounds of sulphur, so abundantly diffused throughout the district: they lie scattered through the corn-fields and meadows as well as the less productive tracts, small regard being paid to the interests of the farmer, as by the stannary law the miner is allowed to proceed where he will in his search after coal. Heightening the ill character of the scene are huge unpicturesque engines, and large "gins" worked by horses, scattered among the miserable hovels of the colliers, gathered around both the old and the new workings. The unfavourable impression thus produced is by no means removed on a nearer inspection of the localities of the mines; particularly during winter, when most of the workings are filled with surface water.

* As in many other places, the forests have been destroyed to smelt iron; we have often met the ruins of smelting houses, that were deserted when the wood was burnt out. We have already referred to one of them in the vicinity of beautiful Lough Carah, near the Lakes of Killarney.

The geology of "the Leinster coal district" is extremely simple; the granite country of Carlow is succeeded by beds of limestone, consisting of almost every variety of this rock—from that of a loose, shivery, grey limestone, breaking into indetermined angular fragments, to the most solid kind, usually denominated black or Kilkenny marble. This formation, from the imbedded organic remains which are so abundantly diffused throughout its members, is distinctly referable to the mountain or carboniferous limestone system. Notwithstanding all that has been advanced in support of the assertion made by some geologists, that no coal exists in the first six hundred feet of the slate clay which immediately succeeds the limestone, a coal does exist in immediate contact with it, as may be seen by an examination of the strata exposed in a quarry on the farm of Rathtilig, near Arles, Queen's County, belonging to the Hon. Mr. Butler. It has been suggested to us that this fact may be accounted for by the edges of the basin having been forced up by the convulsion which formed it, and thereby brought the coal into close but artificial proximity to the limestone. In this the seam is exposed for a considerable distance; and, although in very disturbed ground, it is about two feet six inches in thickness at the verge or outcrop; and culm raised from it has been employed in burning lime in the quarry. Besides this there are eighteen distinct veins of coal, varying in thickness from a few inches to four feet, and of which number ten are now workable; but when a more scientific system comes into operation, some of those which have hitherto been neglected will be found available. These seams of coal are interstratified with the usual alternations of sand-stone, slaty sand-stone, slate-clay, clay-stone, or clunch, and clay iron-stone, in thin beds. The fossil remains contained in these strata, in some instances, consist of marine shells, similar to those of the inferior limestone; but the greater number consist of parts of stems of arborescent ferns and aquatic plants, interspersed with the shells of fresh-water mollusca.

One remarkable difference is observable between the coal of this district and that of the anthracitous, or stone-coal districts of South Wales: in the former the entire of the coal, from the base to the summit of the hill, is of one uniform character; whilst in the latter there is a gradual departure from the true anthracite, which is only developed amongst the bottom members of the series, until, in its most bituminous state, it is found occupying the upper part of the same district. The cause of this great difference is that inferior seams of coal in South Wales were formed, like the Kilkenny anthracite, by heat and pressure; but in the superior seams heat was not present.

The qualities of this Kilkenny coal, as we have remarked, are very singular. In consuming it emits neither flame nor smoke, and it leaves but a

trifling residue of ashes; in fact, from the ingredients of the coal, it is impossible that any of these should occur: the analysis is as follows—

Carbon		96.95	in 100 Parts
Dark Grey Ashes	(metallic oxides)	3.00	Ditto
Sulphur		0.05	Ditto
		100.00;	

showing that the part producing the flame and smoke in the English coal is entirely wanting in this—we mean the bitumen, which is usually 50 per cent. of the whole.

This absence of bitumen admirably fits it for all culinary purposes to which it may be applied, and also renders it an excellent coal for generating steam for engines, although the form of the furnace must be different from that in which bituminous coal is consumed. In using it for this purpose alone, a saving of at least 50 per cent is effected, as, from its superior density, a ton of it will last as long as a ton and a half of English coal. A further saving consists in the doing away with stokers, &c., which are unnecessary, as the coal has not that tendency to clinker and choke the furnace bars, which we find so detrimental in the bituminous coal*.

Notwithstanding the numerous and very great improvements that of late years have been introduced into mining operations in this country, the collieries of Kilkenny, instead of making simultaneous advances, seem rather to be in a retrograding condition; certainly no symptoms of radical improvement are visible. This, probably, arises more from an antipathy on the part of the working classes to the introduction of anything they have not been previously accustomed to, and an injudicious selection of colliery agents, than to a want of spirit and liberality in the proprietors themselves.

The prevailing opinion is, that almost the entire coal of the Kilkenny district has been wrought out. This may be correct as regards the upper beds. It is also equally undeniable that immense deposits of coal do exist, and are attainable by sinking to a lower level; but, as the increased depth would compel the conduct of operations on a regular scientific plan,—a large tract of coal being wrought from one pit, and the thorough ventilation of the works kept up by a system of draughts or currents of air—not after the rabbit-warren

* All coal is formed from vegetable matter, *under pressure*, with the exclusion of atmospheric air, which, by affording oxygen, would induce fermentation, and thus resolve it into its proximate principles: indeed, the texture of the wood can be distinctly traced in coal. Anthracite, or stone coal, differs from the ordinary or bituminous, by having been exposed to a very high heat, which has driven off the gaseous matters, and thus changed it to carbon or charcoal, which has some small portion of sulphur and metals (combined as sulphurets) contained in it. Kilkenny coal, during combustion, by its union with the oxygen of the atmosphere, is converted into three distinct products—Carbonic acid, metallic oxides (grey ashes), and sulphurous acid gas, which gives the extremely unpleasant and unwholesome vapour.

system which has been pursued in removing the coals from the shallower level—the proprietors, instead of adopting these measures, have abandoned their works; not wishing to risk either their lives or properties in the introduction of a new method, which, although tending materially to ameliorate the condition of the colliers and working men, would nevertheless be strenuously opposed by the great majority of them, as an invasion of their rights.

The present produce of the Leinster collieries is extremely variable (particularly the hard coal), as it depends entirely on the accidental discovery of the pillars and barriers left to prevent the exfoliation of the roof in the former workings; the fact that no records of the underground workings have been preserved, will account for the uncertainty that exists in the search after these remnants of remote operations. The average quantity of hard coal now raised may therefore be estimated at about 40,000 tons, and of culm, 75,000 tons annually; of this the Doonane colliery contributes the largest portion. The principal part of this coal is consumed in the neighbouring towns, although it is occasionally carried to places at great distances; but in these cases it is usually employed in the process of malting, &c., for which purpose it is admirably adapted.

"The excellent qualities of the Kilkenny coal," observes Mr. Tighe, "for particular uses, are well known in Ireland; no fuel dries malt so well, and this without any preparation; it is excellent for the forge, and for most works in iron; in every manufacture, where steady heat is required, devoid of smoke, it cannot be excelled; nor does it dirty the flues when it is used*." Its use in private houses, however, by persons who are careless or not accustomed to it, is disagreeable and often noxious. The vast quantity of carbonic acid gas evolved and formed during the ignition, not only diminishes the quantity of pure vital air, but, being so much heavier than atmospheric air, subsides and mingles with the lower stratum of it, which must be breathed by the inhabitants. And it is observable that in the lower parts of the town its effects are more sensibly felt than in the higher. When breathed in any quantity, this air produces heaviness in the head, diminished circulation, torpor, and fainting; in close rooms it has the suffocating effect of charcoal; but its smell is much heavier and more disagreeable. Even in Kilkenny, therefore, the coal is not much used by the higher classes; and the lower orders, very naturally, prefer turf. To our minds, the fire it made was cheerless to the eye, and exceedingly unpleasant to the smell.

The principal marble quarry of Kilkenny is situated about half a mile

* By Mr. Kirwan's analysis, it approaches nearly to pure carbon, without any bituminous matter whatever; he considers it as containing 97.3 per cent. of pure carbon, the remainder being uninflammable ashes.

south of the city; the marble is black; and some of it remarkably pure. Mr. Colles, the proprietor of the mills, exports annually to England about 100 tons of it, and obtains in exchange the marble of Italy, which he works up with the produce of the quarry into chimney pieces, &c., which he frequently inlays with coloured stones, and adorns with sculptures in relief. The marble generally contains a variety of impressions, of madrepores, of bivalve, and of turbinate shells. "Mytilites, turbinites, pectenites, tellinites, tubiporites, nautilites, and ammonites, may be distinguished, and perhaps most of the testaceous marks usually found in such stones." One water-wheel, by machinery, saws and polishes slabs with the power of forty men. There is a quantity of marble rock through every part of the country; and in many places may be seen the most beautiful specimens of madrepore marble in the loose stone walls on the high roads; and in fact all the stone in and around Kilkenny is marble, with beautiful madrepore and shells mixed through it, which, when calcined by the air or heat of the fire in chimney-pieces, appear so that sometimes you imagine you could pluck out the perfect shell. It is much used for tomb and head stones; and it was very striking to note it among the ruins of ancient churches in the vicinity—polished by the hand of time, and pointing out the graves of the humblest peasants. About three or four miles north of Kilkenny, and in the immediate vicinity of other quarries, are the singular caves of Dunmore. We borrow from the survey of Mr. Tighe a description of the principal cave. "It is situated not far from the edge of the calcareous district, a little south of the church of Methill, and in a cultivated field on the slope of a gentle hill. A large oval pit, about fifty yards by forty wide, first appears, which seems to have been formed by the sinking in of the surface, where it had least to support it; in the eastern end is the mouth of the cave, to which the rubbish of stone and clay forms a deep descent of above seventy feet from the opposite quarter: the sides of the pit are almost perpendicular; the strata nearly horizontal and thin, with cavities containing spars and crystals. Rabbits often burrow near the entrance, and wild pigeons live within the first cavity. Some of the plants within the pit, and before the arch at the entrance, are the *Glechoma hederacea*, ground ivy; *Ir. Athain luss;* a plant considered holy by the common people *, and carried as a charm against fairies, particularly on

* To another plant, Verbena officinalis, vervain, Mr. Tighe also refers as an object of peculiar veneration with the peasantry. "Its Irish name," he says, "is *lugh na grass*, and it is esteemed as a sovereign remedy in many cases. When the country doctors among the common people, or old women, pull herbs for medicinal purposes, they always add some superstitious invocation, and some plants are taken up 'in the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost,' but when vervain is pulled, this peculiar incantation is used:—

'Vervain, thou growest upon holy ground,
In Mount Calvary thou wert found,

St. John's night; *Asplenium scolopendrium*, hart's-tongue spleenwort; *Ir. lugh na much y fian*, or *plant of the wild boar; Sambucus nigra*, black elder; The first cavern is irregularly shaped, of a large circumference; the roof near fifty feet high, and the floor sloping downwards; towards the left, a narrow passage leads by a slippery ascent to the interior, where a vast variety of stalactitic forms, assisted by the inequality of the rock, amuse the spectator; the cave grows narrow, and again widens into a large apartment; beyond are winding passages and other cavities, in one of which the cave is said to run out towards the other side of the hill, and that the light can be seen through a chink; it certainly goes in that direction, and might be opened at the other end. The bottom is always slippery; stalactites are continually formed by the dripping water, and calcareous sinter is deposited in various shapes on the sides and bottom. In one part of the inner cavern, imagination supposes it to take the form of an organ, in another that of a cross, or of an altar: pieces of the transparent alabaster taken out of this cave have been occasionally polished, and worked into tables and vases, and it is surprising that they are not an object of manufacture in an extensive manner. The quantity is great; it can be detached in large masses, and an easier entrance might be opened to the other end of the cavern. A stream of water passes through the cave at a great distance from its mouth, and many skulls and bones have been found not a great way from this stream, and in other parts far within the cavity; some of the skulls were enveloped in calcareous spar. In or near this cave some clay coloured by carbon, and called black chalk, has been taken up."

It has never been entirely explored; and there is a report current that it runs along under ground until it communicates with the castle in Kilkenny—it has been even affirmed, that the voices of people talking in the Tholsel have been heard in the cave.

At Ballyspellan and Castlecomer, both within the limits of the coal district, are chalybeate springs, whose waters are much frequented for the medicinal qualities they are supposed to possess. Nevertheless, the strength of these springs is not so great as that of the waters which issue from the deep

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Thou curest all sores and all diseases,
And in the name of the holy Jesus,
I pull you out of the ground.'

"The superstitions of ancient religions are generally transferred to the present profession. Medicinal virtues are attributed to almost every plant, by those who profess that knowledge among the common people; their knowledge they derive from tradition; in some instances they are very right, holding several powerful plants, as dwarf elder, water-dock, and others, in high estimation for their proper uses."

bore-holes and mines of the collieries, owing, in part, to the surface water mixing more freely with them.

However, the spa at Ballyspellan, in addition to the sulphate of iron held in solution, contains a considerable portion of carbonic acid gas, which it probably derives from its proximity to the carboniferous limestone.

From these lighter subjects we turn to one of very considerable importance.

The "Loan Societies" of Ireland claimed our earliest attention. At Cahir, in the county of Tipperary, we had the first opportunity of testing their practical working. On applying at the office there, the books were readily submitted to us, and it was with no considerable surprise as well as gratification we found, that although from the first of June 1839 to the thirtieth of June 1840, a sum of £3792 had been lent to 1306 borrowers, the institution had not sustained a loss of a single shilling—that the "securities" were applied to in only fifty-three cases, and summoned in but one instance. The same result followed our inquiries at Waterford—"no loss whatever having occurred to the society from any default in repayments." We had afterwards abundant opportunities for ascertaining that these proofs of the honesty of the peasantry of Ireland, who constitute by far the largest proportion of the borrowers, were not accidental, but were borne out by similar evidence, derived from nearly every district throughout the country. We have therefore thought it our duty to procure all the necessary documents connected with the subject, in order to communicate such information concerning it as we have thought would interest our readers— prefacing our remarks by some account of the several attempts to establish Loan Funds in Ireland, prior to the introduction of their establishment under Government control.

The advantage to the poorer classes of small loans of money to purchase implements of trade, early attracted the notice of the Irish Parliament; and at various periods during the last century, associations of benevolent individuals organised themselves for the purpose of forming, by voluntary subscriptions, a capital stock, to be lent out to industrious tradesmen, on the joint security of one or more persons for repayment of the loan within twelve months, and without interest. These private societies realised so fully the expectations of their promoters, that in 1778 the subject came before Parliament. A musical society existed in Dublin, which, from the year 1756, had applied the receipts of their concerts to Loan Society purposes; and the existing managers of that society were, with several public officers, incorporated in 1778 (by the 17 & 18 Geo. 3, c. 12), as a Charitable Loan Society, giving them extensive powers to hold property, and to open branches through-

out the country. Legacies have been left to the society, but its funds are now greatly diminished, many of the branches are extinct, and such as remain have no connexion whatever with the parent musical society in Dublin*.

During the last thirty years, various associations have been formed in London with the view of improving the condition of the Irish peasantry. Some of these associations bestowed pecuniary grants to encourage the straw hat manufacture, and others to improve the fisheries, or the state of agriculture, either by small loans of money, or by grants of fishing-tackle, or of farming or manufacturing implements. These transactions were carried on through the medium of local committees, who corresponded with the parent associations in London.

The beneficial effects of these institutions being generally acknowledged, it was deemed advisable to introduce a new bill for their further encouragement, as the musical society act of 1778 had substantially fallen into desuetude. This new bill (which passed in May 1823) enacted, that any number of persons desirous of forming a Charitable Loan Society, either by lending small sums of money or implements of industry, should lodge with the clerk of the peace a copy of their rules; that loans not exceeding £10 in any one year might be made to any person upon notes of hand, which would be free of stamp duty; that these loans would be recoverable by the treasurer of the society; that legal interest only would be chargeable; that none of the trustees or managers were to receive any remuneration, but clerks were to be paid such salaries, or other necessary expenses, as the rules of each society sanctioned. Any looms, wheels, or other implements lent out by a society, were, before delivery, to be stamped, and were to be saved from distraint for rent or debt.

A few years additional experience demonstrated that many abuses were creeping in, under the act of 1823, and that the beneficial principles of the loan fund system could not be worked out without an alteration in the law. For although the trustees and directors of Loan Societies were personally excluded from all remuneration, yet by the sweeping language "of all necessary expenses" to be paid to clerks, without any limit, members of the families of directors were in some instances largely remunerated, and little or

* A branch of this original institution is still carried on at St. Anne's Church, Dublin, with a nett capital of about £4000; but as the society only lends the interest of its capital, at the close of the last year, only about £300 was in the hands of borrowers, notwithstanding the distress which might be alleviated in Dublin by its proper use. The principal is enjoyed by that wealthy body the Bank of Ireland at three and a half per cent.; and this, too, when hundreds of solvent, though poor and industrious parties, would willingly pay a much larger per centage for its use, and thus be benefited by having capital to employ on which they could realise a large profit by their small dealings.

no profit was realised. Some of the London associations issued their grants also to the local committees free of interest; and as many of these committees charged the borrowers six per cent., a large profit arose, which was, however swallowed up by expensive and irresponsible management.

To meet these circumstances, an act passed in 1836, authorising the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to appoint a Central Board of Commissioners, with power to inspect the books of all Loan Societies established under the act. The rules also were to be examined and certified by a revising barrister before being lodged with the clerk of the peace; and any society violating the rules was liable to suspension by the board. The loans were to be repayable by instalments, and interest not exceeding the rate of sixpence in the pound for twenty weeks, was chargeable to the borrower; while all profits over and above the limited expense of management were to be appropriated to local charitable purposes, such as maintaining a hospital or school, or aiding in the purchase of clothing or fuel for the poor, &c., and each society was also to send up to the Board a yearly account of its proceedings. In 1838 an amendment of the act passed, giving the Board power to reduce prospectively the salaries to clerks, if they were out of proportion to the extent of business; and every treasurer was imperatively required to find security. The Board were also directed to report annually to Parliament.

In compliance with the direction, three Reports have already been delivered; the first being printed by order of the House of Commons, on the twenty-seventh of August 1839, and the two latter having been presented to both Houses by command of Her Majesty.

The first and second Reports are but scanty documents, and we have heard great complaints of the inaccuracy of the tables appended to them, but have reason to believe that the Irish government, awake to the magnitude of the interests at stake, have taken measures for insuring more satisfactory returns for the future; and the amplitude and correctness of the Report for the past year (1840) confirms this supposition.

It appears by this Report that the increase of the Loan Fund System has been in the following ratio:—

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE LOAN FUND SYSTEM IN IRELAND, AS EXHIBITED IN THE REPORTS OF THE CENTRAL BOARD TO PARLIAMENT.

Years.	No. of Societies transmitting Annual Accounts to the Board.	Amount circulated.	No. of Borrowers.	Net Profit applicable to Charity.
		£		£
1838	50	180,526	148,528	2,547
1839	157	816,473	352,469	11,047
1840	215	1,164,046	463,750	15,477

This alone, one might suppose, affords sufficient evidence of the value of the system—that in two years a circulation of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds should have increased to one million, one hundred and sixty-four thousand; and when it is considered that this large amount drawn from the pockets of those who are well able to spare it, and to whom it yields a handsome interest for its use, is circulated amongst the poorest class of the people in loans averaging about £3 each, it seems a waste of argument to defend it.

As, however, attacks are constantly made on the Loan Fund system, and some persons, perhaps, mistake the assertions of parties opposed to it for arguments, we shall endeavour to take a short and impartial review of the whole subject in its present state and future bearings on the moral and social condition of the people of Ireland; believing it to have a large and most important influence upon both *.

* Statements as to the practical working of the system are published in the "Report," from a very large proportion of the Provincial Societies. As confirmatory of the view we have taken, we extract passages from some of them. *Moville, County Donegal.*—This Society continues to be productive of much good among the industrious classes of this neighbourhood; affording means of industry and promoting habits of regularity, providence, and honesty. *Lisbellaw, County Fermanagh.*—Several instances have come to our knowledge of persons of that class, who had not a cow when the Loan Fund was first established, but who borrowed the price of one from the Fund, and during the winter repaid the instalments by the sale of milk, &c. *Dungannon, County Tyrone.*—Many parties who have obtained loans have been enabled to increase their stock of cattle, and otherwise to bring their lands into a better state of cultivation; numerous small manufacturers have been enabled to increase their number of looms, giving additional employment to their own inmates, as well as to their poorer neighbours. *Edgeworthstown, County Longford.*—The Trustees look back with no small degree of pleasure to the good effect their Society has produced upon the minds and habits of the population, immediately within the range of its operations. *Kenagh, County Longford.*—Several instances have come under the notice of the Committee, which afford very gratifying testimony of the stimulus which has been afforded to industry and regularity by this Institution. *Killeshandra, County Cavan.*—Some farmers have said that the loan was "as good to them" as the gift of the same sum; and a couple of cases have arisen of farmers saying that they "never had a four-footed beast on their land before," and now they have two or three. *Galway.*—The number of persons assisted by these loans may be calculated at 3600, many of whom have been raised from poverty and despair to comparative comfort and confidence, and saved from being a charge on the Poor Rate or Mendicity Institution. *Ballaghadereen, County Mayo.*— Every member (in the several districts) bears testimony to the great benefit received by individuals from the use of the Loan Fund money, not merely in a pecuniary point of view, but by the great increase observable among those who have received it of habits of order, active industry, and the general comfort of their families. *Miltown Malbay, County Clare.*—The formation of the Society was a source of great relief to the poor, during the trying period of the last scarce summer, and the regular and certain payment for potatoes, through the means of the loans granted, tended to keep up a well supplied market at a reduced price. The tribe of usurious money brokers, with whom this country abounded, have nearly ceased their griping extortion upon the poor, through the instrumentality of the Fund, to which all now resort, who hitherto sorely felt the oppression of this tribe. *Magourney, County Cork.*—In several instances, poor, but industrious, individuals have been materially benefitted. Many, especially of the labouring classes, have been rescued from the exorbitant exactions of the usurer; a stimulus has been given to the small traders of the district, a system of order and punctuality has been introduced, and we have no doubt but that, with God's blessing, a closer bond of union will be formed between all classes of society, and the spirit of kindness and good-will, which we thankfully acknowledge has hitherto existed, will be increased

The history and formation of a properly conducted Loan Fund is this. The resident gentry of some locality in which no Loan Society exists, perceive that such an institution is required, or would benefit the people in the district.

and strengthened. *Castle Townsend, County Cork.*—A very perceptible stimulus has been given to industry, and many are now maintaining their families in comparative comfort, who, but for the aid received from the Loan Fund, would be living in idleness and want. *Glandore, County Cork.*—Results the most beneficial have followed; distress has been relieved at the most critical periods; the labourer, who, without its aid, would have been unable to procure seed for his potato garden last summer, has now, through those means, aided by the blessing of Providence, an abundance of food, and in many cases the rent of the garden has been paid, by the timely aid given to the industry of himself or the females of his family, by enabling them to procure the means of making their own labour available. Habits of industry and of exertion have, in innumerable instances, been promoted, a regard for character and habits of punctuality have invariably been generated. *Gowran, County Kilkenny.*—Many poor and industrious families were enabled, by the seasonable relief afforded them, to continue in their homes, which otherwise poverty would have forced them to abandon, and beg for that precarious subsistence which, from want of constant employment, they could not procure for themselves. *Castletown, County Meath.*—As in former years, it has assisted the small farmer, by enabling him to hold over his corn for a favourable market, besides the great advantage to be derived from not being obliged to thrash his corn until the straw was required for fodder. The cottier has frequently been enabled to keep over his pig, when, but for the assistance afforded by the Loan Fund, he would have been compelled to sell at great disadvantage. The labourer has been able to purchase, especially in the summer, the food necessary for the subsistence of himself and family, at market prices, instead of dealing with those who charge an enormous profit for a short credit. *Mountrath, Queen's County.*—The Loans have been of great service to the majority of the borrowers, in many cases enabling them to lay in provisions for the summer for much less than they would afterwards pay, and providing seed for their ground, which would otherwise remain waste; and by supplying materials for tradesmen, chiefly Brogue-makers, Shoemakers, Painters, Carpenters, Weavers, and Victuallers. *Clonmel, County Tipperary.*—Several instances of the great benefit which industrious persons have derived from the assistance afforded by the Society have come under the notice of the Managers. Cows have been purchased by some, and the sale of the milk has enabled them to repay the Loan; others have purchased pigs, and repaying the instalments from their weekly earnings, have been able, in some little time, to sell to advantage. On the whole, the Managers are led to expect that much good will result from the encouragement held out to good character and industrious habits. *Tipperary, County Tipperary.*—It has conferred immense benefits on the poor and industrious classes; but for the aid afforded during the present and past winters, it is fearful to contemplate the distress the poor would have to encounter. *Tyrrell's Pass, County Westmeath.*—As applications for the Reports of the Society are frequently made, and sometimes from distant quarters, it seems expedient to give a statement both of its direct effects, and of its no less important collateral operations. Its direct effects result from its constitution as a Loan Office, in distributing Loans from one pound to ten inclusive, through a district comprehending, at the lowest computation, four hundred square miles:—its collateral operations, in its being a Savings' Bank, receiving the deposits of the industrious, (of whom not a few are afraid of keeping them in their houses,) and paying them a high interest for them;—in supporting from its profits an Infant School, which is in a highly prosperous state, educating 120 children, of whom seventy are in constant attendance;—in establishing a Platting School for Irish Leghorn Hats and Bonnets; in the employing of a Scotch Agriculturist, and furnishing agricultural seeds to the farmers;—in its working the machinery of a Ladies' Society for the improvement of the female peasantry;—in its laying in stores of various kinds—as, in the present season, coals, and in other seasons, meal—for the use of those who could not expend capital upon them, and furnishing these articles at cost price;—in the bestowing of the net profits chiefly upon public works, so as at once to give employment to the distressed, and to render that employment subservient to the public interest by permanent improvements; and lastly,—in the exercise of an extensive moral influence by the encouragement of habits of temperance. *Lisnaskea, County Fermanagh.*—Through the medium of this Society, two working schools have also been lately established, and two competent mistresses procured (under the patronage of Mrs. Crichton, and superintendence of a Committee of ladies), for instructing daughters of small farmers,

A meeting is called, and as many as are inclined to become depositors state their intention of taking debentures from the new society, for which they receive interest, in some places five and in others six per cent. One party is voted treasurer, another honorary secretary, and three or four others trustees. Rules for the government of the society are then drawn up, and it is imperative that each set of rules shall contain a provision that no manager

mechanics, labourers, &c., in straw plat, and plain, useful, and fancy needlework, by which means they may in after life obtain a comfortable and respectable livelihood.

We must add to this note two or three individual cases, which afford a fair specimen of the whole.

A. B. states that he had taken grass for a cow from May till November; that in June his cow died; that he was not only at the loss of the cow, but would also be obliged to pay for the grass just as much as if the cow were on it; that, in short, he would have been a ruined man. He applied for £10 to replace the cow; the loan was granted; he purchased a cow; with her butter and his own weekly earnings he found no difficulty in paying the instalments; at the end of twenty weeks he had the cow clear, and the full benefit of the grass. C. D. states, he had ground for oats and potatoes, but had no seed; applied for a loan of £5; purchased seed and sowed and planted the ground, and paid the instalments out of his weekly earnings. E. F., a shoemaker, had plenty of orders from his customers, but could not fulfil them for want of leather, and was in danger of losing their custom; applied for a loan of £3; bought leather, and was easily able to support himself, and repay the instalments. G. M., a labourer, with two in family, earning ten shillings a week, had no meal—market price thirteen shillings—if he applied to a mealmonger, would be charged twenty-two shillings *on time*, to be paid in three months—if he dealt with him would lose nine shillings on every cwt.—applied to Loan Fund; for two shillings and sixpence, obtained a loan of £5; bought meal on advantageous terms to support his family: and was easily able to pay the instalments. P. S., another shoemaker, represented that he might have had work, but had no money or means to get leather. Got notice from his landlord to quit, being in arrear, and not likely to be better; has sat hammering his stone for hours to make the neighbours believe he had work when he had none, that he might get time to pay his rent. Borrowed from Loan Fund, and can now, as he says, "hammer his stone in earnest, and with a dry eye." Biddy C., wife of a small farmer, bought a cow with £8 she got from Loan Fund, "unbeknowns" to her husband: paid the eight shillings a week, with the butter and milk, and in twenty weeks had the cow clear profit. Has now four cows by same means, and has no occasion to trouble the "Blessed Fund, which has been the making of her and her's." It would be useless to multiply these instances, which might be easily done.

We copy from the Report of the Portadown Society, "the number and objects for which Loans were granted in 1840:"—

			£	s.	d.
160	Loans to Purchase	Horses	650	0	0
1750	,, ,,	Cows, Pigs, Goats	7000	0	0
137	,, ,,	Corn, Hay, or Seeds	550	0	0
21	,, ,,	Farm Implements	85	0	0
43	,, ,,	Looms	175	0	0
425	,, ,,	Yarn	1700	0	0
40	,, ,,	Timber	175	0	0
15	,, ,,	Iron	50	0	0
60	,, ,,	Leather	262	0	0
550	,, ,,	Dealing	650	0	0
85	,, ,,	Fishing Tackle	8	0	0
175	,, ,,	Rent	700	0	0
97	,, ,,	Debts	388	0	0
601	,, ,,	Provisions	2525	0	0
Total Number 3687		Amount	£14,918	0	0

or trustee shall directly or indirectly derive any profit from it. Another rule must ascertain the limit to which the managers shall be at liberty to go in expenses of management, and a third, that the treasurer shall become bound with solvent sureties in a reasonable amount for the faithful performance of his duties. These rules are then transmitted to the Secretary in Dublin Castle, for the approval of the Board, who make any alteration in them they may deem expedient, and the copy is then returned to the society, that three fair transcripts may be made and sent up for certification. On their reaching the secretary he submits them to the certifying barrister, who, if they are in accordance with the acts, attaches his certification and signature that such is the case. One of these transcripts is then lodged in the office of the Secretary to the Board, another with the clerk of the peace of the county in which the society is situate, and the third is transmited to the treasurer of the society as a voucher that his society is entitled to the privileges conferred by the Act.

The society is then in legal existence, and commences operations. A person is appointed clerk, and to him the intending borrowers apply for application papers, which are according to the form printed in the note*, and for each of which a penny or a half-penny is generally charged.

* APPLICATION FOR A LOAN FROM THE —— LOAN SOCIETY.

Former Loan (*if any*) No. Amount, £ Fines s. d.

I of Parish of

County of of which the Petty Sessions are held at

and holding acres of land, request that I may be accommodated with

pound shillings, according to the Rules

of the —— Loan Fund, which I intend to employ in

and of which I solemnly declare that the whole is to be applied to my own use and not divided with any other person.

I certify that the above-named is personally known to me and that I consider to be a solvent, honest, industrious person, and that I believe the above statement to be perfectly correct.

Given under my hand, this day of 184

Signed of

It is requested that no Person will certify for an IMMORAL PERSON, or for one who does not live industriously in some calling.

WE whose names are hereunto subscribed, will guarantee the payment by a Promissory Note of £ s. to the Treasurer for the time being of the —— CHARITABLE LOAN SOCIETY, applied for by

Given under our hand, this day of

of of which the Petty Sessions are held at possessed of property in to the value of at least £

of of which the Petty Sessions are held at possessed of property in to the value of at least £

This being filled up, and returned by the applicant, his solvency and general character, with that of his sureties, is considered, by one or two of the trustees in council met for the purpose, and if approved, the full loan applied for, or such portion of it as they may think proper to grant, is paid to the borrower, stopping, at the time the loan is issued, sixpence in the pound by way of interest. The borrower then receives a card, on which the amount lent to him is entered, and the instalments he pays are marked off. A duplicate of this, or a proper account of the transaction, is of course booked by the society. The borrower, and his sureties for him, bind themselves to repay the amount of the loan in twenty weeks, by instalments of one shilling in the pound per week. Thus, if a borrower applies for a loan of £5, which is approved, the society hands him £4 17*s.* 6*d.*, retaining two shillings and sixpence as interest. He then pays five shillings for twenty weeks, and the £5 is paid off. Should the borrower run into default, he subjects himself in most societies to a fine of one penny for the first week, and three-pence for the second and every succeeding week on each pound lent him, and should he remain two weeks in default, his sureties receive notice that they will be sued for the amount together with the fines incurred, and unless the borrower comes in, this is immediately done. But in the very great majority of cases no such steps are necessary, the poor borrowers generally being very punctual in their repayments.

It has been objected by some that the borrowers lose their time in repaying these instalments, but in practice the personal attendance of the borrower or his sureties is seldom given. The instalments of a whole neighbourhood are frequently brought in by a child, or some old person, fit for no other employment, who goes, *per vicem*, for two or three town lands. "Indeed," remarks the Rev. Mr. Nixon, of Castle Town, "it is quite delightful to see the confidence reposed by the borrowers in the persons who carry their instalments, and also the fidelity and accuracy, nay, even the tact, that these latter evince in the discharge of the duty they have undertaken." In some places, the amount of interest charged is less than that above stated, and in others the fines are higher. There is no uniformity in these matters, nor have the Central Board any power of enforcing it, though it is evidently desirable.

We have found great difficulty in arriving at an accurate estimate of the real number of these societies, or loan funds, at work throughout the country. Up to the 31st of December, 1840, 262 societies had been registered by the certifying barrister, and thirty others had sent copies of rules, of which they never took any steps to complete the certification. From the 1st of January to the 31st of May, 1841, twenty-six new societies have been added to the

number. In the appendix to their third report, the Board return 215 societies in operation, which had reported to them, and five more working, which had not reported up to the time the tables went to press.

From these data it may be presumed that 246 properly registered and legitimate societies are at work under the sanction and control of the Board, and their circulation for the present year may be estimated at about a million and a half sterling. There are, however, in Ireland several loan funds, "private and irresponsible*;" we add, in a note, an abstract that will exhibit the operations of the societies reporting to the board, and to these we shall confine our remarks in the absence of any genuine statistical

* These "private and irresponsible" societies may again be divided into two classes—viz. the societies in connexion with "The Irish Reproductive Loan Fund," as it is named (though anything but reproductive in principle) and the societies instituted by various crafty men for their own evil purposes, and who by conducting their business on the principle of discounting small bills for short periods, manage to rob the poor to an enormous amount without rendering themselves liable to any legal proceedings.

When the Act 1 and 2 Vic. c. 78, was passed, making it imperative on all loan societies to enrol under the Board, under penalty of not being able to recover any money or goods they might lend, in any court, the parties interested had unfortunately sufficient interest to insert a clause in the bill exempting the societies in connexion with the Irish Reproductive Loan Fund Institution from this wholesome control, provided the chairman of the Institution in London sent to the Secretary of the Board in Dublin a list of the societies thus connected. Thus an *imperium in imperio* was formed, and a very large number of societies in some of the most important districts rendered independent of the control of the Board, although the latter body are in a measure responsible for the general effects of the system in the country, and parties unable to distinguish between registered and unregistered societies frequently blame the Board, and the system it advocates, for evils incidental to the management of societies over which they have no control.

But it is to be feared the above are among the least of the evils arising from this want of responsibility. Let us trace "The Amicable Society for the Permanent Protection of Industry," or, as it is more generally called, "The Irish Reproductive Loan Fund," to its rise.

In 1822 unusually great distress prevailed in Ireland from the failure of the crops, and a Committee was formed in London to raise and conduct a subscription for the relief of this distress. Large sums were raised for this purpose from the British public, and when the main purpose of the subscription had been achieved, a considerable sum remained. £40,000 of this surplus was appropriated to the formation of loan societies in certain counties, and trustees chosen from residents in each of these counties were selected to carry out the object desired. In 1838 this sum had been further increased to £79,599.

A very small portion of this sum has really found its way to loan societies, large amounts being lent by the aforesaid local trustees to their own friends at 2 per cent.: in fact, a regular system of *jobbing* is carried on with the money thus charitably subscribed for the relief of distress.

What the London Board of Directors are about does not appear; as it is an irresponsible body, making no returns to Parliament or elsewhere, we have no means of arriving at what their expenses are, or what sums they really have at their command. By a garbled Report, from which little can be elicited, printed by them in 1838, it appears on their own showing, that the funds in Ireland, alone, amount to £79,599, as above stated.

It is to be hoped that some one of the "patriotic" members for Ireland will call for "*justice*," and if Parliament has no other means of making this body responsible, that it will at least place their societies in Ireland under the control of the Central Board. The very fact of their desiring to be exempted from supervision should have awakened suspicion.

In addition to these societies there are about 100 unregistered Loan Funds carrying on business in various parts of the country, which the present Secretary of the Board has not yet had time to dissect.

account of the rest. The table is taken from the Third Report of the Board to Parliament*.

It appears by this return—and the circumstance is so remarkable as to appear, at first, incredible—that out of an amount of £1,164,046 circulated in small loans amongst 463,750 individuals, so small an amount as £360 18*s.* 8*d.*, only, should have been lost, or about $\frac{1}{4}q.$ in the pound. We were very sceptical on this point, and consequently directed vigilant attention to the subject; when, what was our surprise to find that even this £360 —this $\frac{1}{4}q.$ in the pound, is considerably more than has been really lost, or left deficient by the poor borrowers! From the "list of societies whose accounts show a loss on the transactions of the year 1840, after paying interest to depositors and expenses of management," we took the first, viz.—Mitchelstown, where the reported loss was £43 2*s.* 6*d.*, when we ascertained that this society lent during 1840, £5420 amongst 3070 borrowers, who paid £135, or sixpence

* COUNTIES.	No. of Societies.	Amount circulated during the year 1840.	No. of Borrowers in 1840.	Profit, after deducting Interest to Depositors, and Expenses of Management.			Loss, being the total amount returned by 17 Societies, whose Accounts show a loss on the operations of the year up to 31st December, 1840.			Clear net Profit, applicable to Charitable Purposes.		
		£		£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*
Antrim	7	70,568	17,166	634	0	5	—	—	—	634	0	5
Armagh	6	53,773	13,696	618	10	1	—	—	—	618	10	1
Carlow	8	41,858	13,002	499	11	1	—	—	—	499	11	1
Cavan	12	96,194	26,124	1450	6	8	—	—	—	1450	6	8
Clare	2	7,278	2,038	62	15	7	—	—	—	62	15	7
Cork	15	69,987	24,120	1068	3	11	43	2	6	1025	1	5
Donegal	9	46,905	17,068	651	15	0	8	2	3	643	12	9
Down	8	45,693	9,330	605	11	6	64	13	4	540	18	2
Dublin	4	1,993	746	81	7	9	—	—	—	81	7	9
Fermanagh	8	39,870	10,650	650	10	5	14	18	0	635	12	5
Galway	3	7,871	2,731	51	16	8	29	4	3	22	12	5
Kerry	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kildare	4	23,155	7,426	403	18	5	—	—	—	403	18	5
Kilkenny	13	25,682	8,099	392	15	0	36	6	6	356	8	6
King's	4	14,551	7,342	134	6	2	35	4	7	99	1	7
Leitrim	10	29,144	11,752	104	6	1	45	17	2	58	8	11
Limerick	2	26,722	138,675	176	12	8	—	—	—	176	12	8
Londonderry	2	13,782	3,540	218	14	0	8	5	4	210	8	8
Longford	7	37,748	8,923	532	17	5	—	—	—	532	17	5
Louth	3	5,241	1,804	97	8	1	24	14	9	72	13	4
Mayo	1	17,016	3,588	176	9	9	—	—	—	176	9	9
Meath	7	28,881	8,469	312	16	5	12	2	9	300	13	8
Monaghan	11	63,097	17,550	544	4	3	—	—	—	544	4	3
Queen's	5	59,288	18,150	1356	8	4	—	—	—	1356	8	4
Roscommon	5	22,333	5,939	137	7	7	13	5	6	124	2	1
Sligo	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Tipperary	14	47,960	18,387	713	11	5	—	—	—	713	11	5
Tyrone	12	91,933	22,997	981	2	2	—	—	—	981	2	2
Waterford	8	31,772	8,290	369	0	4	—	—	—	369	0	4
Westmeath	10	62,895	14,946	811	16	8	—	—	—	811	16	8
Wexford	7	38,690	9,843	982	7	4	—	—	—	982	7	4
Wicklow	8	42,206	11,359	1017	1	9	25	1	9	992	0	0
TOTAL	215	1,164,046	463,750	15,837	12	11	360	18	8	15,476	14	3

in the pound, for its use, besides £11 10*s.* 10*d.* for the price of their application papers and cards. The society paid in interest for money lent to it, and expenses of management, £190 3*s.* 4*d.*, and the difference between its receipts and disbursements constitutes this £43 2*s.* 6*d.*, not one penny of which was lost from defaulters. We are informed by a person in every way competent to judge, it is his firm belief that out of this £1,164,046 lent, not the odd £46, or not *one-tenth* of a farthing in the pound, was unpaid. This fact alone speaks volumes for the honesty of the people, and their appreciation of the benefit which the loan funds confer on them.

It has been argued that this security from loss has arisen in consequence of the powers which the law gives for the recovery of the loans; but the observation is equally applicable to societies more strictly private. For example, in New Ross a society has been established upwards of forty years, for the lending small sums to the poor; and the sum lost during the whole of that period is within five pounds. This fact we give upon the authority of the Rev. George Carr; we could adduce others equally strong, and we have no doubt might receive similiar statements from nearly every institution of the kind in Ireland. We rejoice greatly at the opportunity thus supplied us of bearing out by unquestionable proofs our own opinions in favour of the honesty of the Irish peasant. It is indeed a subject upon which satisfactory evidence is especially necessary; for it has been too frequently and too generally questioned in England; where, upon this topic particularly, much prejudice prevails, and where it has been far too long the custom to

"Judge the many by the rascal few."

We therefore, from the very minute inquiries we have instituted, have no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion, that the Loan Funds in Ireland will speedily become, nay are, already, mighty engines either for good or evil, according as they may be worked and superintended. Where properly managed, they cannot fail to exercise a vast influence on the moral and social condition of the people; where conducted carelessly, or by parties endeavouring to force business for their own gain, they may be indeed considered a moral pestilence, blighting the energies of the surrounding population, and fostering habits of improvidence or dishonesty.

The opinions of many practical men go to prove that the present Acts relating to Loan Societies in Ireland require amendment. The Central Board is crippled at present in the very points where its agency could be most usefully employed. The Board has no power to define districts to each society, which it most undoubtedly should have. Hence it often follows that where one society is usefully and efficiently working, another is started, either from

a spirit of opposition, or from an idea that it is a good speculation; the borrowers apply to one for loans to pay their instalments due at the other, and a countless train of evils follow.

The treasurers, instead of giving surety to the Clerk of the Peace, should be required to give surety to the Secretary of the Board for the time being; under the present system it must be a matter of impossibility for that officer to ascertain with certainty which of the treasurers have given security and which have not.

Another important point worthy the consideration of the legislature, and which we hope to see brought before the House of Commons, is the appropriation of the profits of these societies. These profits will probably amount in the present year to between twenty-five and thirty thousand pounds!

Under the existing law the whole of these profits are at the disposal of the local managers—*to be expended in charity, or to be added to stock.* Now, charity is so comprehensive a term, that it is made to embrace an infinite variety of objects as opposite as light and darkness. This then should be matter of consideration, and more strictly defined*. When the profits are added to stock, as is very frequently the case, the Central Board should be made trustees of

* The leading charge against the Loan Fund system is that it exacts too large an interest; upon this subject we quote the "Report." "It has been calculated that the rate of interest charged by the Loan Funds, taking into account the reduction of the principal by the gradual repayment of instalments, is about thirteen per cent. per annum; a rate which, it is said, no person can pay without being speedily ruined. But this calculation proceeds on the very mistaken principle, that the borrowers who have to repay the sums borrowed out of their savings from a weekly income (for no others than these should borrow from a Loan Fund), could invest their savings, as they accrued, at the same high rate of interest that was charged to them for the loan. If the principal, in place of being repaid by twenty instalments, were to be repaid in one sum, at the end of twenty weeks, the money, as it is gradually accumulated, would in most cases lie in the borrower's hands without benefit to him, while it would be liable to be diverted to other purposes. But suppose that he had a Savings Bank within reach, and could deposit his weekly savings in it instead of retaining them at home until the time of payment arrived, the utmost interest that such an institution would allow for the whole accumulation of a £10 loan would only be one shilling and two pence. This is the extreme loss which he can sustain on a loan of this amount, by the system of paying by instalments; and adding it to five shillings, the interest charged by the society for such a loan, the total charge for twenty weeks' interest, taking into account the repayment by instalments, is only six shillings and two pence, which is at the rate of about eight per cent. per annum. The society can, it is true, by taking the full benefit of the cash credit system, obtain thirteen per cent. interest, out of the capital which it has in circulation; but the remaining five per cent. should not be regarded as being taken from the borrowers, but as arising from the difference between the transactions in detail and transactions in the gross. It may be said that even eight per cent. per annum is a high rate of interest to charge for a loan: but it will not be thought unreasonable by those who know the rate which the poor man has to pay to the money-lender in the shape of interest, or to the shopkeeper, in the difference between the credit and the cash prices of the articles that he needs; or who are aware of the very great profit which may be made out of a small sum of money, if judiciously invested in the purchase of a cow or pig, or in some kind of dealing through the country: besides, it is only on the supposition that the borrower could have invested his accumulations in a Savings Bank, that he can be fairly considered as paying eight per cent.; in ordinary cases he really pays no more than sixpence in the pound, for twenty weeks, which is barely at the rate of six and a half per cent. per annum."

the amount; for, be it remembered, these profits are a surplus after all expenses of management are paid, and every depositor has received five or six per cent. interest on his deposit. Under the present state of affairs, it appears to us that the Board has little or no check on individuals who might be disposed to pocket these accumulated profits on the dissolution of a society.

A small per-centage on these net profits, it strikes us, might be most advantageously appropriated in rendering the Central Board itself more efficient. Two per cent. on the net profits from every registered society would be missed by none, and would afford sufficient funds to enable the Board to employ an efficient inspector, and to increase the staff of their office, which, we understand, is urgently called for.

As we have remarked in another place, when speaking of the Mont de Piété*, England will here, again, sooner or later find herself obliged to take a lesson from Ireland on the Loan Fund system, and form a Central Board with power to control the societies. In England, "Loan Societies" exist to an enormous extent; but there is no check upon their cupidity or their dishonesty; and consequently, the greater number of them are mischievous and ruinous pests, of the evil working of which, scarcely a day passes without affording some unequivocal proof†.

* We are enabled to state, and we do so with very deep gratification, that an Institution similar to the Mont de Piété is about to be established in the city of Westminster. A benevolent gentleman (John Robertson, Esq.) of high intellectual attainments is superintending its formation; and as he informs us, under auspices that insure its certain and beneficial results. We cannot doubt that, ere long, the plan will be extensively followed in the cities and towns of the English provinces.

† In the Third Report of the Friendly Society, 50, Leicester Square, it is stated that on the thirty-first of December, 1839, the number of Loan Societies in the metropolis alone exceeded 200, and a guide has recently been published to 100 of these, by Strange, Paternoster Row; from this it appears that very many are held in public-houses and are most objectionable institutions in every point of view. The profits they wring from the hard earnings of the poor are enormous, and a scandal to the government of a civilised country. Upon this topic, we quote from a valuable communication that recently appeared in the *Times* newspaper; and, the subject being of such vital importance, we do not apologise for its length.

"They generally originate with a knot of small tradesmen, who having a surplus over the demands of their immediate business, find in them a profitable employment of their money. Formerly, these persons were content to invest their overplus in the Savings Banks, or in the purchase of long annuities, and other English securities; but when the act of parliament passed authorising the establishment of mutual benefit and friendly societies, birth was given to these loan societies. A capital of 500*l.* has been known to start such a society—the paid-up capital eventually to be 2000*l.* in shares of 5*l.* each. It is very rare that the whole of the capital is at once paid down. For instance, three persons have 100*l.* each, and they agree to commence a business of this kind; they obtain the copy of the rules of another society which may have been in existence some time, give their offspring a name, publish these rules under a new title, get them enrolled and sanctioned in conformity with the act of parliament, by Mr. J. Tidd Pratt, and forthwith commence operations, having in the mean time gained sufficient subscribers, at the usual price, 5*l.* per share, to make up their direction, which will number probably six, with a secretary and treasurer. Their rules in the outset describe the name and the constitution of the society; then follow the terms on which the shareholders have

In Ireland, however, the system of legislative control was especially necessary; it has worked so well for the interests of the higher and the lower classes, that we hope it may go on improving; and that the few errors which

taken their shares, and the manner in which they are to receive a return for embarking money, which is the allowance of 4 per cent. interest per annum on the amount of subscription, while the balance of profit afterwards accruing is to be declared as a dividend. The rules conclude by laying down principles by which the shareholders and the society in general are to be governed. There are separate rules which apply to the borrowers from the society, which are called the "borrowers' rules." And now the working of the concern commences. The general place of business is a public-house; some few, but very few, are carried on in offices hired for the purpose. The borrower has in the first instance to call on the secretary, director, or treasurer, all of whom are allowed to sell (at a profit) what are termed "application papers," and purchase one, (they are either 2*d.* or 3*d.* each,) fill in the amount of the loan he requires, and leave it with the name of one or two sureties, according to the amount, for the inspection of the directors. He calls again, and has to pay 1*s.* for his security being inquired into, which goes into the pocket of the director whose turn it happens to be to look after the securities, the emolument of this office always going in rotation. He calls again, and is told whether or not his security is sufficient; if not, he gives another security and another shilling; if it is, he is told to call on a certain evening when the loans are made, and he will be attended to. Should he give half-a-dozen securities, and none prove acceptable, he pays his six shillings—for nothing is returned. When the evening arrives, he is called in his turn before the secretary, treasurer, and two directors, who form the authorised court for the conduct of the business. He is asked what amount he wishes to borrow. Perhaps it is 5*l.* for six months: the first thing is to deduct 5 per cent. from the amount of the loan, 1*s.* for the book with the "borrowers' rules," in which will be made the entries of his weekly payments (for the loan is repaid in this manner), and the first week's instalment, and then in addition 1*d.* in part payment of the rent of the office, and 1*d.* towards the secretary's salary, both of which expenses he is obliged by the "rules" to bear in common with the rest of the borrowers weekly. Should he fail to keep up his weekly instalments, he is written to by the secretary, calling upon him to pay, and for this letter he is charged 3*d.*, a fee for the benefit of the secretary. If he does not pay due regard to this, he is, at the expiration of three weeks, summoned before the magistrates of the district, who, however, have shown a disinclination to enforce the payment of the extras, and have confined their decisions merely to the sum due to the society after the deduction of the legal interest. It is self-evident what a source of profit this must be to the shareholders, for the weekly instalments which come in on the Friday go out in fresh loans on the Monday, and in this manner, with a capital of 2000*l.*, a society can accommodate 300 borrowers with sums, minus the usual charges, varying from 5*l.* to 15*l.*, which is in general the *minimum* and *maximum* of the advances. The disposition that the magistrates have shown to cut down the claims of these societies when brought before them for adjudication, have induced several to abandon the old plan of advancing on the signature of the borrower and his surety, but a sort of accommodation paper, it is understood, is now used in the shape of a promissory note, wherein the borrower agrees to pay the amount of the loan for which he stipulates with the society, and the guarantee is given by the endorsement of the surety. That these societies occasionally sustain losses there is no doubt, but they are trivial in comparison to the immense profits they make, as will be seen from the fact that one of them upon a capital of 2000*l.* was known to declare on the first half-year's business a dividend of 15 per cent., and on the second half-year a dividend of 18 per cent. However, this was the bonus declared to the shareholders, it would seem, upon the whole investment; for it does not appear that any computation of the interest at the rate of 4 per cent., as laid down in the regulations, was made. Whether this was done through the ignorance of the parties concerned, or the desire to save trouble by averaging the gross profits, is not clear. The business of these concerns is, as must have been seen by the late case brought before the Commissioners of the Tower Hamlets' Court of Requests, conducted in a very loose and unsatisfactory manner, and the method by which the shareholders are assured of large profits is the great tax levied upon the borrowers, who are of a class capable of exercising but little vigilance in money matters. If a shareholder require a return of his contributed portion of capital, upon a written application to the directors, giving a fortnight's notice, delivered upon a committee night, he receives it at the expiration of that period, or before, should the treasurer have the funds in hand. Some societies on an extended scale have lately appeared, and profess to grant

exist in it may be carefully and judiciously revised. The secretary to the Board, C. J. Piesse, Esq., will gladly supply the necessary documents and instructions to any person who may be desirous of establishing an institution of the kind in any part of the kingdom.

A short distance north-west of Jerpoint is the Round Tower of Kilree: time has deprived it of its conical cap; but its height is little less than one hundred feet; and at four feet above the ground its circumference is fifty feet and a half. Close to it is a very curious stone cross, formed of a single block of free-stone, about eight feet high, and ornamented with orbicular figures, or rings. Tradition states it to have been erected in memory of Neill Callan, monarch of Ireland, who is said to have been drowned, in the river, since called Awnree—the King's river, whilst vainly endeavouring to rescue one of his followers, with whom he perished in the stream. In the immediate vicinity of the round tower is, of course, a church, said to have been formerly an abbey, dedicated to St. Gobban*. At a short distance is the

loans without the additional charges here alluded to. They even accommodate to the extent of 50*l.* or 100*l.* Others have started on the limited plan, but deprecate the system of having the business transacted at public-houses, alleging it to be a bait to an increase of custom. However, still to insure such profits as from 15 to 20 per cent., of which many of the numerous societies in existence boast having done, there must be extortion in some shape or other; and it appears extremely improbable that they can ever be productive of any general benefit, while they afford impunity for any description of abuse that can be practised under the cloak of money-lending."

* The theory that the Irish round towers are sepulchral monuments has very recently received some additional proof. We learn that, "some time since, Mr. O'Dell, the proprietor of Ardmore (in the county of Waterford), intended to erect floors in the tower there, and explored the interior of the tower down to the foundation. With considerable difficulty he caused to be removed a vast accumulation of small stones, under which were layers of large masses of rock, and, having reached as low down as within a few inches of the external foundation, it was deemed useless and dangerous to proceed any further, and in this opinion some members of the society, who had witnessed what had been done, coincided. In this state of the proceedings a letter from Sir William Betham was forwarded to Mr. O'Dell, intimating that further exploration would be desirable, upon which the latter gentleman, at great peril, commenced the task again. He now found another series of large rocks so closely wedged together, that it was difficult to introduce any implement between them; after considerable labour, these were also removed, and at length a perfectly smooth floor of mortar was reached, which he feared must be regarded as a *ne plus ultra*; but, still persevering, he

ancient town of Kells, now dwindled to a poor and insignificant village; its former state and importance are indicated by the ruins of many churches and castles. The town was originally built by Geoffrey Fitz-Robert, one of the

followers of Strongbow, as a garrison for a number of men to defend the county from the Tipperary clans, who used to enter and harry it by Mullmahone and the King's river; and there at one time existed various forts along the river, beyond Callan, to check their approach, and give notice to the army at Kells, which was near enough to Kilkenny to render assistance there, if required. Geoffrey Fitz-Robert also founded a priory at Kells in 1183, which is said to have been filled with monks from Bodmin in Cornwall. On his death without issue, in 1211, his estates devolved to his nephew, by whom they were forfeited in 1242, and became the property of the De Birminghams, by one of whom, in 1252, the town was burned to the ground. The prior was a Lord of Parliament; and large possessions were attached to the monastery, which was dissolved in the thirty-first year of the reign of Henry the Eighth.

removed the mortar, underneath which he found a bed of mould, and under this, some feet below the outside foundation, was discovered lying prostrate, from E. to W., a human skeleton." The work of Mr. Petrie, the eminent Irish antiquary, will, however, be ere long before the public. He is known to defend the argument that the round towers are Christian structures, and, we believe, that they were used as belfries. Within the last few weeks we ourselves examined two of them—upon one of which we found a rudely carved figure representing the Crucifixion; and upon the other a finely sculptured Maltese cross; the former at Donoghmore, in the county of Meath, the other close to the town of Antrim.

The whole of this district, indeed, is rich in antiquities; many of them being in a comparatively perfect state, and bearing evidence of the wealth and power of the Anglo-Norman chieftains—whose names are still to be frequently encountered, although the greater number of their descendants retain little else that once belonged to their mighty progenitors.

North-west of Kilkenny, and almost on the borders of the county, is the small village of Tullaroan, which now consists of a few poor cabins. In ancient times, however, it was a place of great importance; being in the centre of the once extensive cantred of the "Grace's Country." The ancestors of the Grace family held, it is said, in this and the adjoining counties, a tract of land of about 80,000 Irish acres, extending between eleven and twelve miles in length, and between four and six in breadth, of which a very small portion is still the property of Captain Percy Grace, R.N., the representative of "the ancient and heroic race." Raymond Fitzwilliam De Carew, surnamed, from his great prowess, "Le Gros," the founder of the family, was the friend of Strongbow, whose only sister, Basilia de Clare, he married, receiving with her as her marriage portion the choicest district of the newly-conquered country, coupled with the honour of constable and standard-bearer of Leinster *.

The descendants of Raymond continued for several centuries to be lords paramount of their enormous territory; having their principal seat at Courtstown castle; holding many of the most important state offices, and being the chief defenders and protectors of "the Pale;" and subduing or controlling the "mere Irish," who were at all times its turbulent and troublesome neighbours †.

During the civil wars that succeeded the year 1641, the resistance of Gerald

* A work of much interest, and manifesting great research, was a few years ago privately printed by Sheffield Grace, Esq. F.S.A., the younger brother of Captain Percy Grace. It is entitled, "Memoirs of the Grace Family;" but is by no means exclusively confined to its history. Some parts of it illustrate, with singular felicity, the customs of the Anglo-Normans, during their early settlement in Ireland.

† Some of them, however, although formidable enemies to the men of Ireland, were not armour-proof against the attacks of its women. In 1335, there was a curious licence to Sir Almeric Grace, styled Baron of Grace, for the better preservation and improvement of the peace of the country, to form an Irish alliance with Tibina, daughter of O'Meagher, prince or dynast of Ikerrin, "all laws to the contrary notwithstanding." By the "statute of Kilkenny," it was made high treason for any person of English origin to contract a marriage with an Irish family. The infraction of this stern law, unless dispensed with by the king's special permission, as in the case of Sir Almeric Grace, was punished with unrelenting severity; and the crime for which Thomas Fitzgerald, eighth Earl of Desmond, was attainted and executed in 1417, was that of "having broken his allegiance by an Irish alliance and fosterage." In the same spirit of permanent hostility, the term "enemy" was officially applied to Irish offenders, in contradistinction to that of "rebel" to English. Thus, Sir John Grace was, in 1381, commissioned to array all the inhabitants of the county of Kilkenny, and to treat with Irish enemies and English rebels, to muster forces as often as was necessary, &c.

Grace, of Ballylinch and Garvey castles, to the government of the Protector, was followed by the confiscation of estates exceeding 17,000 acres, in the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, and the King's County; and a farther forfeiture by Baron John Grace, of Courtstown, subsequent to the Revolution, amounted to 32,870 acres, of which about 8,000, with the castle of Courtstown, lay within Tullaroan or Grace's parish*. Thus, after a period of nearly five centuries and a half, during which the house of Butler alone was paramount

* The ancient patrimony was, however, recovered by Baron John Grace, after an alienation of about two years, in consequence of the particular and personal interposition of the Protector, chiefly on the ground that "in the late horrid rebellion, he did relieve diverse of the English;" and on the Restoration he was especially confirmed in the possession of his property by a clause in the Act of Settlement.

Colonel Richard Grace was the last person of note who resisted or was capable of resisting the republican power in Ireland, as appears by a rudely-engraved print of him, habited in armour, which describes him, in 1662, as "now utterly routed by the courageous Colonel Sankey." He was subsequently permitted to retire unmolested with 1200 of his men to any part of the Continent at peace with the Commonwealth, and selected Spain. On the Restoration, he received back his estates; but, still faithful to the cause of the Stuarts, he was at the period of the Revolution appointed governor of Athlone. Having been summoned by General Douglas to surrender it, he returned this haughty answer, first discharging a pistol in the direction of the messenger: "These are my terms, and these only will I give or receive; and when my provisions are consumed, I will eat my boots." The consequence of his courage and resolution was, that William's general was compelled to raise the siege: in the following year, however, the town was again invested by the troops under the command of Ginckle, when the old and heroic governor was slain in an attack on the 20th of June, 1691, and the fortress was soon afterwards taken by assault.

It is recorded in a manuscript executed about the year 1720, that Baron John Grace was solicited, with very flattering promises of royal favour, to throw the weight of his influence into the scale of King William's interest; and that, in the warmth of the moment, he wrote on the back of a card this indignant reply to the overture conveyed by an emissary of Duke Schomberg. "Tell your master I despise his offer; tell him that honour and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow." This card chanced to be the sixth of hearts, which is, to this day, in the city of Kilkenny, frequently termed "Grace's Card." Thus, observes the author of the Statistical Account of Tullaroan, "the nine of diamonds is styled the curse of Scotland, from Duke William writing his sanguinary orders for military executions, after the battle of Culloden, on the back of that card." Baron John Grace died in 1691. Baron Oliver Grace, of Courtstown, survived his father only nine days, dying unmarried. He held, for a short period, the rank of major in the army of King James, when severe indisposition obliged him to retire to the south of France, after which he never saw his father, or even knew of his decease; having returned, in exhausted health, a very short time preceding that event, and consequently subsequent to the ratification of the treaty of Limerick. In this treaty his father and his younger brother were included, though his own absence from Ireland necessarily precluded him from participating in its benefits. These circumstances were known only to his immediate family, and the utmost secrecy was observed respecting them, as certain ruin was involved in the disclosure. Their marked and efficient exertions for King James against the prevailing government, and their great possessions, were no ordinary incentives to confiscation. On his death, the manor of Tullaroan and his other estates, which, as he was ignorant of his father's death, he never even knew he had inherited, immediately passed to his next brother, John Grace, then of Courtstown Castle. In his undisturbed possession they remained till the year 1701, when a bill of discovery was maliciously filed against him by the dowager Viscountess Dillon (the relict of his uncle, Sheffield Grace) upon his refusing to comply with her demand of £500, which she had endeavoured to extort from him by a threat of this base disclosure. He was necessarily obliged, by this infamous act, to set forth his title before the Court of Claims, where the treacherous informer had previously discovered the concealed circumstance of Oliver's survivorship. His estates were soon pronounced to have been forfeited by his elder brother Oliver, the presumed proprietor of them *for nine days*, who was found (under the general act of attainder

to that of Grace, the existence of the latter as a Kilkenny family may be said to terminate, as the small estate of Holdenstown is the only property they at present possess there, Gracefield, the present seat of its representative, being in the Queen's County. Through the whole of the district we are describing, however, we perpetually meet some reminder of their ancient greatness; the ruins of castles, abbeys, and churches, that still bear their name or enclose the dust of the feudal lords, who

> "were of fame,
> And had been glorious in another day."

And even now, the peasantry speak of the race as the sovereigns of the soil:

> "Pride, bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate;
> See how the mighty sink into a song!
> Can volume, pillar, pile, preserve thee great?
> Or must thou trust TRADITION'S simple tongue,
> When flattery sleeps with thee, and history does thee wrong?"

A few miles west of Kells, and bordering on the county of Tipperary, is the town of Callan: it is a place of considerable size, and, although not long ago justly described as one of the most miserable towns of Ireland, it has recently undergone considerable improvement, and is no longer a disgrace to the noble family who are its owners. It has, however, like its neighbour, "fallen from its high estate," and reference must be made to its ruins for evidence of its early importance. The annalist, Thady Dowling, attributes the foundation of the Augustinian friary

against King James's adherents) to have been indicted and outlawed in the county of Meath, for bearing arms under that prince; which outlawry, owing to his absence from Ireland on the surrender of Limerick, had never been reversed. Tullaroan and his other estates, thus forfeited, produced at that time an annual rent exceeding £9000, and had been in the possession of the Grace family 530 years. A sentence so manifestly unjust would, it was expected, be instantly annulled by an appeal to the British House of Lords; and Mr. Grace repaired to London to solicit the aid of his kinsman, the Duke of Buckingham, then Lord Privy Seal: this he obtained, and was in a fair way of regaining his estates, when an unfortunate intrigue with a natural daughter of the Duke deprived him of that nobleman's protection and assistance, and his suit fell to the ground. While it was pending, however, the existing occupants of the property "at four years' purchase" were so alarmed at the prospect of its being wrested from them, that they stripped Courtstown Castle of its leaded roof, and sold it at Clonmel; and at the same time felled nearly 500 acres of wood, the greater portion of which they converted into charcoal—of which the pits remaining to this day preserve abundant proofs.

(the walls of which, with its holy well, still remain) to Hugh De Mapilton, about the middle of the fifteenth century; but, according to the safer authority of Archdall, the founder was Sir James Butler, who died and was interred here in 1487. At the Dissolution it was granted, with its possessions, to Thomas Earl of Ormond.

That Callan was formerly a walled town is proved by the records that have been preserved of various grants of murage to the local authorities; and it continued to be a parliamentary borough up to the year 1800. In 1345, the Earl of Desmond summoned a parliament to meet at Callan, in opposition to that which the deputy had convened; but the meeting was prevented by the activity of the earl's opponent. In the reign of Elizabeth, the famous James of Desmond took possession of the town, which he held for a short time against the queen's forces; and in 1659 it resisted for a few days the victorious arms of Cromwell. The remains of St. Catherine's Abbey retain marks of considerable splendour and extent.

Before we leave the county, we must direct attention to the beauty of the southern road, along the banks of the Suir, which divides it from the county of Waterford; and in particular to the neat and pretty village of Pilltown, the property of the Earl of Besborough, which may vie with any place in Ireland, for manifestations of industry and contentment. The cottages are remarkably neat and well-ordered; each is adorned with climbing roses and honeysuckles, and the whole neighbourhood has an aspect of cheerfulness and prosperity too rarely to be met with in the south.* The Irish cottages we shall endea-

* In this pleasant and pretty village, we visited the house of a small shopkeeper, Mr. Anthony, to examine a valuable and extensive collection of Irish antiquities, found chiefly in the immediate neighbourhood. The industry he has displayed in gathering them together is highly to his credit. We found elsewhere similar evidences of good taste and patriotic zeal. Very recently we passed a profitable hour with a tradesman in Armagh, a haberdasher of the name of Corry—whose museum is of great value; though it has been formed entirely out of his own funds, and by encouraging a spirit of discovery among the neighbouring peasantry. Mr. Corry is a person of very superior mind, and thoroughly understands the subject to which

vour to describe hereafter; the subject is one that may not be dismissed in a few sentences; they are, for the most part, proverbially wretched; and unhappily the indifference of the tenant to comfort, and even decency, is very rarely checked by the landlord. A great change for the better has certainly been wrought of late years; but a vast deal still remains to be done; and it will be vain to expect general and extensive improvement in the character and condition of the peasant, unless pains be taken to school him into habits of cleanliness and order at the fountain-head. When a cottage is built, or even a group of cottages are erected, the builder is rarely or never instructed to add an out-house—we may go the length of saying that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, a most essential addition to a dwelling is never taken into account. As long as this principle is acted upon—and it is now almost universal—it will be useless to look for orderly, or even cleanly, habits in the great mass of the Irish population; we, therefore, feel it our duty to call earnestly upon those who have the power to remove the reproach, to consider a matter of very deep importance upon all occasions when they are either constructing themselves, or permitting others to construct, houses for the humbler classes.

In this—as with almost every other subject—improvement cannot be the work of a day; we have heretofore had occasion to observe that patience and perseverance are, above all things, necessary to the philanthropist who would better the condition of the Irish people; but proofs are everywhere to be found of the good that patience and perseverance cannot fail to effect. Very recently we visited a collection of small houses, built by Mr. Chartres, for the workmen employed at his factory in the vicinity of Belfast; they were as neat, as well-ordered, and as well-arranged, as any houses, of similar character, in any part of England; and he had taken especial care that proper out-offices were added to every one of them. The occupiers spoke of these additions as originating the advantages they enjoyed above their neighbours; and confirmed our belief that—insignificant as the circumstance may at first appear to those who have not duly appreciated it—the want of such additions is the source of much that is evil in the Irish character.

Kilkenny was the most important of the counties which constituted the

he devotes the time that may be kept apart from business. We had the pleasure of accompanying him to the place from which nearly the whole of his antiquities have been procured—the Rath of Navan, distant about a mile from Armagh, the seat of the ancient kings of Ulster—perhaps the most remarkable remain in the kingdom. It will be our duty to describe, at a future period, this singular and deeply interesting relic of remote ages.

English Pale in the Anglo-Norman period; and the barons who settled in it, were supposed to be more firmly attached to the supremacy of the English crown, and less liable to degeneracy, than those who obtained lands in any other district. It was for this reason that Lionel Duke of Clarence summoned the Parliament of A.D. 1367 to assemble in Kilkenny: he was anxious to secure the enactment of laws which would prevent the increasing tendency of the English settlers to identify themselves with the Irish; and he had reason to fear that such a measure could not be carried in Dublin.

The statute of Kilkenny is an act memorable in the sad legislation of Ireland; but it was never completely executed, save in the county which gave it a name. It enacted that marriage, nurture of infants, or gossipred with the Irish, or submission to Irish law, should be deemed high treason. Any man of English race taking an Irish name, using the Irish language, or adopting Irish customs, was to forfeit goods and chattels, unless he gave security that he would conform to English manners. Finally, it was declared highly penal to entertain an Irish bard, minstrel, or story-teller; or even to admit an Irish horse to graze on the pasture of an Englishman! In consequence of the enforcement of this statute, Kilkenny was sometimes called emphatically "the English county;" a distinction which it has long lost.

The county of Kilkenny, according to the ordnance survey, comprises an area of 536,686 statute acres—of which 417,117 are cultivated land, and 96,569 mountain and bog; in 1821, the population was 158,716, and in 1831, 169,945. It is divided into the baronies of Gowran, Ida, Fassadineen, Kells, Galmoy, Cranagh, Iverk, Knocktopher and Shillelogher; and its principal towns are, besides the city of Kilkenny, Callan, Thomas-town, Gowran, Freshford, and Castlecomer. The manufacture of woollen had, at one period, risen to no inconsiderable importance in Kilkenny, but it has gradually declined, having been of late years limited almost exclusively to the production of blankets, which still maintain a high character. It was introduced early in the fourteenth century, when Pierce Earl of Ormond "brought artists out of Flanders who worked in tapestry, diaper, and carpets;" and about the middle of the seventeenth century it was further promoted by James Duke of Ormond.

KING'S COUNTY,
QUEEN'S COUNTY,
& KILKENNY.
Irish Miles.
English Miles.
Population
English Acres.
Kings County 145,358 476,180
Queens County 144,725 456,960
Kilkenny 169,845 462,274
Longitude West from Greenwich.
WESTMEATH
MEATH
KILDARE
KING'S COUNTY
QUEEN'S COUNTY
KILKENNY
CARLOW
WATERFORD
ROSCOMMON
GALWAY
TIPPERARY
Philipstown
Tullamore
Monasterevan
Portarlington
Mountrath
Abbeyleix
Ballinakill
Castle Comer
Ballaghmore
Thomastown
Carrick on Suir
New Ross
Wexford
Longford Pass
Royal Oak
Ballyragget
Kilkenny
Waterford

TIPPERARY.

TIPPERARY is an inland county, in the province of Munster, and one of the most fertile and productive of the counties of Ireland: it is beautifully varied in its scenery. Cultivated plains, both undulating and champaign, presenting a pleasing diversity of rich and verdant meads and magnificent woodlands, terminated in the distance by "mountains blue," of many forms, both graceful and fantastic, constitute the general features of its landscape. Its principal river is the Suir, which, taking its rise in the Banduff mountain, flows by Holy Cross, Cashel, Cahir, Clonmel, and Carrick, until it joins the Nore and the Barrow at Waterford. It is bounded on the east by the King's and the Queen's counties; on the south by the county of Waterford, from which the Suir divides it; on the west by the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Clare, being separated from the latter by the Shannon; and on the north by the King's county and the county of Galway. It is of considerable extent, comprising, according to the ordnance survey, an area of 1,013,173 statute acres, of which 819,698 are cultivated land, and 182,147 mountain and bog. The population was in 1821, 346,896; and in 1831, 402,363.

The town, which gave name to the county, although very ancient, has yielded in rank, population, and importance to that of Clonmel. Tipperary, however, still contains above 8,000 inhabitants, and in 1831 the houses amounted to upwards of 1000. Tipperary is said to be a corruption of the Irish Tobar-a-neidth, which signifies "The well of the plains," from its situation at the base of the Slieve-na-muck hills—a portion of the Galtee mountains. Other etymologists derive it from Teobred-aruin, i. e. "The fountain of Ara"—an ancient chief, whose name, in conjunction with that of another chief (Owny), is now given to one of the baronial divisions of the county. Clonmel, the chief town of the county, stands on the north bank of the Suir. The origin of Clonmel is very ancient, and the traditional account of it is fanciful. The Tuatha-de-dananns, a primitive people of Ireland, who have been identified with the Pelasgi and Titans of the Continent, wishing to select a site for a settlement, and being skilled in augury, were guided in their choice by the following omen. They let off a swarm of bees, and observing

where it settled, there erected their baile, or circular fort, and gave the spot the significant name of Cluain-mealla, i. e. "The plain of honey." This very spot is still pointed out; a castle was erected on it in later times in place of the aboriginal fort; and it was before this castle that Cromwell sustained the severest repulse he received in Ireland, losing about 2,000 men; nor would it have surrendered but for the failure of ammunition, the garrison having, it is said, fired away even their buttons. It is also recorded that Cromwell had actually ordered his army to retreat, and as they were marching off he spied something glittering in the grass, which he took up and found to be a silver bullet. This incident suggested the straits to which the garrison was reduced; he accordingly renewed the siege, and the castle was surrendered, but on very favourable terms. The town has a very "business air;" and is indeed conspicuous for its prosperity, being the great outlet for the produce of the county, the Suir being navigable for vessels of size to within a short distance of its quays. Its population exceeds 20,000, and the number of houses are above 1,500. The surrounding scenery is remarkably beautiful, combining every variety of landscape, from the Alpine to the pastoral—the Commera mountains, which rise to the south, appearing to terminate the streets*. There are several agreeable walks in the immediate vicinity of the town, the principal of which are the Wilderness, which for solemn gloom and wild grandeur might convey no inadequate idea of that in which the Baptist preached; the round of Heywood, a charming sylvan walk; the Green, commanding a delightful prospect of the river; Fairy-hill road, the fashionable promenade; and the Quay, from which there is another pleasing view of the river†.

The church of St. Mary, in the northern, or rather north-western suburbs of the town, is an object of considerable interest, because of its picturesque character and great antiquity. The steeple is unique in structure, and seems to have been originally square; at present it presents the appearance of an embattled octagon tower, of great height, rising from a square base at about twenty-one feet from the ground, and which is probably many centuries older

* These mountains, which extend far into the county Waterford, are inhabited by a people identical with the Cumraeg of Wales and Cumberland, and the Cimbri of antiquity, so formidable to the Romans. They are a quiet, inoffensive race, and very industrious. Few of them speak, or even understand, the English language. They viewed all the evil practices which *formerly* disgraced their lowland neighbours with horror.

† A little outside Clonmel, to the north, is the stream of Boolech, very insignificant in its general appearance, but remarkable for a singular tradition connected with it, viz. that when it overflows the third time it will drown all Clonmel. It has overflown *twice* already; the *second* inundation happened not long ago, and its effects were very extensive and alarming, so that it is not strange that such a notion should be circulated among the superstitious.

than the upper, or octagon, part. Close to the summit of the steeple, and in each of the eight sides, is a large opening in the form of a Gothic window, to allow free transmission to the sound of a chime of bells placed in the tower.

The east window is extremely beautiful, rivalling in elegance of proportion and grace of design the celebrated Gothic tracery windows in the Abbey of Holy-cross, near Thurles ; it assumes the form of a double Gothic tracery window, having the space between the two arches filled by a rich cinque-foil, or rather septem-foil, and is perhaps as old as the twelfth century. A beautiful stained-glass window has lately been put in it. At the east corner of the church (and nearly opposite to the steeple, which is at the north), are the remains of a strong square tower, similar to the one forming the base of the octagon steeple; in this tower the sexton resides. The principal entrance to the church is from the grave-yard, through a stone Gothic portico, which, though well built, does not at all harmonize with the general tone and character of the building. Surrounding three sides of the grave-yard are the remains of the old town wall, on which, with a view more effectually to protect it, are small square towers at stated intervals; at the north-west angle of the wall is a massive bomb-proof tower, called "the Magazine;" about 120 yards south of this tower, there is a portion of the wall wanting, which tradition points out as being the breach made by Cromwell when he besieged and took Clonmel. Properly speaking, Cromwell did not "take" Clonmel, the garrison having capitulated (as has been mentioned elsewhere) on favourable terms.

Notwithstanding its antiquity, however, ancient remains are not numerous in Clonmel; one of the most striking is to be found in the "Friary Chapel Yard." It is a monumental stone, belonging to the family of the Butlers, or Buttylers, as the inscription that surrounds it sets forth. It is of blue limestone, and measures about seven feet in length, and is about four feet broad. Raised in high relief from the stone, are effigies of a male and female figure; the former in complete armour, the latter in a loose robe, extending from the neck to the feet.

Clonmel is remarkable as the birthplace of Lawrence Sterne; and of this town the accomplished Countess of Blessington is also a native. A few miles to the north-east of Clonmel is the ruined church of Donoghmore, one of the oldest edifices in Ireland, though it has hitherto escaped the notice of the antiquary. One is immediately struck on approaching it with the contrast it presents to the Gothic edifices of more modern times, is carried back to the first ages of Christianity in Ireland, and almost imagines that the half-druidic form of the Culdee flits around its grey and green chequered walls, whose very weeds are different from those of the Gothic structure. Its situation is in keeping with its aspect, being lonely and wild, but not melancholy. That this edifice is referable to a very early period, is evident from the style of its architecture. The door-way presents a combination of the Saxon arch and the inclined sides characteristic of that species of architecture termed Pelasgic, while part of the walls indicate an origin still more remote, being exactly similar in their entire construction to those of Grianan Aileach, in the county Derry, an undoubted edifice of pagan times. North-west of Donoghmore is the ancient church-yard of Clerihan, a "lone, green, and sunny spot," admirably suited for a "final resting-place," from the aspect of cheerful solitude which it presents, whilst it commands such a delightful prospect of an extensive and beautifully varied plain, bounded on one side by a magnificent view of Slieve-na-man, and on every other by the aerial horizon, as seems to invest each grassy mound with freedom, and to utter "in reason's ear" voices of love and hope and union with the skies. A few miles eastward the classic mountain of Slieve-na-man displays its bold outline

against the clear azure, arrayed in its summer garb of light purple, and crowned with a small wreath of grey vapour, which in the fickle changes of the climate may the next instant, like an enchanted mantle, render it all invisible *.

* Sliabh-na-mban (pronounced Slieve-na-man) may be emphatically termed an Ossianic locality, being associated in tradition with the deeds of that celebrated bard and his father, Fin Mac Comhal (Cual), the Fingal of Macpherson. Until a very recent period many of the poems of Ossian (in Irish Oisin) were repeated by several of the inhabitants, and some of them have been preserved, which possess considerable merit, particularly in the pleasing descriptions which they give of rural scenery. Slieve-na-man is called in Irish "Sliabh na mban Fionn na heirin," *i. e.* "The mountain of the fair women of Ireland," for which appellation tradition assigns the following whimsical origin. Fin Mac Cual wishing to take a wife, and being puzzled "whom to choose" among the fair daughters of his land, caused all the beautiful women of Ireland to assemble at the foot of this mountain, declaring that whoever first reached the summit should be his bride. Fin then proceeded to the top of the mountain, and having taken his seat on the Druid's altar that crowns it, made a signal to the group of anxious fair ones that waited his signal below. Away, away, they went, through wood and heath, and furze, over crag and mountain-stream; all obstacles appeared nought with such a prize in view. But only one was destined to win. Graine, the daughter of Cormac, monarch of Ireland, arriving first at the summit, claimed the hand of the Fenian chief, to whom she was accordingly united. Such is the romantic origin of the name of this mountain. Slieve-na-man is also celebrated in tradition as having been the scene of the most celebrated hunting-match of the Fenians, the best description of which is contained in an ancient poem in the possession of Mr. Wright, ascribed to Ossian, and taken from a collection made in the neighbourhood of the very mountain referred to in it. It is in the form of a dialogue between the bard of Almhain and St. Patrick. The following translation of it is strictly literal, and the reader will perceive the close coincidence between it and part of the conclusion of the sixth book of Macpherson's Fingal.

OSSIAN.

One day Fin and Oscar
  Followed the chase in Sliabh-na-mhan-Fion
With three thousand Fenian chiefs,
  Ere the sun looked out from his circle.

PATRICK.

Oh, Ossian! sweet to me is thy voice,
  And blest be the soul of Fin;
Relate how many deer
  Fell in Sliabh-na-mhan-Fion.

Relate before each tale,
  And blest be thy mouth without falsehood,
How were your people arrayed and armed
  Going to the chase in that day?

OSSIAN.

Thus were we arrayed and armed
  When we went to pursue the deer.
No Fenian warrior went forth
  Without a shirt of satin and two hounds,

A garment of smooth silk,
  A coat of mail, a sharp blue glittering dart,
A helmet set in stones of gold,
  And two spears in the hand of each hero,

In the immediate vicinity of this town are the remains of many old castles, and, unhappily, the ruins of some of more recent growth. One of them was pointed out for our particular notice, as not long ago the residence of a gentleman of large fortune, whose immediate descendants are now actually tillers of the soil around it; while the immediate heir lives in the cabin of a poor cottier, who in former days was an humble "follower of the family." The story told to us exhibited a melancholy picture of reckless extravagance. We do not feel justified in relating it, but we may tell another, which, in its general features, is precisely like it.

In modern times, Clonmel is chiefly remarkable as the centre of a great corn and provision trade, which it exports through Waterford. The navi-

---

A green shield that oft was upreared in victory,
And well-tempered sword that scattered heads.
Thou mightest wander o'er the white-foaming bays of ocean
Without beholding a man like Fin.

Why bent we our course westward,
Towards the mountain of the fair nymphs,
When the heroes of Almhain went to hunt
In the pleasant day of the sun?

We came to a green mount above a valley,
Where the trees were leafy and pleasant,
Where the joyful birds made music,
And the song of the cuckoo resounded from the top of the cliff.

When Fin took his station with the stag-hounds,
Many voices came east and west
Of the dogs beneath the hills
Starting the boars and the deer.

Fin himself, and Bran,
Sat for a while on the mountain;
Each warrior was stationed on his hill of chase
Till the horns of the deer began to arise.

Then we let loose three thousand hounds
That excelled in fierceness and in speed.
Each hound killed two deer
Ere the slips were put on their necks.

Thus ended the western chase
In the valley beneath the mountain.
Ten hundred hounds with golden chains
Fell at noon-tide by a hundred boars.

The boars who did this evil
Were slain by us on the plain;
And but for our swords and the strength of our arms,
The heroes of Fin would have fallen.

gation of the river from Carrick to Clonmel is capable of being greatly improved; but as yet every effort to accomplish so desirable an object has been baffled.

Near to Clonmel is a holy well, dedicated to St. Patrick; to the waters of which miraculous virtues are ascribed. It was once a favourite resort for pilgrims, but is now quite deserted.

Although as civilization increases, and feelings and interests are thrown into new channels, the clannish affection, so long and so warmly cherished by the people towards the "ould ancient families," will proportionably decrease, much of it still endures in the more remote districts of the country.

We remember a few years ago hearing an aged herdsman dilate with deep earnestness upon the perfections of the last of a branch of an old house, once of great influence. He persisted in declaring that this "fine man"—though, according to the just and common-sense reading of the case, he had wasted the patrimony of his children, and deprived hard-handed and honest men of their dues—"was no one's enemy but his own." We could not drive out of his follower's head "that the land was his, and the fulness thereof," and that consequently he, the possessor, had a right to do with it whatever he thought best; the poor fellow had no idea of the relative duties of society; he entertained a genuine Hibernian contempt for trade and traders; indeed, he thought it by no means unfair to cheat them. But his feelings and opinions are best described in his own emphatic words; they give a true picture of sentiments now passed, or at least rapidly passing, away.

"Oh! the last of them, of any note, is dead these thirty years and more; he was a fine man intirely, one of the ould knights of the screw; men that never cared what they did, and were always drinking and fighting. I don't remember the masther in his prime, and more's the pity, for I'll never see such another. He tattered over the acres like a hail-storm. Be the dads! he was no man's enemy but his own; for he never kep' a shilling in his pocket, and ruined half the counthry to the back of it.

"He was a fine man with the ladies, and broke the hearts of twinty, at the laste; and if a word was said against him, he had the brother or the father of them at ten paces, on the sod, in a jiffy; and, crack! a bullet to end or a bullet to mend 'em; though, in general, he was contint to let them

remimber the lead for a few months; and sure that was all the satisfaction a family could desire.

"He was a fine man intirely afther the hounds. Be the dads! the ould foxes, crafty chaps, that knew every pack in the county, would never be at the throuble to run away from him; for whenever fighting Leary—his name, you see, was Misther John, only '*fighting*' was a *pet* name his friends had for him—whenever fighting Leary led the hunt, they'd give in at onc't. Och hone! he was no one's enimy but his own! only he never kep' the guineas; it was a *grate* word with him, that he never could turn two guineas into three, but he could turn two into one—so, signs by it, his sons, in spite of the dacent drop that was in 'em, turned from squireens to worse—sure enough he *was* the fine man! with such a generous spirit; as long as ever he could get credit for a hogshead of wine, it was running at the rate of a hunt, all day and all night; and though you may misdoubt my word, it's as thrue, be the dads! as the light of heaven, that whenever any kind of a dirty tradesman came to ask for his money (them tradesmen somehow war always mighty troublesome to the rale ould sort) he wouldn't be in the laste degree offended, but invite him to the *run of the house* as long as he plased to take it; and if he wouldn't, the masther 'ud lock him up in the strong room, where the title-deeds and plate used to be kept, *when they war in it;* then feed him up like a fighting-cock, until the poor mane craythur, with a mouse's heart, would roar to get back to his business; and then to be sure the bill was compromised, or something, and the fellow sent back as he came, barring the claret and wild fowl."

"But did not the tradesman bring an action against him for false imprisonment?" was our very natural question; although, of course, we anticipated what the answer to it would be.

"Oh, yarrah! what good would that do him? sure the never a witness he'd get out of the masther's house! not but what he was a grate friend intirely, at the first going off, to the lawyers; drawing custodiums, and actions, and breaches, and fiery-faces, and processes, and proving alibis for his friends whenever any little accident happened. And *then* they called him a capital intilligent fellow; but when they had wrack'd every thread in the house into *smithereens*, they said he had been all his life a fool—just think of the *impedence* of that! By the same token, one day, there was a jury to try a poor boy for sheep-staling; and the masther knew he was innocent, because he was a gilly of his own, and the rason he was 'took' was just this: he was walking the road fair and asy, when he sees a blaguard driving along a couple of nice young wethers, that were unruly bastes; so the stranger says, says he, 'Honest man, will ye plaze to drive thim wethers for me till I take

a wink o' sleep,' says he. So the simple boy did as he was bid; and the stranger was nothing but a dirty informer, that got him sent to jail, and to trial, for robbing a farmer that said he lost the two sheep. Well, the masther swore he'd get him off; and sure enough he did: but as the poor fellow was 'took' wid the goods upon him, he couldn't prove an alibi; so the masther sent a civil message to the foreman to say, if he didn't acquit the prisoner, he'd shoot him when convanient; and, in coorse, the boy was 'not guilty,' for the foreman knew his honour always kep' his word. And in proof of that I'll tell ye another story. My own uncle's first cousin had the promise of a new lease for *three lives;* and having his honour's word for it, he knew he was safe, and wasn't afeerd to go agin him at the election. So, when all was over, and the masther was bet, Joe Nolan goes to him for the lease. 'In coorse,' says the masther, 'ye must have it; I said it; and what I say I'll do, I do, ever and always, Mr. Joe Nolan; and, mark me,' says he, 'I'll have your corporation in the county jail,' says he, 'before a month of Sundays goes over yer head. But the lease ye'll get any way; and here it's for ye, signed, saled, and now delivered according to law; so, make yerself scarce, ye blaguard,' says he, 'or I'll be afther givin' ye a skin-full of broken bones to carry to the new mimber o' parliament.' Well, Joe Nolan was off in a hurry, I'll go bail. But he had his lease to the fore, and 'twas little he heeded the masther's anger. So, when he got to his own boreen, he takes out the parchment, and reads it; and, och! what de ye think? he finds the three lives in his new lease were the lives of three boys that *war to be hung the next day for murder:* and that's the way the masther kep' his promise to Joe Nolan. Oh! but he *was* the fine man; he had such a spirit! Somehow—I heard my father tell it—the grand jury and the judges offended him; for with a full purse or an empty one, he was mighty high in himself—why not? And having given him offince, he went to take his sate with a padlock on each of the pockets of his big coat, and one whispered, and the other whispered; and at last the jidge—and a nate-spoken little gentleman he was—says, 'Misther John,' says he, 'if it's plazing to ye, will ye be afther telling us what's the cause of thim curosities—is it a new fashion?' he says. 'No, my Lord,' makes answer the masther, only ye see when I'm in the company of pickpockets, and here's eleven of them in the box wid myself, I must take care of my property, that's all;' and then he challenged them where they stood to fight; and he *did* fight nine out of 'em. And now, this always show'd the rale gentleman; be the dads! he only killed one, just to prove his power, and let the rest off, with nothing to signify. He was a fine man intirely, as I said, with the ladies; I heerd he broke his first wife's heart; and indeed I believe it was thrue, for she took to be jealous—a mighty

foolish thing, intirely, for any lady that has a good-looking Irish husband, for they have a sweet way, without any ill intentions, only just divarshun, saying things without any maning in them; but anyhow she died, and he out of honour married the one, the poor wife, the fractious craythur, was jealous of. She had the name of a power of money, but I'm thinking 'twas 'grate cry and little wool;' if it was, it's only a woman could put a blind on the masther. She held out wonderful, for she never cared a traneen for him, soul or body, and went off with a richer man; and that night, I'm tould, he cursed her on his knees in his fury, then locked himself up in his own room; but while the moon was shining, my father's brother was forced to cross the churchyard, as it was a short cut to the doctor's, and he had some one at home in heavy sickness: and what should he hear first of all, but moans and cries; and then he was frightened, and thought something wasn't right, and he stole asy along under the shadow of the ould wall, and there he saw the masther himself, whose eyes he thought were too hard for tears, whining like a new-born babby when first it draws in the cutting breath of a could world, murning and weeping, and calling, he a living man, calling upon the could clay of the poor lady to forgive him; it's little any one would think he had *that* in him, to see him at other times. He couldn't get a divorce, great a man as he was, for a rason the lawyers had, about clane hands, which was a pity, for there was a furrin widdy lady dying for him, and it was she had the lashins; and though he could not have her himself, he swore he'd blow any man's brains out that would look at the same side of the road she was on. But the widdy couldn't wait; and the man she married was no gentleman, for he knew masther was on his keepin', and couldn't go out into a field to fight him, and yet the cowardly rascal refused to meet him in the ould abbey and fight him across a tombstone, which every one knew was an exact ten paces in length. The same man had no luck, for he died from a fall off a bit of a pony; and by that time the poor masther's 'second' was dead, and he might have had the widdy at third hand; but, more's the pity, the spirit was dying in him, and only sparkled now and agin. Meetin' Lord Arran one day, afther the boys got him *returned*, and his lordship wanting to take the inside of the road, he says to him, 'O'Leary salutes Arran,' he says, just making him feel the differ betwixt a bit of a lord, and a rale ould Irish gintleman. Poor dear gintleman! it would have been better he married the other widdy itself, than the one he did; a regular out-and-outer *she* was, and had been in at the deaths of three—and the more deaths they're in at, the less they mind it; for all the world like ould fox-hunters. She wanted rank in the county, and thought he had it, which he hadn't, for times war changed, and a little dirty

spalpeen that could count guineas against his shillings would be *given the lead;* and he wanted money, which he thought she had, and she handn't; so they war both disappointed. She turned on him like a virago, as she was, though he, poor gintleman, always polite to the ladies, bowed to every speech she made. 'There's nothing comes near the house,' she says, 'but the rats.' 'And they'll lave it soon,' he makes answer, 'if the provarb be true.' Be the dads! I wish the dear man had closed the proverbs in his heart, instead of putting thim on the tip of his tongue. 'I'll lave yer ould barrack of a place meeself,' she says, 'that I will.' 'And,' he makes answer, with a bow he larned at the Coort of France, 'As you plaze madam, but you must permit me the honor of handing you to your carriage.' She left him! the yalla lavings of three tradesmen! but what else was to be expected? It isn't in *ould bathered* hearts that love takes up his quarters; when he's found in *ould* hearts, it's when he has grown ould with them. The masther had grate spirit in him, intirely, to the last, and even after *he wasn't himself,* every haporth upon the lands and in the house was *canted;* the ould *residenters* of gentry had died around him; the young ones war mostly absentees; there was none left to comfort him, but the *remnants of his own people,* who kept their duty to him, though the land had gone to others. And when he grew *wake in his mind,* they let him out of jail, and then he returned to the ould walls, as ill luck would have it, the very day of the auction; it was no use to hould him back —in spite of them all he made his way right into the Hall, the people wondering and pitying, making a bohreen for the tall, white-headed, noble-looking, ruined gintleman, who laning upon his goold-headed cane, and yet straight as a poplar, darted his eyes from side to side—sensible he was in his own house, and in a throng, yet not understanding it. The auctioneer had made a pulpit of the large arm-chair, with its high back, that had been the masther's toast-seat at the head of his table for hundreds of years, and was going on with his gibberish, when the wild eyes of the O'Leary fixed on him; he had no time to get down, for in a moment the ould gentleman had hurled him to the floor, and stood with his foot upon his breast, as calm as a church monument in moonlight; ye might have heard a pin drop, for the auctioneer was afeard to cry out. 'Gintlemen,' said the rale gintleman of the counthry, 'I suffer none but myself to take this chair, and now I bid ye, as I have often done before, kindly welcome; I'm an O'Leary still; I'm not as strong as I used to be, but strong enough to make you kindly welcome. Boys, we'll make a night of it; the Hall that is furnished with Irish hearts is always well furnished. Shout, boys, shout! the masther 's at home again—O'Leary, aboo!—aboo!' It was as if a voice from the grave rose the cry, the men shuddered and the women

fainted, but there was no answer. Some of his ancient tenants had gathered round him, for they saw the change that was coming over him. 'Boys,' he says, 'am I never to hear it again?' and those words stirred them, as though they had but one heart, and they rose a grate shout—the ould cry of the family—until the walls shook; and the ould gentleman stood just quiet for a minute, like one in grate glory, but before the shout had died away he was dead; ah! he was no one's enemy but his own!'

Clonmel has been rendered "famous" in modern Irish history by the successful exertions of a single individual, of whom it is not too much to say, that he has done more to improve the condition of the peasantry and the country than any other person of our age. We refer to Mr. Charles Bianconi, and the travelling cars that bear his name. He is a native of Milan; and about the year 1800, voyaged to Ireland; first visiting Dublin, and subsequently settling in Clonmel, where he carried on the trade of a picture dealer and cleaner and frame-maker, but upon a very limited scale; for his resources were, at first, exceedingly limited. By habits of industry, prudence, and forethought *, he contrived to save money, and became highly respected by his neighbours; and, his circumstances improving, he conceived the design of running a public car, that, by conveying passengers at a much less expense than the stage-coaches, might answer the purposes of the comparatively humbler classes. He ran his first car—from Clonmel to Cahir, on the 5th of July, 1815, and shortly afterwards other cars to Limerick and Thurles. The experiment was very discouraging at the commencement; he was frequently for whole weeks without obtaining a passenger; but his energy and perseverance ultimately triumphed, and he has succeeded in obtaining a large fortune for himself while conferring immense benefit on the community; having preserved an irreproachable character and gained the respect of all classes.

He has now, running daily, forty-five double cars—that is, cars running up and down from the same places, and travelling over 3600 miles daily. The number of these cars which convey the mail are eighteen up and eighteen down. The number of horses to each car is from one to four, according to

* During our visit to Clonmel, a slight circumstance served to give us an insight into his character. Having gone over his establishment, we proceeded to examine his house and farm, a short distance from the town—where, by the way, he has a choice collection of pictures. We had a very pressing engagement, and as we were about to depart we asked him how he had contrived to "make so much out of so little;" observing that though his history must be deeply interesting, we could not stay to hear it. "How much time have you to spare?" he asked. "Just five minutes." The car had conveyed us to the back entrance. He instantly rang the bell, and said to the servant, "Tell the driver to bring the car round to the front," adding, "*that will save one minute*, and enable me to tell you all within the time." This was, in truth, the secret of his success—making the most of time.

circumstances. His cars vary in size, taking from four to sixteen passengers. He builds all his own cars, having a regular factory at Clonmel. They travel

at the rate of from six and a half to nine miles per hour. This variation of speed is chiefly in reference to the mail-cars, according as there is a necessity for an early delivery. His charges average from one penny to twopence halfpenny per mile, according to the turnpikes, the quantity of business on the road, and the speed of the car (twopence per mile may be considered as a fair ratio): as an instance we may take the case of Waterford and Kilkenny, which are equi-distant from Clonmel (the three lie nearly at right angles). The charge to the former is three shillings and sixpence; but to the latter, in consequence of the heavy turnpike tolls, it is four shillings and sixpence, at the rate of twopence farthing per mile. Passengers on these cars are much more comfortable than on the outside of the coaches, being furnished with dry and comfortable horse-hair cushions and aprons. In wet weather he never allows a car to go more than two stages without changing the cushions. They are also safer than the stage-coaches, the feet of the passengers being only about eighteen inches or two feet from the ground; and it is scarcely possible for them to upset, the whole weight being outside the wheels at each side; consequently the passengers on one side act as a counterpoise to those on the other. The fore-wheels are so low that they cannot go upon a high bank, and if the bank is higher than the height of the fore-axle, which is only eighteen inches from the ground, it would come against the machinery. These cars are built of the very best material, with patent axles, &c. The cost of a car to carry fourteen passengers is from sixty to seventy pounds, and weighs from fifteen to eighteen cwt. For the last three years the average price he pays

for his horses is from fifteen to eighteen pounds per horse. He attributes the regularity with which he carries on his extensive establishment to the high price he gives for his horses (sometimes it is over forty pounds), which enables him to keep constantly a capital supply. The advantages which these cars have afforded to the country is immense; for instance, in the interior of the country, from which farmers come to the little villages, they have only a few places for obtaining their commodities, and that at an enormous rate. But since the introduction of these cars, people in business, who hitherto were obliged to go to market at a very heavy expense, which prevented their doing so frequently, now find their way to the larger towns, and have been enabled to procure supplies at once from the first-cost market; and from the cheapness of bringing the articles home, they were enabled to reduce their prices considerably, and in those districts the consumption has, in consequence, wonderfully augmented, and shops or fresh sources of competition continually increase, thereby enabling parties to use articles hitherto inacessible to them. A great saving of time is also effected: for example, it took a man a whole day to walk from Thurles to Clonmel, the second day to do his business, and the third to walk back; now, for seven shillings, he purchases two clear days, saves himself the trouble of walking sixty English miles, and has four or five hours to transact his business.

The cars of Mr. Bianconi travel through nearly every district of the south of Ireland—passing through no fewer than 128 towns *—as yet they have not found their way to the north.

The mode of travelling is pleasant as well as safe; generally, the cars proceed at a rate to the full as rapid as that of the stage-coaches, and persons of the highest respectability travel by them. They are planned precisely on the model of the common "outside jaunting car" peculiar to Ireland, which

* For the information of travellers we append a list of the places through which the cars of Mr. Bianconi run:—Abbeyleix, Abbeyfeale, Ahascragh, Anchors, Arthurstown, Askeaton, Athlone, Ballyhale, Ballyragget, Ballymoe, Ballyline, Bagnalstown, Ballymahon, Banagher, Ballinasloe, Ballyglass, Boyle, Bruff, Brackbawn, Broadford, Borris-o'-Kane, Carrick-on-Suir, Carrick-on-Shannon, Carlow, Cappoquin, Callan, Caher, Cashel, Castle-island, Caherciveen, Castleblakeney, Castlerea, Castlebar, Carrigaline, Canal-bridge, Cloghjordan, Clifden, Clonmel, Clonmoney, Cork, Cove, Colwood, Crushenn, Doneraile, Dromod, Drumsna, Dungarvan, Durrow, Duffys, Enniscorthy, Ennis, Eyrecourt, Fermoy, Fethard Tipperary, Fethard Wexford, Foynes, Foxhall, Foulksmill, Freshford, Galway, Glinn, Glenbour, Gort, Graigue, Halfwayhouse, Hollymount, Johnstown, Kildorrery, Kilbeggan, Kilkenny, Killarney, Kilmaganny, Kilmacthomas, Kilmallock, Killorglin, Killashee, Kilcolgan, Landscape, Limerick, Lismore, Listowel, Liscooney, Longford, Loughrea, Mallow, Maryborough, Mitchelstown, Mooncoin, Mountmellick, Moycullen, Moylough, Moate, Mountainstage, Mullinavat, Newcastle, Newmarket, Outerard, Parsonstown, Portumna, Poundstage, Rathkeale, Ross, Roscommon, Roscrea, Rochestown, Shinrone, Sligo, Stonepound, Tarbert, Taghmon, Templemore, Thomastown, Thurles, Tipperary, Tralee, Tramore, Tullamore, Tuam, Tulla, Urlingford, Waterford, Watergrasshill, Wexford.

we have elsewhere described; but, as we have intimated, some of them are of sufficient size to carry eight passengers on a side. The print which accompanies these details will convey to the reader a more correct idea of their character than any description can do.

Six miles N. of Clonmel, and commanding a very near view of Slieve-na-man, the small town of Fethard rises in the midst of a rich undulating plain thickly studded with the residences of gentry. This town was built in the time of King John, and is now remarkable for the preservation of its fortifications, nearly all the walls and castles still remaining! Indeed, of the five entrances into the town, three are through the archways of castles. Fethard returned a member to the Irish Parliament—the patronage was in the O'Callaghan family. A little outside Fethard to the west is a green hillock, on which is the grass-covered ruin of an ancient fortress called Cahirdearg, or "The crimson city;" and near it the remains of the Castle of Banetstown, where some sixty years ago its owner, Ambrose Power, Esq., was murdered on his own hearth by a party of Whiteboys. Two miles eastward, surrounded by a large lawn, is the Castle of Knockelly, from whose top, on a fine clear day, there is one of the finest prospects imaginable, especially of the magnificent vale of St. Johnstown underneath.

We shall now conduct the reader to a natural marvel—the most singular in Great Britain—the Caves, near the extreme south of the county, where it borders Cork, which are commonly known as "the Caves of Mitchelstown," and which are situate upon part of the estate of the Earl of Kingston.

For centuries the neighbourhood has been famous for "caves;" and a very remarkable one still exists that was for a long period an object of attraction and interest to the tourist. It is however very insignificant in comparison with the more recent discovery, and is now rarely visited. Of the "ould cave" we heard the legend from the lips of one of our guides; and before we commence our descent into "the bowels of the earth," we may give it as nearly as we can in the words in which we received it.

"Is it how the caves war discovered, ye'r asking, ma'am?" replied a 'Tipperary boy' to our inquiry. "Why then, it was quare; though, to be sure, the sheep was not a right sheep, as any one might know that took a thought about it; for if she was right in herself—I mean nothing but a sheep to make mutton of, she could not have had the understanding of Christian language, as she surely had."

"If ye'r going to tell the lady the story, tell it at once, and don't be riddling out your own ideas upon what you don't understand, Reddy," interrupted another guide.

"And don't you be taking me up, or maybe it's too heavy for you I'd be," replied Reddy.—"Sure the ideas of a poor boy like myself are just like the wild flowers, which if transplanted into the garden would be called———"

"Tame flowers," interrupted the other, "which *you* will never be, my poet of the mountains." Now Reddy certainly had the reputation of being exactly what he was called, a "Mountain Poet;" there are few districts without, at least, one of the class. Nevertheless, he pretended to deny the imputation, and there were sundry exclamations of "Whisht, will ye!—have—done—do—don't be making a show of me before the quality. Oh, by the powers! I never put down a word of poetry, bating a bit out of innocence at election-time, or a varse to plaze a comrade, if he had a liking for a neighbour's daughter, and couldn't just make one word *strike music* to another." At last he was prevailed upon to commence his tale.

"A poor man lived hard by there, a poor man entirely; trusting to his quarter * of potatoes for the bare food, and to God's marcy (like most of us) for everything else; indeed, from all I ever heard, or can judge, he wasn't fond of troubling himself with overwork; and if it wasn't for his wife, who had some good blood in her veins, though born poor, he'd have been, maybe, worse off than he was, and that was bad enough. Well, he was wandering about just where we're standing now, thinking, maybe, of nothing but what weather might come to fill out the potatoes, when all of a sudden he heard the bleat of a sheep. Now there was no grazing at all about the place, and he stopped and listened; and sure enough, the bleat came again, and he followed the sound, until at last in the bottom of a hole, what should he see but a sheep lying, and her leg broke. Well, he went down, and as he was lifting her up, he thought in all his life he had never seen anything so white, or touched anything so soft as her wool; the baste never cried a word while he was lifting her out; and when he laid her on the grass, she turned up her great violet-coloured eyes on him like a Christian."

"That's poethry, Reddy," muttered the rival guide. Reddy continued, not heeding the interruption—"And he felt so ashamed of the idea he had of taking her life, that he could not look her in the face; it was a lonely place in these times, and not much stir anywhere, except at Lord Kingston's Castle, which if it was fine then, is a thousand times handsomer now. And so avoiding the road near the castle, he carried the sheep home to his wife. 'You haven't stole it?' she says, watching his countenance. 'I have not,' he answers. 'Well, then,' she says again, 'if you have not, we'll strive and cure

* Quarter of an acre.

its leg in the face of day, and put no constraint on it to go or come, only I'll borrow a handful or two of its wool, to make you a pair of Sunday stockings,' she says, 'just in payment for the care you have taken of the poor craythur.' The man often thought how he'd like to eat the sheep; but somehow he didn't like to lose the good opinion of his wife; and he thought, too, of the comfort of the stockings. No one ever claimed the sheep: in a little time she got well, and would stand quite asy to be sheared; and the wool was so beautiful, that in less than no time the woman could get any price she liked for the stockings; nor was that all—the sheep brought them two or three lambs at a time, all with the same silky wool; and the wool was twenty times the value that the meat would have been; and the man and his wife grew rich, and had great grazing entirely. But the first sheep of the flock began to grow old, very old; and she'd lay down in the sun and sleep; and her wool grew thin, and she made up her mind to have no more children. Now if the man had any gratitude, he'd have remembered the goodness of the sheep, and done all in his power to honour her old days; but *the dacency wasn't in him;* and so he says to his wife, 'At the next shearing I'll make a feast, and we'll have lashins of whiskey, tobacco, and pipes at it, as well as plenty of fresh mate.' 'I think,' she says, 'pickled pork and salt beef might serve your turn, but as it's your fancy, I'll speak to my lord's butcher for whatever you like to order; our money's as good as another's; I never see one guinea that was ashamed to look another in the face.' 'I'll be my own butcher,' he says; 'I'll kill that ould first sheep: she's wasting away, and it will be a good deed to put her out of pain.' 'Oh murder, murder!' shouts the woman; 'sure you would not be that unnatural; sure you would not *kill ye'r luck*, the quiet, innocent craythur that brought plenty and prosperity to your cabin, that's a house now with glass windows through her means. Oh ye'r ould yerself!' she says, 'and ought to think of that!' But it was no use, the wickedness was in him; and he declared the ould sheep should be killed the next morning! Well, the poor woman went out to the field to look for her old pet, and where would she find her but leaning under the window of the very room they had been talking in; and the woman kissed and cried over the sheep, and the sheep licked her hands. The next morning at break of day, the boy that tended the sheep woke his master with a great cry, and told him that the flock had moved off, headed by the first sheep, and that the last of them was nearly out of sight. This roused the ungrateful sleeper, and he set off after them without waiting to say his prayers; he travelled and travelled, and after much walking he saw his flock pass as if into the earth. When he arrived at the spot, the very last had gone in; and he followed—to get back no more—the sheep-boy saw him go in, and after calling some time at

the mouth of the cave, returned for the neighbours, who entered with candles and discovered the cave, and heard the man's voice shouting to his sheep, and promising every indulgence to the first of the flock if she'd return; but it was too late: they do say he wanders there to this day," added our informant, "but I never heard him myself."

Such is the legend—founded in truth, perhaps,—of the old cave. The new was discovered on the 2nd of May, 1833, by a man while quarrying for stones. His crow-bar fell from his hands, and in the search for it, he found a cavity—the gateway to a magnificent palace of nature *.

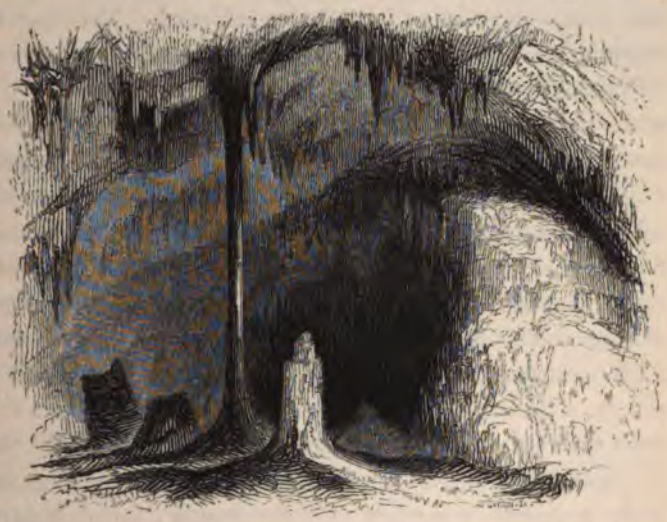
The hill in which the cave exists rises in nearly the centre of a valley, which separates the Galtee and Knockmeledown chains of mountains—the former constituting its northern, the latter its southern boundary †.

* Mr. Nichol, the accomplished artist, to whose graceful and accurate pencil we are so largely indebted, visited the cave within little more than a year after its discovery. He states that the man by whom it was found, obtained the assistance of two boys, named Shelly, to explore it. After proceeding a considerable distance with great caution, they at length arrived at the brink of a perpendicular precipice, which appeared to put a stop altogether to their further progress. Their anxiety and determination, however, to explore this subterranean wonder, increased with the difficulty of attaining it; and after various conjectures, as to how they ought to proceed, they at length procured a burning turf, tied to a string, which they dropped to the lower part of the precipice, measuring about sixteen feet. Afterwards, lowering each other down by means of ropes, they proceeded with lighted candles along the narrow and rocky passage—the grandeur and novelty of the place, together with its apparent endless extent, massive columns and pyramids of spar, stalactites, &c., succeeding each other in endless variety, and the desire of discovery, attracted them onwards, till their lights were nearly burnt out. It was then the danger of attempting a return in the dark struck them: they hastened back, but long before they arrived at the cavern's mouth, the lights had expired, and they sat down in despair. They remained in this alarming situation until midnight. At length the father of the boys and some other friends came in search of them, and found them in the middle cave.

† "The prevailing rock" (we borrow from a valuable paper by Dr. Apjohn, in the Dublin Geological Journal) "at this extremity of the Galtees is conglomerate, which occasionally passes into sandstone, while that which composes the opposite chain of hills possesses a structure intermediate between that of sandstone and schist, and includes few, if any, rounded or water-worn pebbles. The material of the interposed valley is compact grey limestone." The learned writer also remarks, "The manner of formation of sparry productions in limestone caves is so generally known, that it is scarcely necessary to advert to the subject here. Water filters through the roof, containing carbonate of lime held in solution by carbonic acid, and this gas, gradually passing with some water into the atmosphere, the calcareous salt is deposited. The atmosphere within the cavern was, as might have been anticipated, found saturated, or nearly so, with moisture; for though its temperature was not lower than fifty degrees, the pulmonary halitus condensed into a visible cloud, and the body, under slight exertion, became bathed with perspiration; but it did not, it is fair to conclude, contain any unusual per-centage of carbonic acid, for it supported, in the ordinary manner, both respiration and combustion. What then becomes of the carbonic acid, the development of which is the immediate cause of the deposition of spar? Why does it not accumulate so as finally to create an irrespirable atmosphere? These are interesting but difficult questions, and the following is put forward only as a conjectural solution of the difficulty. These caves are usually traversed by running water, and as this, at common temperatures, combines with one volume of carbonic acid, the gas may be considered as in a continual process of absorption and removal. It is a peculiarity also of aëriform fluids, as Dalton has shown, that however different in density, they will, when placed in contact, blend together so as finally to constitute an equable mixture. Now, as the roofs of limestone caverns are seldom, if ever, so tight at every point as to be altogether impermeable to gases, we perceive, in the law which regulates their diffusion, additional means for effecting the elimination of the carbonic acid."

Our first object was to engage the assistance of guides. We considered it desirable to procure several, in order that by distributing them in various parts of the caverns with lights, we might form a correct idea of their magnitude and magnificence. They took with them a large supply of candles and a box of lucifers, to guard against the danger of some sudden gust of wind leaving us in darkness. The use of torches is prohibited by the owner of the land; and very properly so, for we had ample proof of the injury they had already done in defacing the beauty of many crystallised roofs. A narrow passage, gradually sloping, about four feet in height and between thirty and forty in length, terminates in an almost vertical precipice, about fifteen feet deep, which is descended by a ladder. For a considerable space (nearly 250 feet), afterwards, the visitor goes through a dull and unpromising "lane" of grey limestone; the guides push a little forward, and so arrange themselves that a sudden turn exhibits, in an instant, one of the most splendid of the caves in all its beauty and grandeur.

This is the "lower middle cave"*; but wonderful though it is, it is surpassed by the "upper middle cave," at which the visitor arrives through a passage varying in height from five to ten, and in breadth from seven to fourteen feet, and sixty feet in length. "The horizontal section of this natural excavation," says Dr. Apjohn, "may, neglecting its irregularities, be considered as a semi-ellipse, the axes of which



* "In shape its ground plan resembles a matrass or bottle with cylindric neck and globular bottom, the diameter of the latter being ninety-five, and the length and diameter of the former seventy-two and forty-two feet respectively. The vertical section of its wider end is that of a dome or hemisphere, the apex of which has an elevation above its base of thirty-five feet. Stalactites of a small size depend from the roof, and a sheeting of sparry matter is observable all along the joints of the limestone, and covers beneath many parts of the floor, where it is usually superimposed upon a very fine red clay, which would appear to have been washed down by water filtering from above before the interstices of the arch were sufficiently closed by calcareous incrustations. The floor of this cave is strewed with large tetrahedral blocks of limestone."

are respectively 180 and 80 feet, the major pointing directly east and west. A vertical view or section, corresponding to the line connecting the northern extremity of the minor and eastern extremity of the major axis, shows the roof nearly horizontal, and raised twenty feet above the floor." This is the most remarkable part of the entire cavern, for the magnitude, beauty, and varied and fantastic appearances of its sparry productions. Immediately upon entering the cave, on the right hand, and attached to the wall, is found the organ—a huge calcareous growth, which is conceived to bear some resemblance in shape to the musical instrument from which its name is borrowed. Nine great pillars of carbonate of lime occur in this same compartment, rising from the floor to the ceiling; of these the lower third is usually of great diameter, and very irregular in form, while the remaining, or upper portion, usually exhibits the shape of an inverted cone, the base of which is in the ceiling, while the vertex is in connexion with the lower portion of the pillar. In some instances the upper cone has not come in contact with the stalagmite below, though, should the calcareous deposition proceed as heretofore, there can be no doubt that such a junction will be finally achieved. The most remarkable pillars in this cave are those known among the guides under the names of "Drum" and "Pyramid," the former of which occurs fifteen feet south of the organ; the latter at the eastern end of the chamber. The base of the former is not simple, but composed of stalks cemented together, and having leaved or foliated edges; some of these edges are of great extent and thinness, and when struck gently vibrate so as to produce an agreeable sound. The pyramid, a pillar fourteen feet in height, rests upon a base of great dimensions, and its shaft is distinguished by the circumstance of its tapering upwards towards the ceiling. The other pillars are of inferior size, but some of them possess a symmetry and beauty superior to those just described. In addition to the pillars, stalactites and stalagmites everywhere abound; the former depending from the roof, the latter springing from the floor of the cavern.

Soon after leaving this cave we were summoned by the guides to descend "the chimney"—a work of some danger; for it is barely wide enough to allow a passage; its sides have very few projections upon which to place the feet; it descends to the depth of at least thirty yards, and a slip would be inevitably fatal. A guide, however, goes before the visitor, directing his "steps," and frequently giving the foot a resting-place upon his shoulder. At the bottom of the chimney is another cave, nearly equal in extent and grandeur to the one we have described; and from this several galleries branch leading to objects only a degree less wonderful. These are new discoveries, to which additions are continually made, and consist of a number of minor

caves, from which no access has as yet been obtained; although it is more than likely that the removal of partition "walls" of limestone would exhibit each as but the part of a whole, and continue the line of caves in one uninterrupted succession. Our desire was to proceed as far as possible, and our guides, gratified by our ardour, rather than checked by the additional labour to which they were subjected, proceeded, after allowing us brief breathing-time, to usher us through a burrow, so narrow that we had actually to twist ourselves along it, after the fashion in which the screw makes its way into a cork. The task required physical strength, and no inconsiderable nerve; for the passage extended at least one hundred yards, the greater portion of which was necessarily traversed by crawling through a space, barely two feet square, sometimes so reduced as to render indispensable the kind of "twist" we have referred to, and repeatedly suggesting the painful sensation that a fall of two or three inches, in any of the rocks above or around us, would enclose us prisoners beyond the possibility of rescue. Yet when we had reached the utmost limits to which the researches of the guides had yet attained, the reader will guess our astonishment when we found pencilled on one of the white curtains at the extremity, the names of two ladies, who, a few days previously, had accomplished the whole of the difficult and dangerous task we have been describing. The course we had taken—burrow, caves, chimney, and all—we had to re-traverse; and upon our re-introduction to the daylight, we found we had been five hours under ground; as we were walking or creeping during four-fifths of the time, we estimate that we must have paced, on our progress and return, at least eight miles*.

Our space is too limited to render justice to a natural wonder perhaps unsurpassed in the world; for such it is pronounced to be by persons who have examined the leading marvels of the four quarters of the globe. We

* Some idea of the number and extent of the caves may be formed from the fact that Mr. Nichol, during the "ten hours" he employed in exploring them, did not meet a single person, although, as he was afterwards informed, there were forty visiters under ground examining them at the same time. The measurements of some of the caves were taken by Dr. Apjohn. "The second outlet of the upper end of the lower middle cave, expands in a N. N. W. direction, into a cavity of an elliptical shape, ninety feet in length and forty-five in breadth, its S. S. E. half being divided into two by a wall of limestone, forty-five feet in length and about fifteen in breadth." "The Garrett cave extends 255 feet in an easterly direction, with a sweep to the south; its breadth at the commencement being fifteen, and augmenting gradually until, at its widest part, it becomes fifty-five feet." "The grand Kingston gallery is the most remarkable compartment of the entire excavation. It is a perfectly straight hall, 175 feet in length and seven in breadth, with a direction about one point to the west of north. The arching of this gallery is in the Gothic style, and its walls are everywhere glazed with spar, in some places red, in others mottled, but nowhere of a perfectly white colour." "The passage, called the Sand cave, from the quantity of this material which covers its floor, is, for two-thirds of its length, twelve, and for the remainder three feet wide: it is perfectly parallel to, and of the same length with, the Kingston gallery, but placed at a somewhat lower level."

must excite the imagination of the reader, to give effect to our matter-of-fact description; for the pen and the pencil will equally fail to convey a notion of the grandeur and beauty of these caves—viewed either in parts or as a whole. The stalactites and stalagmites assume every conceivable shape; shining with the brilliancy of huge diamonds as the small light of a candle is thrown upon them. The "curtains" that fall from the roofs (of which a good example has been copied by Mr. Nichol) are sometimes so transparent, that the form of a hand may be seen through them; and though of immense size, so delicate is their construction, that they actually vibrate to the touch. They hang in folds, as gracefully as if the hand of skill and taste had arranged their draperies. Frequently, masses of petrefactions, heaped one above another, alternate in layers of pure white, and of a yellow like that of the liquid honey; while, affording the advantage of contrast, the rock in the back-ground retains its original rugged shape and dismal hue. Pools of limpid water, here and there, cover miniature hillocks of crystals—so minute and sparkling as to seem congregated diamonds. Let the reader fancy himself in the midst of a cavern, larger than any building hitherto constructed by art—his guides have stationed themselves at the various points where effects can be best produced; one upon the top of a huge stalagmite; another in some dark recess; others at the several points of ingress and egress; another behind some half-transparent curtain; others where the light may fall upon masses of glistening crystals; another where some grotesque shape may be best exhibited—let them all (as they will do) suddenly unveil their lights—the effect can be likened only to that which the gorgeous fictions of the East attribute to the power of the necromancer.

It is not a single wonder, but a succession of wonders such as these which the visitor is invited to examine; and every year is adding to their number. Hitherto all the discoveries have been made by the neighbouring peasants,

who are scantily recompensed for their time and labour by the gratuities of strangers, and who have no encouragement to the hazard incident upon further explorations; but the enterprise of a scientific person supplied with sufficient means would, no doubt, exhibit the interior of the mountain as one entire "cave," and probably effect a passage through it.

Our course from the "Mitchelstown Caves" lay through a wild country to the pretty town of Cahir; passing by the prosperous and well-managed estate of Lord Glengall, we came in view of "the Castle," which stands on the river Suir, and was, as well as the town it protected, very famous in former times. It is said, however, to occupy the site of a structure of the remotest antiquity—its ancient name being "*Cahir-dunaascaigh*,

or, The circular stone fortress of the fish-abounding Dun, or fort; a name which appears to be tautological, and which can only be accounted for by the supposition that an earthen *Dun*, or fort, had originally occupied the site on which a *Cahir*, or stone fort, was erected subsequently." It is of considerable extent, but irregular outline, consequent upon its adaptation to the form and broken surface of its insular site, and consists of a great square keep, surrounded by extensive outworks, forming an outer and an inner ballium, with a small court-yard between the two; these outworks being flanked by seven towers, four of which are circular, and three of larger size, square *.

* Cahir Castle was taken by Oliver Cromwell, in 1650. At that time it had the reputation of great strength. The "Lord Protector's" career in the County of Tipperary occupies no inconsiderable place in the history of the period. Clonmel acquired especial importance during the wars. It was one of the first places seized by the Lords of the Pale, when they resolved to take up arms and make common cause with the northern insurgents; and its citizens insisted strongly on their allegiance to the king, averring that their only purpose was to defend themselves against a parliament equally hostile to the sovereign and themselves. Their leaders also granted safe-conduct to those Protestants who were unwilling to join their cause, and when Cromwell's commissioners subsequently made inquisition into the "Irish massacres," they found that no murder had been perpetrated by the Irish in Clonmel or its vicinity. The distracted condition of a country in which five parties, no two of whom could agree, were in arms at the same moment, perplexes every

Its general character, even now closely assimilating to that which it presented in 1599 (when it was taken by the Earl of Essex), as it is pictured in

historian who attempts to write the annals of the period. There were the parliamentarians, the royalists, the Northern Irish, the Lords of the Pale, and the partisans of the Papacy. Ormond tried to unite the four last against Cromwell and the parliamentarians; but the Northern Irish were bent on establishing independence, and the ultra-papal party, so far as they had any intelligible object, desired that Ireland should be given to some foreign prince nominated by the pope. Clonmel was firmly attached to the Lords of the Pale, and when they entered into alliance with Ormond, it became conspicuous for its zeal in the royal cause. When Kilkenny was lost by the jealousy of the confederates, Clonmel remained faithful to the royal cause, and on the approach of Cromwell readily admitted Hugh O'Niall with a reinforcement of twelve hundred men. The siege of Clonmel was regarded by all parties as the turning point in the fate of Ireland; had Cromwell been defeated, he would have been compelled to abandon the whole of Munster, and before another campaign could have opened, Charles the Second would have thrown himself into Ireland, with almost a certainty of being supported by the entire country. Cromwell first attempted to carry the place by assault; tradition says that the attempt was made near the west gate, which is still standing; but Ludlow's account shows that a breach had been made in a part of the walls on which houses abutted, at no great distance from the church, and that this was the place selected for the assault. O'Niall made vigorous preparations for defence; a breastwork of earth was thrown up behind the breach, and its defence was entrusted to volunteers, armed with swords, scythes, and pikes; while a picked body of musketeers in the adjoining houses kept up a steady fire on the breach. Cromwell's soldiers displayed energy worthy of their former fame: tradition still commemorates the gallantry of Lieutenant Henry Langley, who volunteered to lead some of his own dismounted cavalry; of Colonel Zanchey, or Sankey, who seems to have directed the assault; and of one of the sons of John Cooke, whose service in pleading against Charles the First had been rewarded by the Chief-Justiceship of Munster. Their efforts were vain; the assailants were repulsed with the loss of 2000 men killed and wounded, and what grieved them more, Cromwell's Ironsides had lost the character of being invincible. Lieutenant Langley lost his hand in this enterprise, and he ever afterwards wore an iron hand, which is still preserved by his descendants as a precious relic at Coalbrook. Ormond was greatly exhilarated by the news of success which promised him the means of retrieving the king's affairs; but at the same time he was rendered uneasy by a message from the governor of Clonmel, stating that his ammunition was nearly exhausted. Cromwell at the same time sent the most pressing messages to Lord Broghil to come to his assistance; and this noble lord, who had but recently deserted the royal cause, made the most strenuous exertions to raise forces among the Puritans who had settled on the grants made to the Boyle family in the counties of Cork and Waterford. The Duke of Ormond's efforts to raise the siege of Clonmel were counteracted by the infatuation of the Commissioners of Trust, whom the council of confederate Catholics had placed "viceroys over him." They wrangled with him on the point of etiquette in whose name commissions of array should be issued to the sheriffs, and when they found that orders for levying forces had been given, they sent counter-orders forbidding obedience to the commands of the Lord Deputy until the Council should be further advised of their propriety. The Lord Roche and the titular Bishop of Ross alone obeyed the edict of Ormond; they levied a body of undisciplined and half-armed peasants, and advanced towards Clonmel, but on their road they were encountered by Broghil's army and irretrievably defeated. It appears that Lord Broghil's army was chiefly composed of Protestant gentlemen, who, though opposed to Popery, were favourable to the cause of the king; for when Broghil arrived before Clonmel, and the besieging army received him with shouts of "A Broghil, a Broghil," he could not prevail upon his men to reciprocate the compliment and exclaim "A Cromwell, a Cromwell;" and this trifling circumstance is said to have sunk deep into the memory of the future Lord Protector. Hugh O'Niall now saw that it was impossible to protract resistance any longer; he therefore recommended the civic authorities to capitulate, while he and his followers secretly evacuated the town. This was effected by crossing over the river Suir at night, and scrambling up the steep hills on the county Waterford side. The peasants in the neighbourhood still preserve an affectionate remembrance of this gallant officer, who, indeed, deserves his fame, for he was almost the only governor in Munster who made even a tolerable defence against the parliamentary army. When Cromwell granted a capitulation, he believed that the garrison would be included in the surrender. Some of his officers endea-

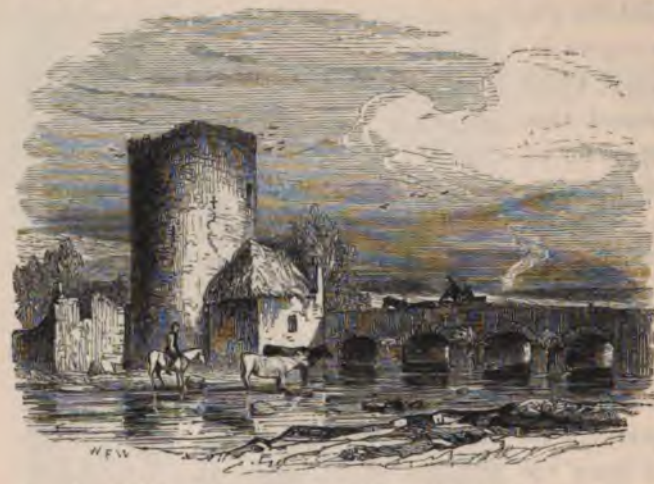
the Pacata Hibernia. Very recently it has been put into thorough repair; but so judiciously, that its picturesque effect is in no degree injured. One of the turrets, which time has rather improved than impaired, the artist copied for us. At a short distance up the river are the ruins of an ancient monastery, built, it is said, in the reign of King John, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustin.

The town of Cahir has a remarkably cheerful aspect, and its prosperity is not alone upon the surface; it is derived principally from the extensive flour-mills, actively and continually at work in the immediate neighbourhood, and conducted almost exclusively by the "people called Quakers." There are in several parts of the south of Ireland, towns universally known and distinguished as "Quaker Towns"—they are remarkable for neatness and cleanliness, for the industry and sobriety of the inhabitants, and an air of comfort and good order in their dwellings—so surely does a good example influence all within its reach. Cahir also enjoys the advantage of an encouraging and considerate resident landlord, Lord Glengall, whose beautiful seat adjoins it.

The road from Cahir to Cashel lies through a picturesque and richly-cultivated country; a considerable portion of it being part of "the Golden Vale," so called from its exceeding fertility. About two miles to the left is the small but improving village of Golden, situated on both sides of the river

voured to persuade him that the escape of O'Niall was a breach of the articles, and that he was not therefore bound to grant such favourable terms to the town. Cromwell reproved these advisers for their unnecessary severity, and declared that the townsmen deserved to be respected for their gallantry and consistency. Under the Protectorate, Clonmel was regarded, if not as the capital of Munster, at least as the centre of the new settlers on whom the lands of the forfeited gentry were conferred: it became a thoroughly puritanical town, and as such, seems to have been regarded with much suspicion after Charles the Second was restored. Many of the Puritans in his reign joined the Society of Friends, or, as they are commonly called, Quakers, both in England and Ireland: this was particularly the case both in and near Clonmel; and the names of many of this respectable and peaceful sect in that vicinity will frequently recal to the mind of the historical student some of the most distinguished of the parliamentary leaders in the great civil war.

Suir, the two divisions being connected by a stone bridge of great antiquity, upon which William the Third is said to have signed the charter of Cashel. The remains of an old circular round tower, which in former times protected the pass, continue in a tolerable state of preservation *.



From the road, nearly the whole of the way, is seen the singular Rath, "the Moat of Knockgraffon;" an artificial mound of earth, rising about seventy feet above the summit of the hill on which it was constructed; at its base may be traced the foundations of an extensive castle, one of the square towers of which still exists. It was built in the year 1108, and ranks among the oldest constructions of the kind in Ireland; tradition states that eighteen of the kings of Munster were born and reared within its walls. In the plain beneath, there is a ford over the Suir, celebrated as the place were Fiacha Muillathan (or, "of the flat sconce") was murdered by a prince of Leinster. The legend is, that the prince was grievously afflicted with the evil, and being informed that he might obtain a cure by bathing in the blood of a king, he resolved, as early as circumstances permitted him, to try the remedy. Soon afterwards he received an invitation from Fiacha to visit him at his castle of Knockgraffon, and, the day being sultry, a proposal

* The ruin of Cloghabreeda Castle, about two miles from Cahir on the Cashel road, is all but obliterated; but though now inconsiderable, its name once struck terror to the surrounding country. Shane Burke of Cloughabreeda, its last possessor, was a person as much dreaded as Blue Beard, or Oliver Cromwell. He used, as an old man told us on the spot, "to hang the people without *jouge* or jury, for he was his own magistrate." One of his deeds he related to us. There was "a widow woman" who lived near his castle, and who had one only son—and a sorry reprobate he was. The poor mother, in despair at the conduct of her degenerate offspring, complained to the chief, Shane, about him, who ordered the mother and son to attend at his castle on a certain day. They came, and Shane calling the lad with him, walked out into his orchard; in a few moments he returned to the heart-broken mother, and, with a satanic smile, said, "I promise you your son will be quiet for the future;" so saying, he led her to a loop-hole in the apartment, and pointing to the orchard, showed the poor woman the body of her son hanging on the branch of an apple tree. The way in which this man ended his days is not known; possessed of immense riches (for he levied what they call in Scotland, Black Mail), he buried his wealth in some secret place, and murdered the man who assisted him, to prevent his disclosing the secret; a short time afterwards he was summoned to England, from whence he never returned.

was made to swim in the adjacent river. When the monarch was naked and defenceless, he was stabbed by his treacherous guest, who placing the bleeding body to the stream, allowed the blood to flow around him. Whether he was thus cured of his disease, tradition does not say; but the tragic event was immortalised, and to this day the ford is called the "stream of noble blood."

The Moat of Knockgraffon is indeed a treasury of legendary lore; we gathered from some of the aged women in the neighbourhood a store of traditions of the ancient Irish kings, and of the fairies who still continue to guard their hereditary dominions, to which they are expected, at some future period, to lay claim, and again govern "in the flesh." The wild fictions of Dr. Keating (a native of, and long a resident in, the neighbourhood) are rife among the peasantry; in many instances we found precisely the incidents and events, which the Doctor dignified by the term "history," preserved by the memories of old and young in this remarkable locality. A few of them, condensed from his curious and amusing book—a "General History of Ireland," may interest our readers.

There was a king called Lavra Lyngshy, whose ears were like the ears of a horse; wherefore he ordered every person who cut his hair to be instantly slain, in order that as all his subjects wore long tresses, his own deformity might not be observed. It was the king's custom to shave his chin once a year, and his barber, when the work was done, was immediately put to death; the barber for duty being selected from his subjects by lot. Now, once upon a time, the lot fell upon the only son of a widow; and she besought the king that her sole prop might not be removed from her, so the monarch relented and promised him his life as the price of his secrecy. But the young man pined with inward sorrow, and his heart-broken mother consulted a druid, who said, Let him go where four roads meet and tell his secret to a willow tree that grows there; and the young man did as he was bid, and returned to his home cheerful and happy. Now it chanced that the famous harper of the king broke his harp, and sought out a fitting branch to make another; finding the willow tree to which the youth had told his secret, he tore a branch of it, bent it, put the strings upon it, and went, as was his wont, to play before the monarch; and as often as he touched the instrument, a sound came forth which plainly said, "Two ears of a horse has Lavra Lyngshy." Upon the king's hearing this, he repented of the number of people that were put to death in order to conceal his deformity, and thereupon openly exposed his ears to this household. "This however," adds the historian, who relates the anecdote with more minuteness, "I conceive to be rather a romantic tale than genuine history."

There was a custom in old times, that "when a champion overcame his adversary in single combat, he took out his brains, and mixing them with lime, made a round ball, which by drying in the sun became solid and hard, and was always produced at public meetings and conventions as a distinction and a trophy of experienced valour and certain victory." Such a ball was in the honourable keeping of Connal Ciernach, the materials of which it was composed having formerly filled the cranium of his enemy Meisgeadrha. Two fools stole this 'ball of brains;' and from them it was in turn stolen by Ceat, a mighty warrior; who placing it in a sling, flung it at the King of Ulster, and fractured his skull, of which wound he ultimately died, and so fulfilled a prophecy that the dead Meisgeadrha should avenge himself upon the men of Ulster.

Thady, a stout soldier, was wounded at the battle of Rath Criona, when the king, Cormac, envious of his merit, commanded a surgeon that in dressing his three wounds, he should convey an ear of barley into one, a small black worm into another, and the point of a rusty spear into the third; which being done, the skin was healed over them, and unhappy Thady was left to endure tortures. "This, I think," comments the old historian, "is the most ungrateful instance of cruelty to be met with in the Irish history." In process of time, however, the gallant Thady procured a more honest medical attendant, who, discovering the secret of his ailment, first lanced the skin in three places, and then "gave orders that a ploughshare should be heated in the fire till it was red-hot, which being brought to him, he took it in his hand, and, with a cruel and stern countenance, he ran violently at the patient as if he would have forced the iron through his body: Thady, surprised at this attempt, started out of his bed to avoid the push, and by the violence of the motion, his wounds were forced open—the ear of barley, the black worm, and the rusty iron were expelled, and he was perfectly recovered."

In the reign of Fearaidhack, lived Moran, the son of Maoin, chief justice of the kingdom. He was called by way of eminence, "the just judge;" and he was the first who wore the wonderful collar, which had a most surprising virtue, for when tied about the neck of one who was about to pronounce a wicked sentence, or a witness who designed perjury, it would immediately shrink, contracting itself so as almost to stop the breath; but if the party repented, it would enlarge itself, and let him loose. "Hence," observes the Doctor, "arose the custom in the judicatories of the kingdom, for the judge when he suspected the veracity of a witness, and proposed to terrify him to give true evidence, to warn him that the fatal collar was about his neck."

A holy hermit named Mochua, (the brother of a prince called Guaire,) who

lived upon herbs and water, had an attendant, who wearying of the simple fare, "longed impatiently to eat flesh, and asked leave of his master to go and refresh himself at the court of Guaire." Mochua made answer that he would furnish him with meat in abundance without compelling him to go a journey to procure it. The holy man then proceeded to pray for a supply. At that very instant ("as some particular manuscripts relate," quoth the Doctor, "but with small truth, I'm afraid"), the servants of Guaire were laying dinner on the table, and, to their great surprise, the dishes were hurried through the air and conveyed directly to the solitary cell where Mochua was continuing his devotion and the attendant expecting the event. The king, enraged at the loss of his meal, galloped after the dishes, with a troop of horse; and when they arrived at the cell, the attendant was so terrified that he wished the baked meats back again; upon which the saint once more prayed; the feet of the horses stuck fast in the ground, and the riders remained immoveable until the hungry anchorite had eaten and drunk to his heart's content. The place where this occurred is "known to this day, in the Irish language, by the name of Bothur-na-Mias, which, in the English, signifies the Dishes' Road."

We might fill a volume of odd legends from the "History" of the quaint and credulous old historian, the Rev. Geoffrey Keating, D.D., the greater portion of whose chequered life was spent in the locality we are describing and whose dust lies in the ruined church of Tubrid (pictured here), a few miles only from the singular remain of very early ages —the Moat of Knockgraffon; where, it requires no great stretch of fancy to believe, he enjoyed many of his day-dreams, summoning "spirits from the vasty deep," and talking with them of heroes who were dried bones before the flood*.

* Geoffrey Keating was born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, about the year 1570, near a small village called Burgess, ten miles S.W. of Clonmel. Having pursued his studies on the Continent, he returned to his native country in 1610, and was sent on the mission to the parish of Knockgraffon, subsequently becom-

About a mile from Golden Bridge, and still verging to the left from the road to Cashel, are the remains of the ancient Priory of Athassel. The site was chosen with the usual taste and judgment of the "monks of old;" although a few shrivelled trees are now all that remain of the woods by which it was formerly encompassed, and of which there is abundant evidence. A gentle, fertilising, and productive river still rolls beside its shattered glories;

and the ruins afford ample proof of the vast extent as well as singular beauty of the structure, when the "Holy Augustinians" kept state within its walls. To their "order" may be traced the most elaborate and highly-wrought of all the ecclesiastical edifices in Ireland; their abbeys in that country "evincing a style of architectural elegance and grandeur but little inferior to their fabrics in England and on the Continent." Athassel, according to Dr. Ledwich, was founded by William Fitz Adelm de Burke, about the year 1200, for

ing parish priest of Tubrid. His death is believed to have occurred about 1650. His remains were interred in the church of Tubrid; but no traces of his place of sepulchre are now to be found. His famous work, "The General History of Ireland," was originally published in Irish. Regarded as a history, it must be considered as little less than "a very silly heap of ill-digested fictions;" yet the reader, who has the patience to wade through it, will be disposed to agree with Dr. Ledwich, that "though Keating composed his History of Ireland from bardic tales and poetic fictions, yet he has given a curious work, the want of which would have been a loss to Irish literature;" and O'Flaherty, in the "Ogygia," although sufficiently hard on the learned Doctor, admits that "he was indeed a man of profound knowledge in the annals of his country, yet he acted like a cook who unskilfully dresses and serves up an unsavoury salad, promiscuously composed of herbs both sweet and sour, mingled together without skill, taste, or choice in the selection." The following passage concludes the Doctor's preface:—"Upon the whole, I am persuaded, that whoever consults this History with candour, and with such proportion of allowance as seems due to the obscure and unfrequented track I have pursued, may find satisfaction; and if he will farther give himself the trouble of searching into the ancient chronicles of Ireland, he will be convinced that I have been just and faithful in the use I have made of them; but if it should so unfortunately happen that my labours should be despised, and the following history be esteemed of no value, I must confess that it exceeded my abilities to give another account, for I did my best. I take my leave, therefore, and ask pardon of the reader, if I have in any case led him out of his way; assuring him that his mistake was not the effect of malice in me, but because I wanted skill to direct him better."

canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. This Fitz Adelm was steward to Henry the Second, and ancestor of the illustrious family of De Burgo *. On the king's return from Ireland he was intrusted with the management of affairs, and in 1204 he was interred at Athassel. Veneration and love for their great progenitor, made the De Burgos and their numerous dependents bestow ample possessions on, and contribute largely to the decoration of, their favourite priory. The ruins cover an area of considerable extent; the choir, Dr. Ledwich states, is forty-four feet by twenty-six; the nave was of the same breadth with the choir, supported by lateral aisles; by the external walls, it measures one hundred and seventeen feet in length. In the south-west corner is a small chapel. The steeple was square and lofty, the cloisters large. The doorway, of exquisite workmanship, is still in an excellent state of preservation.

* The castle of Cappa Uniac, built by the Burkes, in the 15th century, descendants of the celebrated Anglo-Norman, William Fitz Adelm, is erected on the summit of a rising mass of sandstone, close to the east base of the Galtee mountains, and nearly half-way between the towns of Cahir and Tipperary. There is a romantic tradition respecting it, assigning a reason for the hill on which it stands being called in Irish, "The hill of the last William." William, the last chieftain of the Burkes who resided here, had a brother named Richard, a baron of equal power with himself, and who lived in a neighbouring part of the country, between whom and William's wife a deadly animosity existed. William one day, in the ardour of the chase, forgetful how matters really stood, invited his brother to spend a week of the hunting season with him at his castle of Cappa, and on his return home, acquainted his wife with the circumstance; when she, with the fiery spirit of a Lady Macbeth, swore "by the soul of her father," that of her brother-in-law, "his *head alone* should ever enter her walls." The husband was grieved, but dared not gainsay his imperious wife; he repented his rashness in inviting his brother, but now it was too late—did his relative arrive at the castle, and were he refused admittance, he well knew his haughty spirit would not brook so gross an insult even from a brother—did he admit him within the walls, his domestic peace would be destroyed, or a feud with the powerful relatives of his lady be the consequence. In perplexity and doubt, his heart torn by fraternal and conjugal love, he anxiously, but with a secret dread, awaited the day when the bugle of his kinsman should sound a note of arrival. At length the dreaded day came; an armed band of hunters, with hawks and hounds, were seen slowly to ascend the narrow boreen that leads from the plains of the Suir to the castle; and no

We may pause awhile in our details of "grey ruins of the olden time," and relieve the monotony of our descriptions by introducing our readers to a class of persons, found in all parts of Ireland, but who are necessarily of a more daring and desperate character in Tipperary than elsewhere—the followers, or rather the pioneers, of the law, called "Process-servers." The "business" has been at all times, in Ireland, one of imminent danger, and those who pursued it were almost invariably reckless "dare-devils," without principle or reputation, and whose only recommendations were cunning and courage. At Cahir, we formed acquaintance with one of them, known by no other cognomen than "Long Jim;" but Long Jim having some undefined notion that our interrogatories might be prejudicial to his interests, declined to answer them except by smiles and civil speeches that meant nothing. As we had given him some trouble and caused him a walk of several miles to undergo our scrutiny, we thought it only right at parting to present him with half-a-crown. Jim looked at the money, turned it over and over, and, shrewdly calculating that some peculiar and perilous service was expected of him, for which this was his retaining fee, called aside the friend who had brought us together, and whispered, "Tell his honour that whatever job he has to do in this county, be jakers, I'm the man that'll do it for him."

But, when informed as to the nature of our object, and it was explained to him that we had no purpose but to learn from himself some of his "hair-breadth 'scapes," Jim became as communicative as he had previously been taciturn, and readily told us a few anecdotes characteristic of his tribe, of which he may

sooner did the warden from the summit of the keep give notice of their approach, than Lady Burke hurried to the barbican and commanded the gates to be closed. Richard Burke and his attendants rode round the base of the hill, and briskly spurred their horses up the sloping path to the castle-gate—when, lo! he found it closed; no cheer of welcome from the walls saluted him; no courtly greeting from the lordly owner of the castle bade him hail; all was silent and guarded as in time of siege. "False, treacherous villain!" said the disappointed Richard; "long have I ridden, and is this my welcome? I came at thy asking, and is this thy courtesy? three days will I wait without thy castle, *and if*"—his brow darkened as he suppressed the threat which rose upon his lips. The three days passed; still the inhospitable gate debarred his entrance; on the fourth, the insulted brother rode up to the walls, and taking off his glove, commanded his esquire to defy his kinsman to mortal combat, and in the event of a refusal, to nail the gauntlet to the door-post. Now it was that Lady Burke tried all her eloquence and threats to induce her husband to accept the challenge; his honour was at stake, for the disgrace of having a foeman's gage of battle hung at his gate would degrade him from the rank he held. Her determination no longer to abide with him if he refused, at length compelled him to accept the battle. The brothers met—and the unfortunate William fell a victim to his weak-mindedness, while his infuriated brother, cutting off his head, flung the gory trophy over the walls of the castle. From that day to this the hill at the base of which the battle was fought has been called "The hill of the last William." To sum up the incidents of the legend, Lady Burke, on seeing the fate of her husband, disbanded her followers, sold the estates, demolished the castle, and retired to a convent on the Continent, where she ended her days in the performance of the severest penance. "The Lord be merciful to her soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed. Amen"—added our informant, as he crossed himself.

be taken as a faithful example. "Jim" is very "long,"—a tall, muscular, loose-limbed, powerful fellow, who fears nothing. "Ah! it's asy to say I'm strong, but what help would my strength give me agin a hundred vagabonds hungry for my blood?" he exclaimed; "I've had more escapes in my time," he continued, "than Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington put together. I stood up to my throat in a bog once for two days, and if my head hadn't been hid in a bunch of rushes, I wouldn't have been here to tell the story, for there was a matter of fifty vagabones beating the bog after me. I've been five times left for dead, and have had a score of pistol-bullets took out of my body *. Once, I crept into a house and crawled between the feather-bed and mattress without anybody knowing; and the fellows that were after me searched and searched, and progged under the bed with a pike, and never touched me, and there I lay —and lucky it was for me that the man who slept in that bed was tipsy. I stole away before morning without his knowledge." Zealous for the humanity of the Irish women, we inquired if he had never been saved by the fair sex. "I think," he answered, "an Irishwoman hates the law as much as an Irishman; and they'd show more pity to a tiger than they would to a process-server. I wasn't a bad-looking boy in my time; but the girls I fancied for marriage would have nothing to say to me—a peep-o'-day boy, *even a tailor*, before poor Jim—but it's all the better for me now," he added, turning his hat round and round while he spoke, and rubbing the edge with his hand; "it's all the better; if no one cares for me, I care for no one; even my own mother on her death-bed turned her face to the wall when I asked for her blessing!" Something like feeling agitated his features while he said this. So true it is, that there are certain chords in the human heart which never cease to vibrate.

Jim was once employed to serve a writ upon a Roman Catholic clergyman, and he did it on a saint's day, at the door of his chapel, when the place was thronged with his people. The manner was this: he persuaded an excise-officer that he knew where a private still was at work, and induced him to obtain the assistance of a party of military. As they approached the chapel, Jim directed the troops to remain a little in the back-ground, while he

* There was no exaggeration in this; it was literally true. A few months before our interview with the worthy, he had been in hospital for above six weeks; and on his recovery he prosecuted four men on the charge of assault with intent to murder him. The four men had been previously, chiefly on his evidence, committed to jail for some offence; and on the very day of their discharge they attacked Jim, in his own house, while he was in bed, and before he could secure his pistols (which they took with them), beat him until they thought he was dead. Jim knew them, of course, perfectly well; the fact that they had only been freed that morning was sufficiently notorious; of his being assaulted by some persons there could be no doubt; but as Jim was unable to procure any witness to corroborate his testimony, the jury declined to believe him on his oath, and the accused were acquitted.

advanced to reconnoitre, placing them just where the glitter of their bayonets could be seen from the rising ground. He then went forward boldly and put his paper into the priest's hand; and perceiving a hostile movement among the crowd, he pointed to the military, to whom he speedily returned, and whom he subsequently led "a fool's march" in search of the whiskey-still that had, of course, vanished.

Another of his doings he told us at greater length. A country gentleman had eluded all Jim's efforts to "serve" him. "I've known," quoth Jim, "a matter of fifteen simple writs against him at one time, besides greater law in the coorts; there was more paper, wax, and red tape wasted on him, than on any man of his age. And yet," added Jim, and an expression of the most triumphant cunning animated his bitter eyes—"I nabbed him at last; and I'm prouder of it than of anything I ever did. He was called 'the Foxy-fighter.' There were ever so many of us on the watch, trying to give *our bits of paper into his hand;* but he was too 'cute for them. One thought he had found out the right way—for he climbed to the top of the great old-fashioned chimney that belonged to his bed-room, and stole softly down it, and the nearer he got to the ground the plainer he could hear the Foxy-fighter *discoorsing* his house-keeper—and at one time he got a little frightened, thinking of the treatment he might get; but he had friends among the servants, who, though they would not let him in, would not see him murdered. So down he went; and when he put his foot on, as he thought, the bottom, what should he find but an iron grating across—so there he was stopped. 'A thief in the chimney,' roars the Fighter, and in less than no time he was surrounded with fire and smoke; and between the burning and the smoking, it was many a long day before that man was able to go up or down a chimney again. I was often on the watch for Foxy; and at the back of his house there was a little square yard, and over one corner of it hung the bough of a very large tree. I wondered where he could go for a little air, and I found he took great delight in the grey of the morning in tending a few ducks and geese that gabbled about a pond that was in the midst of the little yard; he had no dread over him by rason of the high wall, as he could take in the whole wall at a glance, and sure enough he *had an eye like a process.* Well, I turned it over in my own mind—and got a nice large goose egg, and round one end of it I wrops the copy of the writ, and letting myself down from the wall a little before the break o'day, I placed the egg just on a tuft of grass, and seated myself in the branch of the old tree watching; and presently out comes the Fox, after first looking through a peep-hole he had in the door. 'Ah! ah!' he says, and the ducks and geese came running out; and presently he spies the egg. 'That's the

grey goose,' he says again, 'that always has such consideration for my breakfast,' and seeing the bit o' paper about the egg, in coorse he peeps into it; and 'What's this?' says he, turning pale and looking about him. 'It's the copy,' says I, roaring from the tree, 'and here's the original;' and while he runs in for his pistols, didn't I show him the heels o' my brogues!"

On another occasion Jim finding insurmountable difficulties in the way of a desired interview with a gentleman who was always upon "the watch," arranged a very scandalous mode of accomplishing his purpose. He bought a brace of remarkably fine trout, and a fishing-rod; and, for the first time in his life, practised the "gentle craft" of the angler; throwing his fly across the river at a point where he well knew the gentleman might see him from his parlour-window. Presently down came a message to Jim to the effect that he was trespassing, the water being preserved. This was exactly what Jim anticipated; so he sent his best respects to his honour, to say that he cared only for the sport, and not for the fish, and hoped he'd be pleased to accept the trout he had already caught. The bait took; the gentleman was pleased to find that fish so large were in his river, and returned his compliments that "lunch would be ready at three." When the fellow had partaken heartily of the hospitality, he proceeded to business, and horrified his host by the production of a writ.

Jim was placed under precisely similar circumstances with a gentleman less wily, because more confident; who lived in a wild and remote district, from which escape was out of the question; and well the party knew that no process-server would dare venture into it. But Jim was too cunning for him. He ascertained that the gentleman's "custom in the afternoon," was to drink his punch in a rural alcove; suddenly, Jim presented himself before the astonished sight of his victim, while enjoying the *dolce far niente;* and making his best bow, begged his honour's pardon for the intrusion. His honour knew Jim well, and coolly asked him at what rate he valued his life. "Faith, sir," says Jim, "at very little, if I meant yer honour any harm; but at a great dale this present writing; for it's to do you a service I came here; else I think I'd just as soon put my ugly body betwixt the horns of a mad bull." After some further questioning, Jim told his story. He came to warn his honour that one of his own servants was a "rap," and meant to betray him; that he (the said Jim) had been tempted by an offer of ten guineas to serve a writ; that he had taken the bribe; but would "as soon cut his own tongue out as serve it upon his honour." The gentleman's suspicions were disarmed; he gave the fellow plenty of whiskey, and putting a guinea in his hand, thanked him, and bade him good-bye. Jim had hardly gone a hun-

dred yards, however, before back he came, laid the guinea upon the table, and declared he couldn't and wouldn't rob so good a gentleman, and again departed, minus the gold. Upon this, he was summoned to return, and questioned; when, with all the appearance of generosity and rectitude, he declared, that if he took the money, his honour would think him a "chate," who came pretending to have the power of serving a process on him when, in reality, he had nothing of the kind to serve. The scene lasted for some minutes, the gentleman assuring Jim he was satisfied and obliged, and entreating him to pocket the gift; and Jim declaring he could not do it, and be suspected of cheating him. At length the discussion was brought to an issue by Jim, violently excited, exclaiming, the only way to settle the matter was to convince the worthy gentleman of his probity, by showing that he was not pretending to have a writ, when he had none; so, drawing it from his pocket, he showed both copy and original to the worthy man. "You see, sir," said he, "that I was not a chating blackguard; and now if you are content, I'll accept the guinea." It was, of course, given; Jim departed in peace, taking especial care that the "copy" was left behind, went directly to his employer, and swore the service.

We might easily multiply anecdotes of this man and his class, but have already, perhaps, given too much space to the subject. One more, however, we must tell. We travelled from Limerick to Castle Connell with a man—Dick (we forget his surname)—who had an awful and terrible squint—whose escapes had been many and marvellous during the tithe war, for he had been the selected server of the rebellion writs. He was the very opposite of Long Jim in personal appearance—a remarkably small and puny creature, whom a genuine Thurles giant might have almost swallowed at a mouthful. Once he was on duty with a comrade, when they saw a host gathering about the mountains above them. They had a horse, but only one; and Dick was on foot; he made a spring and tried to mount, but "fell on the other side." There was not a moment to lose; his companion galloped off and left poor Dick to his fate. He looked round him in despair, and made a rush into a neighbouring cabin. His foes were soon after him; Dick fixed himself in the farthest corner; and when "the boys" showed themselves at the door, he presented his pistol, exclaiming "I can only shoot one o' ye; but *I have my eye on the man I'll shoot.*" As we have said, he squinted frightfully, and the party paused and hesitated; it passed their skill to determine upon which of them his eyes were fixed, for they rolled horribly as he repeated the threat, "I have my eye on the man I'll shoot." They consequently retired to deliberate; and had actually proceeded to remove the roof that they might

stone him to death in comparative security, when Dick's comrade hove in sight with a party of police, and Dick's life was saved.

All the ecclesiastical ruins (of which there are many) in Tipperary, and indeed in Ireland, sink into insignificance, compared with those that crown the far-famed "Rock of Cashel." The rock, rising above the adjacent country, is seen from a very long distance, and from every direction by which it is approached—its summit crowned by the venerable remains that have excited the wonder and admiration of ages, and will continue to do for ages yet to come *.

The "city"—for the rank belongs to it, although it consists of little more than a thousand houses, of which nearly three-fourths are thatched—has an aspect almost as time-worn as the ruins on the "rock," while infinitely less picturesque †. The principal street is wide, and well built; but the lanes and

* "Here," exclaimed the Right Hon. Richard Lalor Shiel, in one of his addresses to the electors of Tipperary—"here my first cradle was rocked; and the first object that, in my childhood, I learned to admire was that noble ruin, an emblem as well as a memorial of Ireland, which ascends before us—at once a temple and a fortress, the seat of religion and nationality; where councils were held, where princes assembled, the scene of courts and of synods; and on which it is impossible to look without feeling the heart at once elevated and touched by the noblest as well as the most solemn recollections."

† A modern writer, endeavouring to account for the unimproving condition of the city, gives the following statement:—"The estates entrusted to the Corporation for the benefit of the city, consist of nearly 4000 statute acres of arable land, worth at least 20*s.* per Irish acre per annum, and of which upwards of 1700 Irish acres were out of lease so recently as 1831; yet the rents at present arising out of this great tract of land, which, under proper management, should produce a sum sufficient for all the purposes intended, amount to no more than £219 18*s.* 10½*d.* per annum. From the 'Report of the Commissioners on Municipal Corporations in Ireland,' (inquiry held in November 1833,) it would appear that this very inadequate return has been caused by the disposal of large holdings to members of the Corporation, at rents which may be termed nominal, particularly of 1548 acres, 3 roods, 5 poles Irish, leased to an influential individual for ninety-nine years from the 25th of March, 1830, at a rent of £86 7*s.* 9*d.* per annum. In consequence of this alienation of the public property, and from the Mayor and Aldermen having converted to their own uses the tolls and customs of the city, the public works of Cashel have fallen into a state of ruin almost unexampled in the kingdom. The streets are unpaved, unlighted, and uncleansed. There is no supply of water, but by pumps, repaired at the expense of the county. The Water-works (which Dr. Smith described as 'truly noble, which must perpetuate the name of the donor to ages yet unborn that will reap the advantage of them,') erected in the early part of the last century by Archbishop Bolton, have gone completely to decay; the underground conduits, upwards of two miles in length, are choked up or obliterated, and the stream is diverted to

alleys that branch from it, and the whole of the suburbs, are mean and wretched.

Yet Cashel has occupied a position, by no means insignificant, in the history of Ireland. Here, in 1172, Henry the Second received the homage of Donald O'Brien, and held the memorable synod of the Irish clergy, at which Christian, Bishop of Lismore, the Pope's Legate, presided, when "every archbishop and bishop gave sealed charters to the king, conferring on him and his heirs for ever the kingdom of Ireland, which charters were confirmed by Pope Alexander." During the long and cruel contests between the Butlers and Fitzgeralds, the city was a frequent sufferer; on one occasion, the great Earl of Kildare burnt down the cathedral, and having been summoned to answer for his conduct before the king in England, he assured his majesty he "never would have thought of committing so grievous a sacrilege, but that he was told the archbishop was of a certainty at the time within it." The comment of the monarch was equally singular and characteristic: "if all Ireland cannot govern this man, he is the fittest man to govern all Ireland"—and the earl was accordingly appointed its viceroy by patent, dated 6th August, 1496. In 1647, the Lord Inchiquin, at the head of the Parliamentary forces, marched against Cashel; the citizens retired to the Rock—as both a citadel and a sanctuary, and refused the offer of Inchiquin, to leave them unmolested upon payment of £3000 to his army: the result was, that the fortress was taken by

the supply of mills in the neighbourhood. It is affirmed that £500 would be sufficient to supply the city with this most necessary element."

The charter was granted in 1640, 15th Charles I., but it was repealed by the 5th James II. In 1690, the citizens having hospitably received and entertained the adherents of William the Third, who had been wounded at the siege of Limerick, that monarch restored, by letter, the charter to the city. The letter is said to have been written on the bridge of Golden, and is still in the keeping of the Corporation.

storm, many of the inhabitants, including twenty monks, were slain, and the city and its people were given up to plunder.

Cashel, however, is important chiefly as having been, for centuries, the seat of an archbishop. The ecclesiastical province comprises the diocesses of Cashel, Emly, Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe, Waterford, Lismore, Cork, Ross, Cloyne, Killaloe, and Kilfenora; a district very nearly co-extensive with the civil province of Munster*. But long before it attained ecclesiastical rank, it was the favourite residence of the kings of Munster; and, it is said, a synod was held there about the middle of the fifth century, by St. Patrick, St. Ailbe, and St. Declan, in the reign of Ængus, who is supposed to have commemorated his conversion to Christianity by the erection of a church upon the rock; thus probably originating the assemblage of sacred edifices for which, in after times, it became conspicuous; and there appears to be satisfactory authority for the belief that it had been for ages previously the selected site of Pagan worship †. The controversy concerning the round towers is, therefore, not affected by the fact that all the other buildings upon the rock are undoubtedly of the Christian era. The erection of "Cormac's Chapel" is attributed to Cormac Mac Culinan, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, who fell in battle on the plain of Moyalbe, near Leighlin, A.D. 908; but upon safer evidence, to Cormac Macarthy, also king and bishop, in the twelfth century. The chapel, however, was certainly erected previously to the Anglo-Norman invasion, and affords a convincing proof that the Irish had attained to considerable excellence in the erection of stone buildings prior to that event. The cathedral was undoubtedly the work of Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, about 1169. The other structures on the rock are a hall for the vicars

* By the Church Temporalities Act (3 Wm. 4), it was provided that the see of Waterford and Lismore, then vacant, should be annexed to Cashel; under the provisions of the same act, on the death of the then Archbishop of Cashel, all archiepiscopal jurisdiction was to cease; Cashel, with the united diocesses of Waterford and Lismore, to be made a bishopric, and, with the other sees of the province, to become suffragan to the Archbishop of Dublin. This object was accordingly effected. The present Bishop of Cashel, Waterford, and Lismore is the Right Rev. Dr. Sandys; his palace is in the city of Waterford.

† Keating says, that Cashel was first founded in the reign of Core, son of Loo-ee; "the name of the place which is now called the rock of Cashel was Sheedrum; it was also called Drum-feeva, from the extensive woods about it in the time of Core. There came," he adds, "about that time, two swineherds to feed their pigs in the woods about this hill, namely—Killarn, herdsman to the King of Ely, and Doordry, the herdsman of the King of Muskerry, or Ormond; and when they had continued on the hill about a quarter of a year, there appeared to them a figure as brilliant as the sun, whose voice was more melodious than any music they had ever heard, and it was consecrating the hill, and prophesying the coming of St. Patrick. The swineherds having returned to their homes, related what they had seen to their masters; and the story soon reached Core, who repaired without delay to Sheedrum, and built a palace there, which is called Lis-na-Lachree, or the fort of heroes; and being King of Munster, his royal tribute was received on this rock, now called Carrick-Patrick; wherefore the rock was named Cashel—*i. e.* Cios ail—or the rock of tribute."

choral, built by Archbishop O'Hedian, in 1421; the old episcopal palace, originally a strong castle, at the west end of the cathedral; the remains of the abbey founded by David Mac Carvill about 1260; and the mysterious Round Tower: and there exist several remains of the ancient wall by which the whole assemblage was formerly surrounded *.

The first protestant archbishop was Miler Magragh, who having for some time filled the see of Down as the titular bishop, embraced the reformed faith, and was advanced by Queen Elizabeth to the archbishopric, which he held *in commendam* with the sees of Lismore and Waterford. His tomb is pointed out upon the south side of the choir of the cathedral—or rather his monument; for, it is said, he died a Roman Catholic, and his body was interred elsewhere, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church.

It is curious to note how the authorised "care-takers" of celebrated places assume the tone of the scenes they exhibit. At Killarney every guide, boatman, and child speaks of Fairy-land, ghosts, apparitions of all kinds, that walk the waters, float i' the air—clink-minnikin hammers under the broad-leaved

* Mr. Petrie states that "Cashel is only noticed in our annals as a regal residence of the Munster kings, till the beginning of the twelfth century, when, in the year 1101, it is stated in the Annals of the Four Masters, that 'a convocation of the people of Leoth Mogha, or the southern half of Ireland, was held at Cashel, at which Murtough O'Brien, with the nobles of the laity and clergy, and O'Dunan, the illustrious bishop and chief senior of Ireland, attended, and on which occasion Murtough O'Brien made such an offering as king never made before him, namely, Cashel of the Kings, which he bestowed on the devout, without the intervention of a laic or an ecclesiastic, but for the use of the religious of Ireland in general.' The successor of this monarch, Cormac Mac Carthy, being deposed in 1127, as stated in the Annals of Innisfallen, commenced the erection of the church, now popularly called 'Cormac's Chapel.' He was, however, soon afterwards restored to his throne, and on the completion of this church it was consecrated in 1134. This event is recorded by all our ancient annalists in nearly the following words:—'1134. The church built by Cormac Mac Carthy at Cashel was consecrated this year by the archbishop and bishops of Munster, at which ceremony the nobility of Ireland, both clergy and laity, were present.'"

dock—or of the still more mysterious creatures that watch golden treasures beneath the placid surface of the lake. At the Giant's Causeway, every fellow desires to be thought a geologist; he hints with a careless and dignified air at its superstitions, but dwells at length upon what Sir Humphry Davy and Doctor MacDonnel said to him; talks of strata and basalt columns—quartz—limestone —octagons—formations—spars, and the "debris of the whole"—assuring you that *he* can account for the mighty and glorious wonders that make your heart pant and your temples throb, until you wish that some giant would step forth and silence the petty praters, who disturb without informing you.

On the rock of Cashel, as well as among other ruins, the guide is an antiquary. It was a cold, misty morning, when having wandered through the dirty and miserable streets that lead to this noble relic, we summoned a conductor from his cottage fire to lead us up the steep: he came right willingly, expressing his regret at the *softness—i. e.* wetness of the day, and his hopes that it would clear up for the view which many thought a deal of—though, to his mind, those who climbed "the rock" would do better to keep to the ruins; fine views were all over Ireland, but Ireland only held *one* rock of Cashel. A cow was sheltering close to the iron gateway, which the guide unlocked: he saw we did not altogether approve of her remaining there, and apologised, saying—"she could do no harm, the craythur; them that could were kept out, thanks be to the good Archdeacon Cotton."

Great indeed was the old man's delight upon hearing us cordially express our grateful thanks—for they are due from us, as from all who love Ireland—to the venerable clergyman and genuine patriot. For many months he laboured to preserve, if he could not restore, the ancient glories of the pile: not satisfied with directing what was to be done, he wrought with his own hands. The old man gabbled over crypts, and choirs, and transepts; arches—Gothic, Saxon, and Roman, together with the Twelve Apostles, and the wonderful tomb of Magragh.

While the wind growled along the walls, and rushed with impotent fury through the vaulted passages, a story was told us of another "guide," the predecessor of the one who had us under his especial charge. He was a very old man when he took up his abode among the ruins; and he worked night and day to prevent the further trespassings of time upon the structure. The children would stand aside and whisper together, when they saw this lover of ancient things bending over his staff as he climbed the rock, well knowing they must not indulge in their noisy roisterings within the walls while he was there; he would remain for a month at a time, craving nothing beyond "the handful of meal and potatoes," which the poor people did not fail as usual to

give cheerfully from their scant store: and he would pray and work, and work and pray, from sunrise to sunset, and then sleep tranquilly either beneath the grand entrance into Cormac's Chapel, or by the side of the Archbishop's tomb, waking to resume his self-imposed task—piling together the precious fragments which time, or more destructive ignorance, had displaced—picking the green moss from out the inscriptions, and sweeping the hallowed floors; sometimes, despite his age, he would creep along the walls to replace a stone; and the humbler class hinted that he held converse with the spirits of the air, who supported him at his work. At last, the old man died, and was buried; and the stones fell, and fragments of the most exquisite architecture were scattered by the storm, and the glories of the place were crumbling into dust, when, happily, one of equal taste and greater power laboured long and earnestly to preserve what the humble workman honoured.

On the south side of the cathedral, and near the gateway by which "the Rock" is entered, there stands a rudely-sculptured figure of St. Patrick—its patron saint; it is mounted on a huge stone, partially sculptured also; and here tradition states that the petty kings of Munster formerly paid their tribute to the superior potentate*. Our guide pointed out to us, with considerable ostentation, the marks made by the "rattling" of the coined gold, and added emphatically, "Ah, there were no absentees to take it from us in them days!"

The Round Tower is built of freestone, and not of limestone, as all the adjacent buildings are. It is fifty-six feet in circumference, and ninety feet in height; has four apertures at the top, and a doorway twelve feet from the ground. The cathedral consists of a choir, nave, and transepts, with a square tower in the centre. The greatest length, from east to west, is about two hundred and ten feet, and the breadth in the transepts is about a hundred and seventy feet. There are no side aisles, and the windows are of the lancet form, usual in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries†. The most

* "Sir James Ware, who lived so late as 1666, informs us that he has here seen the stone on which those potentates were inaugurated, and where, it is said, they received the tribute of their subordinate toparchs. From the latter circumstance the name of the place has been derived: *cashi-ol* being interpreted by some 'the stone of tribute;' but *cashiol* seems to be an original Celtic word, the same in all respects with the Latinised *castellum*, and the probability is that the place was so called from the castle or dun of the chieftain on its summit. A roll or schedule of the tribute payable here is still preserved; and the enumeration of the different articles of use and luxury which formed the rude substitute for rent is sufficiently curious—arms, clothing, provisions, live stock, and slaves, both male and female, being the dues ordinarily specified."

† "A century has not yet elapsed since this magnificent pile was doomed to destruction, and that by one who should have been its most zealous preserver. Archbishop Price, who succeeded to this see in 1744, and died in 1752, not being able, as tradition states, to drive in his carriage up the steep ascent to the church door, procured an act of parliament to remove the cathedral from the Rock of Cashel into the town, on which the roof was taken off for the value of the lead, and the venerable pile was abandoned to ruin!"

interesting relic on the Rock, however, is unquestionably Cormac's Chapel, not alone for its high antiquity, but for its exceedingly graceful proportions, and the high finish of its workmanship. It consists of a nave and choir, but has neither transepts nor lateral aisles. It is richly decorated in the Norman style of the time, both exteriorly and interiorly; and the entire length of the building is fifty-three feet. There are crypts between the arches of the choir and nave and the stone roof; and there is a square tower on each side of the building, at the junction of the nave and choir. It is entered by a curious Saxon doorway, decorated with zig-zag and head ornaments *.

Let the reader then imagine the beautiful pile of sacred edifices crowning the entire summit of a huge limestone rock, completely isolated and occasionally precipitous, standing in the midst of a luxuriant country, "the Golden Vale," and commanding an extensive prospect—bounded on one side by the lofty range of the Galtee mountains, but permitting upon all other sides the eye to wander over miles upon miles of a richly cultivated and proverbially productive land; the picturesque effect of which, however, is essentially impaired by the total absence of trees.

If the adjacent country is seen to great advantage from the rock, the rock and its time-honoured structures have a remarkably fine effect beheld from any point of approach. In the accompanying print, the whole of its leading features have been skilfully introduced; its dilapidated gateway, the surrounding wall, the cathedral, the chapel, the castellated palace, and the round tower; and the artist has exhibited the wretched hovels that shelter at its base. We entered one of them; it consisted of a single dark room, without a window; the walls thick with the gathered smoke of years; and a miserable bed, com-

* Dr. Ledwich selected Cormac's Chapel as a subject upon which to found his essay on the "stone-roofed churches of the Irish."

posed of a few boards placed a few inches above the clay floor, on which a few handfuls of dirty straw had been thinly scattered.

A few years ago the tourist was compelled to describe the Rock of Cashel as an assemblage of ruins, utterly abandoned to the attacks of time, to be examined only by "forcing a passage through nettles and rank weeds, and over huge masses of stone and mortar." Recently, however, as we have intimated, this reproach has been removed from Cashel; the late Archdeacon Cotton (the name should be preserved for the gratitude of posterity) devoted his whole time and energy, and expended largely his private means, to preserve from further injury every portion of the venerable structures. He contrived, by great and continual labour, to collect together an immense mass of broken carved stones, which he has so judiciously and skilfully joined, that many of the figures in basso rilievo now appear almost as perfect as when, centuries ago, they were placed in the building; these he has fixed in the various walls so as effectually to protect them against any future assaults of the spoiler *.

* We rejoice to find a desire to protect from further injury such relics of the olden time now very prevalent throughout Ireland; and that the peasantry are beginning to regard old castles as something more than a depository of stones to be used as occasion offers. This feeling, however, is only gradually operating for their preservation; much may be done to strengthen it, by a little attention, and perhaps some small expense, on the

The ruins of Hore Abbey exist in a good state of preservation in the vale, directly under "the Rock." The steeple is large, and about twenty feet square on the inside; the east window is small and plain, and in the inside walls are some remains of stalls: the nave is sixty feet long and twenty-three broad; and on each side was an arcade of three Gothic arches,

the north side whereof is levelled, with lateral aisles, which were about thirteen feet broad: on the south side of the steeple is a small door leading into an open part about thirty feet long and twenty-four broad; the side walls are much broken, and in the gable end is a long window; there is a small division on the north side of the steeple, with a low arched apartment, which seems to have been a confessional, as there are niches in the walls with apertures. The artist has supplied us with drawings of both the exterior and interior of this structure. It was founded for Cistercians, in 1272, by David Mac Carvill, Archbishop of Cashel, and endowed with the

part of the gentry. We assisted not long since to convince a farmer that a crom-leach which stood in the middle of his field was not only no inconvenience to him, but that consigning it to the hands of the blaster, which he had actually done, was an insult and an injury to his country. A few weeks ago we visited, in the neighbourhood of Belfast, a spot long famous in history as the site of a stronghold of the O'Neils, which at one period classed among the most interesting remains in the kingdom. Scarcely a vestige of it now remains. In reference to its removal we heard the following anecdote:—The late Marquis of Londonderry, to whom it belonged, being very desirous to preserve it, sent an order to his steward to build a wall round the place in which it stood. The order was obeyed to the letter: but the steward imagining that the easiest and least expensive mode was the best, took down the stones of the old castle, and with them built a wall round its foundations.

revenues of the Benedictines, who were expelled by him out of "the abbey of the rock of Cashel, near the cathedral of Saint Patrick *." He also united to it the Hospital for Lepers, built by David Le Latimer, about the year 1230, the ruins of which are still visible, standing in a field on the road to Cahir.

Second only in interest and also in architectural beauty to the ruins of Cashel, is the Abbey of Holy Cross, distant about seven miles from the city, and three from the flourishing town of Thurles. It is situated on the "gentle Suire," and is said to owe its origin as well as its name to the possession of a piece of the true cross; which, according to O'Halloran (who does not give his authority, and whose own is not entitled to much credit), was sent, covered with gold and set with precious stones, about the year 1110, by Pope Pascal the Second as a present to Donough O'Brien, monarch of Ireland, and grandson of Brien Boru. The circumstance, however, is by no means improbable; for gifts of the kind were undoubtedly transmitted from Rome to some of the provincial Irish kings about the same period; and it is certain that a relic with attributes of peculiar sanctity was preserved in the abbey for centuries, and it is said to be in existence even to this day †. The abbey was originally founded in the year 1182, for Cistercian monks, by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, and not by his son, Donogh Cairbreach, as stated by Archdall, Ledwich, Gough, and other compilers, as may be seen from the foundation charter, which still exists, and is given at length in the Monasticon Anglicanum, beginning thus:—"Donald, by the grace of God, King of Limerick, to all Kings, Dukes, Earls, Barons, Knights, and Christians of whatsoever degree throughout Ireland, perpetual greeting in Christ." This Charter is signed by Christian, Bishop of Lismore, Legate of the Holy See, in Ireland; M. Archbishop of Cashel, and B. Bishop of Limerick.

From the earliest period the abbey was endowed with peculiar privileges;

* There exists a singular tradition connected with the building; it is to be read in a record in Birmingham Tower, in Dublin, in the following words: "In the time of David Mac Carvill, Archbishop of Cashel, there was a certain Abbey of Black Monks near the cathedral church of Saint Patrick, founded in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary, and the aforesaid David having told his mother that he was warned in a dream that the said black monks would cut off his head, did, by the advice of his mother, remove those monks, and gave their lands and possessions to the new abbey which he had founded."

† Mr. Petrie informs us—and there cannot be a better authority—that "the identical piece of the cross still exists; it is in the possession of the Roman Catholic clergy of the place, and is described by Doctor Milner as being about two inches and a half long, and about half an inch broad, but very thin. It is inserted in the lower shaft of an archiepiscopal cross made of some curious wood, and inclosed in a gilt case. The Doctor also informs us that this relic was preserved from sacrilege in the reign of Henry the Eighth, by the Ormond family, and by them transmitted to the family of Kavenagh, a surviving descendant of which has deposited it in the hands of its present keepers." It appears from Camden, and other writers, that the crowd of persons who thronged to this abbey, from reverence to the holy relic preserved there, was incredible; nor were these persons exclusively of the lower or middle ranks of society, but included the greatest nobility of the land. In 1559, the great O'Neil made a pilgrimage here, as did one of the Desmonds in 1579.

THE ABBEY OF HOLY CROSS,

TIPPERARY

and its charter was confirmed by the Kings, John, Henry the Third, Edward the Third, and Richard the Second, respectively.

The abbot was a Peer of Parliament, and styled Earl of Holy-cross. At the Dissolution, its extensive possessions were granted to Gerald, Earl of Ormond, *in capite*, at the annual rent of £15 10*s.* 4*d.* The abbey, with part of the adjacent land, is now the property of the Rev. Doctor Wall, Fellow of Trinity College, who has so far cared for its preservation, as to place an iron gate to the principal entrance; with little advantage, however, for the broken walls afford easy access to intruders—as we can ourselves testify—for during our visit, we saw a parcel of idle boys amusing themselves by pelting stones at the carved mullions and pillars, one of which had been very recently broken by a mischievous scoundrel who must have exerted no considerable strength to deface it. As a monastic ruin (we borrow from Mr. Petrie), the abbey of Holy Cross ranks in popular esteem as one of the first, if not the very first, in Ireland. But though many of its architectural features are of remarkable beauty, it is perhaps as a whole scarcely deserving of so high a character; and its effect upon the mind is greatly diminished by the cabins and other objects of a mean character by which it is nearly surrounded. Like most monastic structures of considerable importance, its general form is that of a cross, consisting of a nave, chancel, and transept, with a lofty square belfry at the intersection of the cross: but it is distinguished from other structures of the kind in having in both of its transepts two distinct chapels beautifully groined—a feature which imparts much interest and picturesqueness to the general effect. Between two of these chapels and the south transept there is a double row of three pointed arches, supported by twisted pillars, each distant about two feet four inches from the other, and having a similar pointed arch in front. The object of this singular feature has given rise to much conjecture, but the more rational opinion seems to be, that it was designed as a resting-place for the dead bodies of the monks and other persons previously to interment in the abbey, or its cemetery.

In addition to this, the interior of the church has another very unique and remarkable feature, namely, that the choir arch is not placed as usual beneath the tower, but thirty feet in advance of it, thus making the choir of greater

length by fourteen feet than the nave, which is but fifty-eight feet long, the entire length of the church being one hundred and thirty feet. This peculiarity appears, however, to be an after-thought, and not the design of the original architect, which was evidently to limit, as usual, the length of the choir to the arch in front of the tower, and the second arch is unquestionably of more modern construction. The steeple rests on four beautifully groined arches, the supporters of which are connected in the centre by a great variety of ogives passing diagonally from their angles; and the roof of the choir, as well as those of the side chapels, is similarly enriched. The nave appears to have been of meaner architecture, and has lost its roof; but it has aisles formed by four pointed arches on each side, and which lead into the transepts. Of the windows in this church we may observe generally, that they are of very elegant taste of design.

Several of the family tombs contained in the abbey are of very elegant character; the most remarkable of them, however, is that which tradition assigns to Donald More O'Brien, King of Limerick, its founder—an error, to the propagation of which O'Halloran, Campbell, Ledwich, and Archdall lent themselves. There is now no doubt that it was erected by, and to the memory of, a member of either the House of Ormond or of Desmond*. The monument is of exceeding beauty—it is, indeed, considered the most beautiful in Ireland; but, unhappily, it has been much injured, we were informed, by a party of recruits, who, with their serjeant, were marching through the village some twenty years ago: the idle vagabonds, having nothing better to do, employed themselves by battering the canopy, the pillars, and the arches, with the butt-ends of their muskets.

* The two great Irish antiquaries are at issue upon this subject. Mr. Petrie contends, that the monument is to the memory of Eleanor, daughter of James, the second Earl of Ormond, who married in 1359, by the king's command, Gerald, the fourth Earl of Desmond; while Sir William Betham "ventures to assert," that "the monument in question is not the tomb of the Countess of Desmond, or any of her family, but that of Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of Gerald, Earl of Kildare, who was the first wife of James, the fourth Earl of Ormond. This, indeed," he adds, "removes all difficulties; all the escutcheons of arms are in perfect order and position. The royal arms of England show the descent of the Butlers from the Plantagenets; the Butler coat is on the husband's side; the Fitzgeralds on the wife's; the cross on the first escutcheon may be, and possibly was, intended to represent that of St. George. The lady," he farther observes, "to whom I assign this monument, died about the year 1400. The architecture is of that period; and, as above stated, the heraldry tells the tale exactly."

We have devoted considerable space to descriptions of the famous ecclesiastical structures of Tipperary county; first, because they rank among the most celebrated and beautiful in Ireland; and next because as we are passing into districts where such relics are less numerous, and less conspicuous, we shall not again have so much occasion for dwelling upon this branch of our subject.

The only other towns of note in the county, are Thurles, in the northern division, and Nenagh, in the north-west; the latter has been recently converted into an assize town—an act of tardy justice—for previously, a "summons to court" was the infliction of a grievous injury, involving, as it did, a journey of nearly 140 miles.

Tipperary is an inland county; comprising, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 1,013,173 statute acres; of which 819,698 consist of cultivated land, 182,147 of bog, mountain, and waste, and 11,328 are covered with water. The population was, in 1821, 346,896; and in 1831, 402,363. Its boundaries are, on the north, Galway and the King's County; on the south, Waterford; on the east, the King's and Queen's Counties; and on the west, Cork, Limerick, and Clare; its separation from the latter county being effected by the Shannon and Lough Derg. It is divided into the baronies of Clanwilliam, Eliogathy, Iffa and Offa, east and west, Ikerrin, Kilnemanagh, Middlethird, Lower Ormond, Upper Ormond, Owny and Arra, and Slieveardagh.

Although the southern division of Tipperary has been, at all times, rather peaceable than disturbed, the northern district has long been notorious for its state of insubordination. It is impossible for us to leave the county without some notice of the lawless associations that have been, from time to time, the bane of Ireland; checking the full and free flow of its healthy blood, and tending most effectually to retard its onward march in civilisation. We are sufficiently aware that the subject is to be approached with extreme caution; for, unhappily, the evil, though of remote origin, still exists, and still receives apology if not justification, and, indirectly, sanction if not encouragement, from persons to whom the peasantry look for counsel, guidance, and sympathy *.

* We ask, is it possible that any comparatively unenlightened and unreflecting man—especially if his mind be exasperated by the infliction of a real or imaginary wrong—can read the following passage, from a speech delivered by Mr. O'Connell at a recent meeting of "Repealers" in Dublin, without finding a ready excuse for the crime of assassination he has either committed or contemplated?—"Mr. O'Connell alluded to the ejection of tenants in Ireland, and its consequences. He said landlords were murderers, although they did not use the dagger or the musket, when they turned out their poor tenants with their families to starve. In his opinion, it was a more cruel murder when the poor man and his wretched family perished by famine and typhus

Arthur Young affirms, that "no such thing as a Leveller or Whiteboy was heard of till 1760, which was long after the landing of Thurot, or the intended expedition of Conflans;" and he labours to prove, that Whiteboy combinations were in no degree connected with the attempts of the Stuart family to regain the crown of England. His Tour in Ireland was made in 1776, and the three years following; and about the same period Dr. Campbell, another enlightened traveller, arrived at a like conclusion. But Arthur Young subsequently admits, that "they were heard of in the south under other names, before Thurot and Conflans." Mr. Lewis, in his work "On Local Disturbances in Ireland" (published in 1836), expresses himself strongly to the same effect. But that these illegal associations *originated* in the sudden scattering of an army, half soldiers and half peasants, disbanded after the surrender of Limerick and the termination of the war which gave the British throne to William the Third, can scarcely, we think, admit of doubt. Mr. Crofton Croker, who has devoted much time and attention to the subject, has placed in our hands the results of his inquiries, and an immense mass of documentary evidence in support of this opinion; they afford convincing proofs that although no rebellious movement of importance in favour of the royal exiled race appears to have convulsed Ireland, the "unbroken," "sullen" allegiance of that country, and the "tacit" conduct of the Roman Catholics must not be understood as meaning that the Irish people were inactive in the

fever. Nobody had yet heard any account as to whom Lord Norbury was murdered by. He (Mr. O'Connell) believed it could not even yet be proved that that dreadful deed was done by one of that class called the people. Nobody had yet heard who had murdered Mr. Hall or Mr. Butler Bryan. Those murders were not worse than those committed by the landlord in turning out their poor tenantry. ***Both were murders.*** It was the duty of the Repeal Association to put an end to both. What was the remedy? Was it the police or the army? Why, the police and army were on the side of the murderers. ***They actually tempted the landlords to commit murder with impunity.*** Were the police or the army any protection to the landlords? Why, it was in the parts of the country which were filled with police that the landlords who were murdered had lived. He (Mr. O'Connell) stood there on the part of his country to put an end to that. To set his face against that destruction of human life." We cannot for a moment believe, that Mr. O'Connell would seriously counsel murder; but he ought to know, that in every part of the country there are unprincipled men willing and eager to construe his dangerous language into an actual warrant to murder, where a murder had been committed "by the landlord in turning out his poor tenantry." According, indeed, to the common-sense reading of the passage, it is but "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." The unfortunate effect of this speech, too, is greatly enhanced by the nature of the three events to which the speaker referred as illustrating his case;—both Lord Norbury and Mr. Hall were emphatically *good landlords*—men who laboured for the improvement of their estates and the welfare of their tenantry; and, perhaps, no crime has ever been perpetrated under circumstances that admit of less excuse or apology than the murder of Mr. Butler Bryan—the most recent murder that has occurred. Let us picture a village demagogue—and there are few villages in the south without, at least, one—carrying to his club the newspaper that contains the speech, reading and commenting upon the passages we have quoted; and telling the misguided persons over whom he has influence, that this consolation to men who have murdered, and to those who intend to murder, is given to them by no less a person than "the Liberator," the "advocate," the "protector," and the "regenerator" of Ireland.

support given to the cause of the Pretender, or that, though sullen and silent spectators, they were indifferent to the result of momentous struggles for the crown of England.

"That the Roman Catholics of Ireland should have been Jacobites almost to a man is little wonderful; indeed the wonder would be were it otherwise. They had lost everything fighting for the cause of the Stuarts, and the conqueror had made stern use of the victory. But while various movements in favour of that unhappy family were made in England and Scotland, Ireland was quiet—not indeed from want of inclination, but from want of power. The Roman Catholics were disarmed throughout the entire island, and the Protestants, who retained a fierce hatred of the exiled family, were armed and united."

The severe laws against the Roman Catholics (now happily remembered only as the "Penal Code") which followed the accession of William III. had doomed that class of British subjects to such rigid restrictions as to property, to the possession of arms, to education, to the exercise of their religion, even to freedom of action in the ordinary transactions of life, and had placed them so completely under the surveillance of Protestant landlords, that a combined insurrection of any considerable extent could not possibly have been effected by a prostrate and fettered body whose slightest action was watched with a keen and distrustful eye.

Between France and Ireland the friendship which had previously existed ripened into an absolute attachment, from the support given by the French to the cause of James II.; and this attachment was strengthened by the emigration of upwards of nineteen thousand men after the siege of Limerick, who left Ireland with no other dependence than their swords, and whose subsequent actions in the service of France and other countries established the military character of Irishmen, and made the name of the Irish brigade famous in the history of Europe*.

Within the last eighty years there was scarcely a Catholic family in Ireland that had not relations or connexions in the pay of France and other foreign countries. Many of these adventurers had risen to fame and fortune,

* "Europe, at the close of the last century," [1699,] says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, in the dedication of his History of Ireland to the Irish troops in the service of France [1758]—"Europe was astonished to behold your fathers quit the enjoyments of a fertile country, renounce the advantages which an illustrious birth had endowed them with in their native land, and tear themselves away from their possessions, their consanguinity, their friendships, and all that nature and fortune could render most dear. She was astonished to see them, deaf to the offers of a liberal Usurper, follow the steps of a fugitive king, and seek with him in distant climes fatigue and danger; contented in their misfortunes, as it gave proof of their fidelity to their unhappy masters."

as the names of Sarsfield, O'Donnell, Nugent, Dillon, O'Reilly, Mac Carthy, and others (" whose valour," to quote the words of Swift,

——" Still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns")

sufficiently attest. For the Irish members of such families a foreign military appointment was regarded as the surest road to honourable advancement, of which under the severe pressure of the penal statutes there was no prospect at home. The Roman Catholic clergy too were all educated abroad; some of them indeed scarcely spoke the English language, or with " difficulty and reluctance," although they had acquired the tongues of other countries fluently. " The language, the literature, the manners, and the character of those among whom the spring-time of their lives was passed (the words quoted are those of a Roman Catholic writer*) had attractions which gained a permanency from the gratitude that mingled with their remembrance; and many of them had advanced into years before they returned to the obscurity and degradation to which they were condemned by their domestic tyrants. Not a few renounced home and kindred, the scenes of infancy and endearment, that they might enjoy liberty of conscience abroad, and have their merits recognised and rewarded by strangers; whilst they who returned to their native country were obliged to wear out their days amidst a peasantry ignorant through necessity and degraded because of their ignorance."

Of this persecution, the impolicy was thus ably pointed out by the illustrious Edmund Burke†. "The Roman Catholic clergy, concealed in garrets of private houses, or obliged to take shelter (hardly safe to themselves but infinitely dangerous to their country) under the privileges of foreign ministers, officiated as their servants, and under their protection. The whole body of Catholics, condemned to beggary and ignorance in their native land, have been obliged to learn the principles of letters, at the hazard of their other principles, from the charity of your enemies." However sufficient the reasons stated may have been to render the Roman Catholic clergy disaffected towards the Hanoverian succession, there was another and a still more obvious one, perhaps not generally known, arising out of the circumstance that promotion in the Irish Roman Catholic church depended on the nomination of the Pretender to the Pope. The natural consequence was that, with scarcely an exception, the Roman Catholic Priests in Ireland gave all the support in their power to the agents of him from whom their professional advancement was derived or was to be expected.

* Rev. Thomas R. England's Life of O'Leary.

† Speech to the Electors of Bristol, 1780.

Until the Stuarts had abandoned all hope of recovering the crown of England, and this does not appear to have been until some time after the peace of 1763, the state of Ireland presented an anomaly scarcely to be explained. Nominally part of the British dominions, she was actually in alliance with the enemies of England; and the opinion of Lord Chesterfield, in April, 1746, with reference to the Pretender, is that of an able politician: "Even the manner," said his lordship, "in which he (the Pretender), has been assisted by those powers who encourage him to the attempt, must convince him, that he has now been what he ever will be, only the occasional tool of their politics, not the real object of their care."

From the year 1694, in fact immediately after the arrival of the Irish Brigade in France, to 1760, when a body of French landed at Carrickfergus, and aroused England to the designs of France, a regular traffic was carried on from the seaports of the south of Ireland, in recruiting the troops of France and other nations. This traffic was then as notorious as the slave trade of our times, and as difficult to check. Contractors for Irish recruits undertook to supply a certain number of men, providing vessels for their transport to France or Spain. The men they succeeded in alluring to embark voluntarily were known by the name of "wild geese;" but failing to procure a flock to the extent calculated on and bargained for, the contractors had recourse to kidnapping, and forcibly carried off full-fledged young men, to complete the number they had undertaken to provide. Both proceedings were equally illegal, and several proclamations were issued by the government on the subject of enlisting men for the service of foreign powers; but although the agents of the contractors were sometimes detected and punished, the principals generally escaped, owing to the secret countenance and assistance given to them by powerful neighbours, the daring character of the contractors themselves, and the policy of the government, which, conscious of its own weakness, dreaded to enter into a contest even with an individual who, supported by his immediate dependants, was generally able to resist the small body of military that could conveniently be marched against him, and might possibly receive foreign aid*. That such should have been the state of affairs in

* An episode in the history of the period—about 1750—exhibits so vivid a picture of the state of Irish society, in which, to use a national phrase, "the strong hand" was resorted to on all occasions, that we avail ourselves of Mr. Croker's permission to print it from his MS.

Morty Oge O'Sullivan was the head of a junior branch of the house of O'Sullivan Bere, and had been a Captain of Hungarian Grenadiers in the Austrian service, but, on the death of his father, had returned to reside on his property in Ireland. His residence was at a place called Inch, on the southern shore of the river Kenmare. Smuggling then as until lately prevailed to a great extent in that part of the country, and Morty Oge took his full share of the risks and profits of the contraband trade. On returning from one of his expedi-

Ireland, not a hundred years ago, may startle the generality of English readers; nor will such surprise be lessened when it is asserted, that during the periods

tions, his vessel, a sloop or large hooker, was attacked by the revenue officers. Morty and his party resisted, and fired upon and killed some of the assailants, and drove off the rest.

The Sheriff for the county of Cork at the period was a Mr. Puxley (the descendant of one of Cromwell's officers), who had obtained large grants of land in Berehaven. He resided at Dunboy, near the site of the ancient castle of the O'Sullivan Bere, in the neighbourhood of Morty Oge. The defeated revenue folk fled to the Sheriff's house and demanded assistance. Though Puxley had surrounded himself with a body guard in the persons of a number of Protestant settlers whom he had brought from Ulster, he did not think himself strong enough to attack Morty Oge, but in the discharge of his duty had him outlawed. Morty as soon as he became aware of Puxley's proceedings sent him a challenge, and on the Sheriff's refusing to meet him, declared that he would force him to fight. Puxley had been in Cork, and on his road homewards on horseback, having his wife on a pillion behind him, and followed by a mounted servant, was met by Morty Oge, accompanied by one of his foster-brothers. They had been waiting his approach, at a forge not far from the entrance to Dunboy House. Both Puxley and his servant had pistols, and Morty and his companion were similarly armed. Morty stopped Puxley's horse, and saying that they were equally armed, called upon him to alight and fight him, adding that his foster-brother would fight the servant. This invitation to mortal combat was declined, Puxley observing he would have nothing to do with him, at the same time endeavouring to pass him by, and putting his hand to one of his own pistols. As he drew it from the holster, O'Sullivan fired and shot him through the head. He and his foster-brother then withdrew, and left the widow and servant with the body. On the news of this affair reaching Cork, a party was immediately detatched to seize O'Sullivan, and a price set on his head. However, he was always accompanied by twenty or thirty armed men, and had his spies so posted, that he was easily able to remove in time before the military could reach him. Several attempts were made to capture him, but he always either beat off or avoided the officers of the law, and continued for some years to live in Berehaven (as it is termed) "on his keeping."

The widow Puxley, who was indefatigable in her efforts to avenge the slaughter of her husband, at length found means to corrupt one of Morty's sentinels; and by his assistance a military party, accompanied by the armed Protestant tenants of the late Sheriff, were enabled to surround O'Sullivan's house. Its garrison was then summoned to surrender, but answered by firing a volley; and a regular battle commenced.

During the engagement some of the soldiers contrived to get close under the wall of the house at the rear, and were preparing to set fire to the thatch, when they were seen from a small window over their heads by one of Morty's foster-brothers, who informed him of the circumstance. 'Let me see,' said he, 'whether they are Ulster men or soldiers?' Having satisfied himself that they were soldiers, he desired that they might not be molested; remarking, that had they been Puxley's Ulster men, he would have shot the whole of them, but did not wish to kill the 'other poor devils who were fighting for their sixpence a day.' This piece of generosity was fatal to him, for in a moment after these very men succeeded in setting fire to the thatch.

The battle, however, still continued until the house was nearly burnt, when one of Morty's foster-brothers determined to sacrifice himself for the safety of the rest of the party. 'Give me your gold-laced hat,' said he to his chief, 'and I will rush out and fire among them and then endeavour to break through them. They will take me for you and follow, and in the confusion you can all rush out and escape.' Accordingly he made a sortie, with a pistol in each hand, shot a man to the right and left, and broke through the ranks of the assailants. All turned to pursue him, but he had not gone far before he was pierced by several bullets and fell.

The house now blazed so brightly that on coming up to the body, it was immediately known by the light not to be Morty's; and the party returned just as he himself rushed forth. He fired two shots at them, and fled by the end of the house towards the river Kenmare. Several shots were fired after him, without effect, and in all probability he would have escaped, for he had reached a large furze bush, which once passed would have shut him from the view of the soldiers; but instead of going on either side of it, he made a jump over, and while in the act received a ball through the body, and fell dead at the other side. Of his garrison two were taken, and the rest fled to the mountains. Morty's head was cut off and fixed on the jail of Cork.

A heap of stones marks the place where he fell, and another is piled on the spot where Puxley fell dead by his hand.

England was most actively at war with France and Spain, vessels of both these nations frequented the ports of the south and west of Ireland, taking in supplies of water and provisions, quietly refitting when damaged, and in some instances returning the civility shown to them by friendly entertainments to the inhabitants; although occasionally, when hostilely received or inhospitably treated, exercising the power of fire and sword *.

There can be, therefore, no doubt, that secret and lawless associations in Ireland originated in the disbanded troops, composed chiefly of armed peasants, which, in the war between William and James, were termed "Rapparees"—and who were in fact, as the name implies, formidable bands of "robbers," whose depredations the cessation of hostilities by no means terminated †.

In the course of twenty years the Rapparees were succeeded by the Houghers—a degenerate race, encouraged, if not organized, for a political purpose; and so long as their ebullition was allowed freely to escape into foreign services, little of the evil humour of their Irish constitution was obvious. The Abbé M'Geoghegan states, from official documents, that more than 450,000 Irishmen had died in the service of France between 1691 and 1745; and Mr. Newenham, who quotes and examines this statement in his "Inquiry into the Population of Ireland," thinks "that we are not sufficiently warranted in considering it as an exaggeration." When, however, the vent was interrupted—when this drain of the Roman Catholic youth ceased, from the exiled family, or from France, whose tools the Stuarts were, no longer requiring the services abroad of the disaffected Irish, they were loosely held together at home by agents in the pay of France, or speculators in expectation of being so, in the event of future operations.

* The system of recruiting for France rests upon unquestionable evidence. Captains Henry Ward and Francis Fitzgerald were hanged and quartered at the Gallows Green of Cork, on the 18th of April, 1722, for enlisting men for the service of the Pretender. On the 9th of June, and on the 16th of July, in the same year, Daniel Murphy and Patrick Sweeny were hanged at Cork for recruiting for the Pretender. These trials took place under a special commission. On the 14th of February, 1732, Captains Mooney and Maywick were executed at Stephen's Green, Dublin, for enlisting men for foreign service. On the 15th of April, 1749, Dennis Dunn was executed in Cork "for enlisting John M'Fall to be a sergeant in the French army." Two other executions took place in the same city for a similar offence, in April and May, 1752. In May, 1756, Patrick Croneen was also executed in Cork for a like crime. Cases of the kind might be easily multiplied.

† We have entered at some length into this matter, because Mr. Lewis, in his work on "Local Disturbances in Ireland," appears not to have been sufficiently aware of the facts upon which we have grounded our arguments. To his volume we shall again have occasion to refer. A more valuable publication has rarely issued from the press; there have been complaints that its tone is so liberal as to place upon it the stamp of "party," but his opinions are based exclusively upon facts; in his generous sympathy towards the Irish peasantry he has been surpassed by no writer; he reasons so closely, so clearly, and so justly, in reference to their sad condition, and appeals with so much judgment and sound sense to those upon whom the amelioration of their condition must depend, that his book should be consulted by all who are willing to sacrifice preconceived notions and impressions at the shrine of truth.

Although, however, such associations did, we think, unquestionably originate in political motives, they very soon lost this distinguishing characteristic —as vain and useless—and were applied to the attainment of objects more certainly and directly within their reach. A brief space will suffice to notice the several "societies" which, under their various distinctive names, have, up to the present moment, to a considerable extent, succeeded in setting the law at defiance.

The Whiteboys—whose origin we have derived from the scattered bands of Rapparees, that succeeded the war of the Revolution—"began," according to Arthur Young, "in Tipperary," and their aggressions were "owing to some inclosures of commons, which they threw down, levelling the ditches;" in consequence of which, they were first known by the name of "levellers." This opinion is borne out by Dr. Campbell, who says, "The original cause of the rising of the Whiteboys was this:—Some landlords in Munster set their lands to cottiers far above their value; and to lighten their burden allowed commonage to their tenants by way of recompense; afterwards, in despite of all equity, contrary to all compacts, the landlords inclosed these commons and precluded their unhappy tenants from the only means of making their bargains tolerable." Both writers admit that "at last they set up to be general redressers of grievances—punishing all obnoxious persons who advanced the value of lands or hired farms over their heads," going about the country "swearing many to be true to them, and forcing them to join by menaces, which they very often carried into execution;" in short, "taking the administration of justice into their own hands." They were called "levellers," because their ostensible object was to level the inclosures; and "whiteboys," from their "wearing their shirts over their coats, for the sake of distinction in the night*;" the former title being obviously the first.

The operations of the Whiteboys were principally limited to Munster; and

* The general character of their proceedings may be gathered from the preamble of an Irish act, passed in 1775, commonly called the "Whiteboy Act," which recites that, "It has frequently happened of late years, in different parts of this kingdom, that several persons calling themselves Whiteboys, and others, as well by night as in the day time, have, in a riotous, disorderly, and tumultuous manner, assembled together, and have abused and injured the persons, habitations, and properties of many of his majesty's loyal and faithful subjects, and have taken away and carried away their horses and arms, and have compelled them to surrender up, quit, and leave their habitations, farms, and places of abode; and have, with threats and violence, imposed sundry oaths and solemn declarations contrary to law, and solicited several of his majesty's subjects, by threats and promises, to join with them in such their mischievous and iniquitous proceedings; and have also sent threatening and incendiary letters to several persons, to the great terror of his majesty's peaceable subjects; and have taken upon themselves to obstruct the exportation of corn, grain, meal, malt, and flour, and to destroy and damage the same when intended for exportation; and have also destroyed mills, granaries, and store-houses provided for the keeping of corn; which, if not effectually prevented, must become dangerous to the general peace of this kingdom, and his majesty's government therein."

they were continued from the year 1760 to perhaps the year 1775. In 1785, however, they re-appeared under the name of "Right-boys," and in imitation of their predecessors administered unlawful oaths, regulated the prices of land and labour, opposed the collection of taxes, and especially directed themselves to "the reformation of tithes." Those who resisted were subjected to horrible tortures; their favourite punishment being to bury their victim up to the head in a grave filled with thorns and then to cut his ears off. These classes were chiefly confined to the south; within the same period, however, the north had been placed in a state of insubordination by the "Steel-boys," and the "Oak-boys." The Steel-boys had their source thus:—An absentee nobleman of the county of Antrim, holding vast possessions, resolved upon raising a large sum of money by letting leases at small rents, but receiving large fines; a considerable portion of the tenants were unable to procure sums sufficient to obtain renewals, and "rose against the forestallers." They said they would pay for their farms in steel, and were called Steel-boys. The origin of the Oak-boys is more curious:—The public roads in Ireland were formerly repaired by the "labour of the householders." Each householder was compelled by law to give six days' labour in the year. They complained, first, that the rich were exempted from the work, and next, that "the sweat of their brows had been wasted upon private roads;" in 1764, they rose against the regulation, and from the oaken branches which they wore in their hats were denominated Oak-boys. In the next year the law was altered, and "with the cause of discontent the disturbance was removed." The evil complained of by the Steel-boys being also naturally of brief duration, both these illegal associations were easily suppressed. The "Peep-of-day-boys" also originated in the north, about the year 1785; and owed their title to their custom of visiting the houses of Roman Catholics, at day-break, in search of arms; they were met by a counter association, "the Defenders,"—a name which explains itself. The latter from being a defensive soon became an aggressive body; and at length were partly dissolved and partly absorbed into the body of United Irishmen, till they were finally lost in the more important movement that gave rise to the rebellion of 1798; "since which time," observes Mr. Lewis, "their society has been revived under the name of Ribbonmen."

Since the Union, however, a variety of other "societies," under various names, have existed in several parts of Ireland—independent of any avowed political object; thus we have had "the Thrashers," in Connaught; which became so formidable, that, according to the charge of Chief Justice Bushe, in 1806, the king's judges could not move through the country upon a special commission except under a military escort, nor a criminal be executed till a

general officer had marched from a distant quarter at the head of a strong force to support the civil power; the Terry Alts, in Clare; the Carders (so called from the custom of flaying their victims with a wool-card); the Rockites; the Moyle Rangers; the Paddeen Cars; and the Caravets and Shanavests *.

Now we do not hesitate to express our strong and decided conviction, that of all these societies—including that of the Ribbonmen, the existence of which at the present moment to an enormous extent and with an infinity of ramifications no rational person can doubt—there has not been one that was influenced by, or designed to influence, Religion; but that the sole object of their jurisdiction is—LAND; and that in issuing their mandates, administering their laws, and executing their sentences, no regard, whatever, is given to the consideration whether the object of them be Catholic or Protestant, or whether his politics be on the popular side or against it†.

In former times, unfortunately, the system too generally adopted by landlords in Ireland was such, as to excite sympathy for the inflictor of vengeance, rather than for the victim of it; but, unhappily, now that the old custom of "clearing estates," without care for the after-fate of the occupiers, is comparatively a dead letter—belonging to history almost as completely as the Penal Laws—we do not find that the terrible evil has in any great degree lessened; but that, on the contrary, the landowner who seeks to exercise a just and equitable right over his property—even where such exercise is beneficial to the country and to those who rise against it—is as liable to the visit of the assassin as the most inconsiderate, or unmerciful oppressor.

* The following is extracted from the report of a trial which took place at Clonmel, in 1811, before a special commission. A man of the name of James Slattery was under examination. "Which is the oldest party?" "The Caravets were going on two years before the Shanavests stirred." "Why are they called Caravet?"—"A man of the name of Hanley was hanged; he was prosecuted by the Shanavests, and Pauddeen Car said he wouldn't leave the place of execution till he saw the *caravet* about the fellow's neck; and from that time they were called Caravets." "For what offence was Hanley hanged?"—"For burning the house of a man who had taken land over his neighbour's head." "Hanley was the leader of the Caravets?"—"Before he was hanged his party was called the Moyle Rangers; the Shanavests were called Paddeen Car's party." "Why were they called Shanavests?"—"Because they wore old waistcoats."

† Mr. Lewis has taken considerable pains to show, that "the absence of all religious hostility in the outrages committed by the Whiteboys, is established by the most unvarying and unimpeachable testimony." He is borne out in his assertion by the safest authorities; Mr. Baron Foster, Mr. Blackburne, Mr. Justice Day, and a host of equally unobjectionable witnesses—all of whom state in nearly similar words, that "Religion is totally out of the case; the outrages being inflicted with the most perfect impartiality upon Catholics and Protestants." A gentleman with whom we spent some days at Cahir, who has large property in Tipperary, and particularly in the northern part of it, assured us of his entire conviction that if the most popular man in Ireland were to take land in Tipperary and eject a tenant in possession, "his life would not be worth a month's purchase." A few years ago the brother of a Roman Catholic bishop was murdered. The two latest murders were of persons holding liberal opinions, and invariably acting with the liberal party; in fact, it is needless to occupy space with proofs in support of our position—they are sufficiently numerous and notorious.

In considering this melancholy and embarrassing subject, it should never be lost sight of, that although in England a tenant who cannot or will not pay his rent, and is therefore removed from his holding, may either become a day-labourer or obtain land elsewhere, in Ireland the case is different. The peasant has his "bit of land," out of which to procure the means by which he and his family are to exist; during a large portion of the year he can obtain no employment, and the potatoes he digs keep them alive until work comes round. If deprived of it, he cannot, or rather dare not, seek for ground elsewhere: for if he eject another holder, his doom is sealed. "Land is to the Irish peasant (we quote from the evidence of Mr. Blackburne, the present Attorney-General for Ireland) a necessary of life, the alternative being starvation." He reasons, that

> "You do take his life, if you do take
> The means by which he lives;"

and having been taught to believe that "the state is not his friend, nor the state's law," he is easily persuaded, by men who have deeper designs to answer than he has, that vengeance is but "wild justice," and that in committing murder he only punishes a murderer.

We do not hesitate to affirm—and our conviction is formed after visiting nearly every county of Ireland—that the landlords who must be characterized as bad landlords are now very limited in number. Public opinion and improved habits, have equally wrought to produce an altered state of things; and the "middle-men"—the evil productions of a long continued evil system—have nearly, if not altogether, vanished from the country. Some details in reference to them may not be uninteresting to our readers.

A middle-man was usually, in his origin, "one of the people," who having made money, took a farm, or an estate—rented a hundred, or, as was often the case, a thousand acres; the landlord in chief, generally an absentee, looked to him alone for the payment of his half-yearly rent, and knew nothing whatever of the condition of the cottiers who dwelt upon his estate; if we add that he cared nothing, as well as knew nothing, we shall not be far from the truth: for while pursuing a course of pleasure in the metropolis—in Dublin, sometimes, but in London more frequently—he was far away from the sight of their sufferings—

> "And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
> Intrude upon his ear?"

The peasantry badly housed, badly clothed, badly fed, were in no way necessary either to his luxuries or his necessities; the middle-man was always a punctual paymaster, and he was the only person upon his estate with whom the

landlord was brought into contact, or called upon to correspond. This middle-man had to transmit to his employer perhaps three or four thousand pounds —often more—every year. And how was he to procure it? First, his system was to parcel out the estate into small bits—seldom more than two or three acres to each, but generally averaging an acre. These "bits" were invariably let annually, and never on lease; the occupier, therefore, had no temptation to cultivate the land. His slip of ground seldom bore any other produce than potatoes; these were designed solely for the consumption of his own household and the support of a pig, which, if it lived, and no unusual misfortune attended the family, was "to pay the rent." Of course, the land was let at the highest possible rate, and to the highest or most thoughtless bidder; the middle-man had to pay the landlord, and to grow rich himself; as the tenant was invariably in arrear, he was at all times in the power of the middle-man; and the putting on a new coat, the addition of a trifling article of furniture, or the appearance of anything like comfort in or around his dwelling, was a sure and certain notice that the bailiff would be "down upon him" ere the sun had set. This infamous system is, as we have said, almost at an end; out of it arose the wretchedness of the Irish peasantry, and unhappily it originated a war between landlord and tenant, the effects of which have not disappeared with the cause *.

* The general want of employment, and the consequent anxiety of obtaining for their families the means of even temporary subsistence, produced such an eagerness on the part of the peasantry to get possession of land, as to induce them to engage for the payment of a rent, which the crops, even under the most favourable circumstances, must have failed to yield. This circumstance was too frequently taken advantage of; and the ultimate ruin of the miscalculating tenant was the invariable result. Land has, from these causes, been let for double or treble the amount paid by the original lessee. The contract proceeded—the first year closed—a portion of the promised rent, perhaps the full value of the land, was forthcoming and paid; but an arrear was noted by the middle-man's clerk against the defaulting tenant; a second year progressed—at its termination, an addition to the arrear was also noted—perhaps a third was permitted to expire; this being dependent on the supposed value of the stock—the cow, the horse, the couple of sheep, and, of course, the pig. When the arrear amounted to the supposed value of these, then came down the thunders of the law to dispossess the unfortunate tenant, deprive him of the entire of his worldly goods and clothes, and drive him, with his miserable family, to starve or beg by the wayside; the middle-man himself being, in most instances, the purchaser of the "stock" at less than half its value: for who at a public "cant" (auction), and under his own nose, would attempt to bid against his "honour!"

This is no fancy sketch; we have witnessed many such scenes as we have here attempted, though very inadequately, to pencil. We will venture one picture a little more in detail, premising, however, that our portraiture has reference to some twenty years ago. An aged peasant, borne down by misfortune and suffering, appeared at the GREAT MAN'S gate. His little all had, on the day previous, been submitted to the process of distraint for rent; and what was the prayer of that aged man, as he presented himself at the close approximation of winter, with scarce a rag to cover his attenuated form—what was his prayer? The reader might suppose him armed with protestations of present inability, and promises of future re-imbursement, supplicating for permission to retain possession of his miserable cabin. Not so—well he seemed to know the utter inutility of such pleadings. These extended not beyond the little heap of "pratics," occupying one corner of the cabin, not now his—the result of his yearly toil, as the only resource of his family for the approaching winter.

The poor peasant, therefore, who sees no prospect but that of absolute starvation in the removal from his small holding, may claim sympathy from the generous and considerate; but it is sufficiently notorious that cases of this

And we saw that aged outcast depart from the comparatively splendid dwelling of that *hard* man; his tears descending in copious streams down his furrowed cheeks in the extremity of utter destitution. We have premised that this is no fancy sketch; we will not introduce names in verification of its truth; but we may add, that many in the parish of Skull, in West Carbery, still live, who could not only attest the general accuracy of the picture, but add to it many more harrowing details. And that cruel and merciless despoiler of the poor lived to accumulate enormous wealth—to be dissipated by his immediate successors.

We may add to this, another anecdote—premising that it owes very little indeed to our imagination.

We remember once passing by an Irish cottage on the estate of an absentee landlord, whose agent had distrained for rent; the family were of the very poor. A mother, whose husband was only recovering from the 'sickness,' as typhus fever is always called, staggered from beneath the doorway, not from any weakness of her own, but from her efforts to support the wreck of what had been, a few years before, the finest young man in the parish. She was followed by two little children, the small remnant of her family—*three* had been carried to the grave by the disease from which the father was recovering; it was beautiful to see how that pale, thin, deep-eyed woman suffocated her own feelings with the affection she bore her husband. 'Don't cry afther the poor place, childre dear; sure th' Almighty is above us all,—and this last throuble has been sent in good time, whin there's not *so many of us to bear it.* The could earth is heavy enough on Kathleen and Matty and Michael, but the throuble of this day would be heavier—for they were made up of feeling. Sure, my darlings, if there's power given the landlord now, he'll not be our landlord in the world above! The Lord be praised for that same! Don't cry afther the pig, Ellen, avourneen, what signifies it? May the little boy take the cat itself, sir?' addressing the half-tipsy man who had taken the inventory of the contents of their miserable cabin. 'Never heed it, my darlint, though to be sure it's only natural to like the dawshy cat that lay in his bosom all the time of his sickness. Keep up, Michael,' she whispered to her husband, who, overpowered by illness and mental suffering, resisted her efforts to drag him into the high road; he glared upon the bailiff with the glare of a famished tiger, so famished that it has not the power to spring upon its foe, impotent in all but the fierce and racking thirst for blood. 'What signifies it? sure we'll be happier than ever—by'n bye,' she added, while the haggard smile upon her lips was the bitter mockery of hope. 'Come away, Michael, I wonder that you wouldn't be above letting the likes of them *without a heart* see that you care about them or their goings on. Oh, where's yer pride gone—that, and the silence together, put many a throuble over us that's known only to ourselves and the Almighty;—blessed He is! *He knows the throubles of the poor, and keeps their secrets.* Come away, Michael! and don't let them tame Nagurs see that it's the *woman* that puts courage in ye!'

But the peasant heeded her not—the home affections were tugging at his heart. He kept his eyes fixed upon the remnants of the furniture of his once comfortable cottage, that were dragged out previous to being carried away; he pointed to the potato kish which was placed upon the table—that indispensable article in which the potatoes are thrown when boiled, and which frequently, in the wilder and less civilised parts of Ireland, is used as a cradle for the 'babby.'—'God bless you,' he exclaimed to the man; 'God bless you, and don't take that,—it's *nothing but a kish*, it's not worth half a farthing to ye, it's falling to pieces—but it's more to me, homeless and houseless as I am, *than thousands—it's nothing but a kish*, but my eldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his little sister *had not gone among the bright stars of heaven*, but were here to watch over him:—*it's nothing but a kish*—yet many a time little Kathleen crowed, and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her daddy;—*it's nothing but a kish*—yet many a day, *in the midst of my slavery*, have I, and my wife, and five as beautiful children *as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom*—sat round it, and eat the praytie and salt out of it, fresh and wholesome; and whin I had my *six blessings* to look on, it's little I cared for *the slavery a poor Irishman* is born to;—*it's nothing but a kish*—but it's been with me full, and it's been with me empty, for many a long year, *and it's used to me—it knows my throubles*—for since the bed was sould from under us, for the last gale, what else had we to keep our heads from the could earth?—For the love of the Almighty God, have mercy on a poor, weak, houseless man—don't take the last dumb thing he cares for—*sure it's nothing but a kish!*'

description are now-a-days very rare; (it is not even asserted that the three latest murders, or indeed any of the appalling events that have occurred of late years, have originated in such cause;) while to such a terrible extent, and with such strength, has the disease spread, that in some counties no landlord will venture to coerce a tenant into payment of a debt justly and confessedly due; still less to eject him from the land, of which he is either a careless cultivator, or which he culpably neglects, to make room for a tenant in every way desirable. "If any person imagines," observes Mr. Lewis (page 279), "that the Whiteboy code is abrogated, whenever outrages are not daily committed, let him ask the Tipperary or Limerick landlord, to what extent he is a free agent in the letting of his land, and what would be the probable duration of the life of a new tenant who violated the Whiteboy rules."

To remedy so grievous an evil, to alter a state of things so ruinous, to render the landlord and the tenant mutually dependent, there can be but one way; to destroy the Lawless Associations that actually control the country, and which in the dark secrecy of their proceedings and the certainty with which their orders are obeyed, vie with the "Vehmic tribunals of Westphalia." But, under existing circumstances, to effect this object is next to an impossibility. Immense rewards have been offered to induce "approvers" to give evidence against the plotters and instigators to murder, without the smallest effect*. Occasionally, indeed, they are procured; but the "informers" are, almost invariably, so utterly worthless and depraved, that, unless their testimony is corroborated by collateral proofs, juries cannot be found to convict upon their evidence.

The worst feature in these outrages is that they are for the most part committed by men who have received no kind of injury from their victim; whose passions have been stimulated by no wrong; and who are ignorant of everything, except the name, of the person they are ordered to assassinate†.

God forbid that we should lead the reader into the error of believing that the horrible system we have referred to is by any means *general* in Ireland, or that it is promoted or encouraged by the better classes of society. The

* The amount offered in the case of Lord Norbury's murder was "£5000, and a hundred acres of land in any one of Her Majesty's colonies." In that of Mr. Butler Bryan the offer exceeded "£3000, and £100 a year for life," to any informer who would prosecute to conviction.

† At a recent trial in Westmeath, where two men were convicted of murder, an approver swore:—"I never had any misunderstanding with the deceased. I never spoke to him in my life till that night. I was only three months a Ribbonman. I can tell where I was sworn in, and will if you like. I would not have kicked him unless that I was ordered. Being ordered by the Society, there is no man in the country that I would not give a similar beating to. I was often out on duty after I was sworn in. I was on Sunday out in search of a man, but I did not find him. I was out more than one Sunday on the same business." It is needless to multiply instances.

members of such societies are almost, if not exclusively, confined to the very lowest orders; although want or oppression may occasionally mingle worthier men among them. It is, as we have stated, only in reference to "Land" and matters appertaining thereunto, that the "legislation" of such associations is directed; and very frequently their proceedings are accompanied by such startling traits of unselfishness, generosity, honesty, and justice, as go far to strengthen the evil—by depriving it of much of its odious and revolting character *. In fact, the natural "goodness"—the word expresses much—of the Irish peasant is never altogether obscured; and his worst crimes often verge upon the best virtues.

In pursuance of our plan of illustrating the leading characteristics of Ireland by the introduction of "a story," we intreat the attention of our readers to the following—premising that it is but a very slight colouring of a circumstance that actually occurred within our own knowledge.

At the foot of the magnificent mountain of Sleive-na-mon resided an industrious and respectable young farmer, who had, for some time, withstood all temptations to join the lawless associations that disturbed his native county. His wife was remarkable only for extreme attachment to her children and the "bit of land" she had assisted her husband to cultivate.

John Magee, however, though not an enrolled member, was by no means uninfluenced by the demon spirit of the period that stirred and blighted everywhere around him; he had frequently listened, on Sunday evenings, to the speeches detailed in sundry papers, which, while they set forth the tenant's "rights," take no notice whatever of the rights of landlords, and seem quite oblivious of the fact that no country can be well organized where the duties are not considered reciprocal; his wife would give ear also, though she seldom understood what she heard. It is not easy for those who have seen to forget the determined eagerness, the open-mouthed, intense, observance of a crowd while a comrade is "reading the news." Let their excitement be what it may, it does not interfere with their attention; they remain silently watching the reader, who is generally seated on the top of a "dry ditch," until a pause permits them to exclaim—"See that now!"—"Well, that's strong!"—"Well, we have great friends on the paper, anyhow!"—"Sure it's he that's the fine man, and sets our own rights before us." We have seen children desert their

* Our space will not permit us to support this assertion by the "facts" at our command. They are very numerous. Not long ago, a man who had sold his daughter to a rich libertine was compelled by the Whiteboys to refund the money. Very recently, a son who had deserted a mother he was fully able to maintain, was served with a notice of punishment if he did not support her. Plunder rarely or never accompanies outrage; and the bodies of those who have been murdered have been invariably found with their purses and watches safe—although, perhaps, the murderer is without the means of purchasing a single meal.

marbles, lads their game at hurley, and lovers their sweethearts, all for the sake of hearing the news. When the paper is finished, the elders talk it over, and the younger listen, and this habit nurses up a race of politicians, who, as they are made familiar with only one side of the question, are not likely to form just ideas of what is really going forward in the world.

"My heart is often heavy," said Mary to her husband as they walked homewards after spending their whole evening among the neighbours in this manner. "My heart is often heavy, John, after listening to the paper."

"Then don't worry yerself with listening, Mary," replied John, moodily; "there's little good in women bothering themselves with papers, unless they've the spirit to stir their husbands up to what's for their good."

"Why then, John, I'm sure I've had that spirit; didn't I come over you about the drink, darlin'! and sure we've had luck with a blessing ever since you bought the brindled cow; and as to little Mary, never was anything like her improvement since you obliged me by letting her go to the dancing-school. I wonder, John, what you mean by saying I want spirit."

"I didn't say that, but there's a difference between wanting spirit and wanting tongue. I never meant you wanted that last, Mary; but what I'm thinking is, sure if what was in the paper is true, which, of course it is, it carries out what I'm always hearing: the more united we are, the better able we shall be to stand against our enemies."

"True for you, John; and yet there's many forced to fly the country that would have been in it yet, if they had kept themselves to themselves: times are hard, but some people are harder than the times. Still it's a comfort to be able to keep a fearless heart under the roof that was made by our fathers."

"Ah! I don't know," responded John, stretching his arms with the air of a man who had carried a heavy load and desired to lay it down. "I don't know; I can't stay in the country and remain as I am, belonging to nothing. Maybe it would be better to leave it."

As the young farmer said this, they came in sight of their neat cottage; the light of the early moon had steeped the landscape in silver, and its direct beams fell upon their dwelling. Mary had lived in it, and loved it for years, but it never occurred to her until the moment that it was a pretty place to look at; two large elm trees shaded their little garden, and they could distinctly hear the brawl of one of those mountain streams—one day a rivulet, the next a torrent—that rush into the valley from the ravines of Slieve-na-mon.

"To leave it!" exclaimed poor Mary, "to leave the house, John?"

"Ah," he said, "sure it's only four mud walls after all."

"Only four mud walls after all," she repeated, "and that's thrue! it's only

four mud walls! which I entered a bride and have lived within to become a wife and mother! It's only four mud walls! within which we suffered the burning fever, and where our prayers rose to God in gratitude when we were raised from the sickness; it's only four mud walls! but they have sheltered us from the rain and wind, that when the turf has sparkled on the hearth and I have looked round and seen the light of happiness on you and the children, I would not change for a palace; it's only a cabin I know, but it's our own; in it I heard our first child's cry; in it he learned to call you 'father;' in it we have never known *heart trouble*. Stay by it, John, stay by it, and by the bit of land; if we left it, it's a broken-spirited woman you'd have as yer wife."

"Very well," answered John, whose feelings responded to her own; "I'll do your desire, but I can't stay in the counthry to be counted a mane craythur by every one; if I remain, I must do as others do—I won't be looked down on and pointed at, that's the whole of it; the people only join for their own good, and sure there's no harm in that." Mary continued sobbing and made no reply; bewildered by what she had heard, and wounded at the idea of leaving her cottage, without considering what her husband's observations led to, she felt satisfied at the time by his promise.

Time passed on, and John was numbered amongst those whose purposes are secret. He had been concerned in no decided act of violence, for he was regarded as a feeble ally. He had always been able to pay his rent, and his landlord had hitherto given him no offence; consequently, though bound by the mysterious bond to do as others did without objection or inquiry, he held back as much as he could, and his associates not being certain how far they might trust him, did not push him forward. One evening he was hanging half asleep over the embers of his turf-fire, when a member of his lodge entered and gave him a sign that he perfectly understood; after a little delay, he departed for the appointed place of meeting, knowing that something important would be mentioned that night. His wife made no inquiries, but saw him depart with tearful eyes, and when he was gone, consoled her weakness with sundry exclamations, "God protect him!" "Well, it is all for the best." "Sure, it's kept him in the counthry anyhow!" and then she knelt down by the side of her sleeping children, and her prayers dried up her tears.

John entered the appointed place of meeting—a large barn—a few moments after the principal leader had commenced an inflammatory speech that preceded actual business; two thin tallow candles flared in glass bottles before him, giving only sufficient light to render the darkness still more intense at either end; the atmosphere was hot almost to suffocation, and impregnated with the offensive odours of tobacco and whiskey. When first John had

forced his way among the people, he could not see clearly, but by degrees he distinguished eager, earnest faces peering forward; strong features, rendered more strong by excitement, and feeble ones gaining strength from the exciting power of those around them; there were but few whose hair was grey, they were chiefly men in the vigour of their days, or youths between the ages of fifteen and twenty;—men, of whose personal appearance any country might be proud, and who now seemed prepared for any act. Some there were whose torn coats, soiled and tattered shirts, bespoke poverty, but in general the closely-pressed assembly was decently clad; there were no women present, and every variety of countenance was moulded into an expression of intense eagerness. The man in the act of speaking had none of the marks or tokens of a ruffian about him; he was slight, fair and pale—his brow was singularly full and expanded, and every portion of his head well developed—his mouth *bitterly* close in its formation, and the whole bearing of his features told of power to concentrate energy of no common order upon a single object. The Irish have a great respect for personal beauty—a handsome face and commanding figure are thoroughly appreciated by the peasant, so that a small man of feeble frame to gain influence over them must be a person of no ordinary skill and tact. Nothing could exceed the attention with which the pale-faced man was listened to; he told them he had received information that the landlord of a particular district intended removing their land-marks, and turning them adrift on the world. John's brain became dizzy, and the room with strange faces swam round—in a voice choked with emotion he called upon the orator to repeat his statement; he did so—there was no mistake then, and *he* was doomed amongst others to lose the cherished cottage and bit of land he had so desired to retain; no one thought of inquiring if the account were true; no one asked if any recompense were to be made, any fresh location given; they responded to the man's eloquent description of tyrant landlords with groans, to his pictures of vengeance with cheers; it was unanimously resolved that the landlord should be served with the regular "notice," and if that did not change his purpose, he should be dealt with *as others had been.*

The system of assassination was justified; their noblest feelings, their love of home and country, which command sympathy and respect, were worked upon by their violent leader, who, like many other misguided men, confounded notions of patriotism and outrage. Before they separated, they bound themselves by a solemn oath not to accept of any terms from "the tyrant," but to keep possession of their land at all hazards; lots were then drawn as to who should serve the "notice" to be despatched that night; the lot fell upon John

Magee, who at once set forth on his journey, as the offending landlord lived more than twelve miles from his dwelling. He accomplished his purpose soon after the dawn of day; having thrust the paper under the hall-door, to which he had crept stealthily. Despite himself, he remembered seeing the man he had sworn to murder, if he failed to do what was required of him, standing on the same spot, surrounded by his children, his voice was in his ear, a kind inquiry for his family, and an assurance that he should not want help if he needed it; he almost asked himself if it would not have been wiser to rely on one who had never treated him unjustly, than on a man who had rendered him no service; he felt he had been too rash, but the deed was done. He hurried down the steps and into the plantations; he was surrounded on all sides by evidences of how great a number of persons were employed to keep the place in order, and perfect new improvements; he felt that he must not be seen there, and hurried forward: the sun rose—groups of labourers were on the move towards their work. For the first time in his life, John felt it would be dangerous to meet his fellow men—it was the first time he had ever feared to walk on the broad high road in the face of the open day; he stole into a thick copse that skirted the way side, and lay down amongst the long grass, listening and trembling. He slept, but his dreams were troubled; and the day was far advanced before he awoke, faint and hungry, and sought his homeward path; but not until within a few miles of his cottage did he venture to strike into the high road. He had hardly entered it, when a rider came cantering over the hill; and in a moment he recognised his landlord—the old gentleman drew up, and saluted him with,

"Oh, John, I have been to your cottage and seen your wife; she will tell you all I wished to say. Good day."

"The tyrant!" muttered John; "then it was all true. So he chose to serve the notice himself. I'm glad now I did what I did, I am very glad!" and with this feeling he entered his cabin.

Instead of the tearful face he expected, his wife was perfectly calm; the landlord, she said, had been there; he wanted to clear that particular part of his estate so as to run a road through it that would be of great value to his tenants—and he would give them the same quantity of land anywhere else, or the value of their cottage and improvements in money.

"I told him," she said, "how my heart clung to the place;" but he answered, "that we'd be better off than ever, as he'd give us a long lease of the new ground, and pay us more than their value for the house and bit of crop on the land. It's sad for ourselves at present," she continued, "but maybe it would be better for the children by'n by; there's no knowing: it's a

poor look-out having no lease, because," as he said, "he could turn us out after a warning, or without a warning, if he liked."

"He said that?" inquired her husband.

"He did, and in earnest too," was the reply; "but hard as the thrial is to lave what we love so well—better that than have him turn our enemy."

His landlord had been one of those who had, for a long time, stood out on the "no-lease" principle—not because he wished to act unjustly, but because he desired to have a firm hold over his tenants; latterly, however, the fear that they might be treated harshly by his successor, had overcome that feeling; and having arranged a plan of his estate so as to benefit both parties, he thought he might venture to change their locations without danger—as he was willing to recompense them for present inconvenience, and secure to them land at a fair value, so as not only to enable them to pay their rent, but to live. Peculiar habits had prevented his being a popular man, for it requires immense tact to manage the people of a disturbed district—he had a stern belief in a landholder's rights, and living a great deal on another estate where "the law" is a thing regarded and respected, he thought that, acting with strict justice, he had nothing to fear. John strengthened himself in evil by repeating to himself all the evil things he had ever heard of "the landlord;" his self-reproaches were overwhelmed for a time, and he lashed himself into actual fury by muttering "And he to boast he could turn us out with a warning, or without a warning; let him try it—let him try it, that's all!"

The next night there was another meeting, at which it was resolved to withstand their landlord—to yield him no possession on any terms, but to fight it out to the last. This resolution was by no means unanimous: one man ventured to suggest, that a lease was a fine thing and a sure thing; that a good lease made a strong tenant, and it might be better to give in peaceably; who knew what might come of it—a set of poor men against a rich one; he'd rather have his own bit of land to be sure, for it was only natural to love the sod he turned himself; but what was to be must be, and a lease was a fine thing. The old man was quickly put down; he was called "a slave," and was told if he talked that way, they must make him silent—what security had they but that they might be turned adrift the moment he got the land into his own hands—that the society would suffer no man to take possession—that they had sworn to unanimity, and should keep their OATH; this was the substance of what was said; but how could it be given so as to convey a correct idea of the exciting and strong language—the mighty power thrown into every sentence? The landlord, thwarted where he knew his intentions just, determined to show his power; and, after some delay, resolved to eject

the people who, in his opinion, were not merely blind to their own interests, but had caused him much vexatious annoyance; for his plantations and cattle had been wantonly injured.

It was a bleak November morning, and Mary and John had shared their usual breakfast with their children.

"John, agra!" said the care-worn woman—"sure it's no wonder the gentleman would be angry, thinking of all that's been done to vex him; is it too late intirely, dear, for you to give in?—is it, John?—sure——"

"Hold yer tongue!" he said in a firm voice, "hold yer tongue—how do ye know one hour before another how you may be served yourself?—we've stood out like the rest, and we're the last; let him look to himself when I'm so treated; it's entirely owing to me that he has had the consideration he has had; he's had more warnings than any other,—let him see to himself."

The atmosphere was heavy with drizzling rain; and the dog crouched among the embers of the fire; suddenly he started, and flew growling to the door. Mary became still more pale, and John seized a pitchfork.

"Don't, dear—don't," she exclaimed, clinging to him, "even if it should be them that's like a plague among the people; it's heavy on my soul, that we'd the choice given us; we had, dear—and, maybe, if we'd take it easy, he might listen to rason; yer a good tenant to any man, John, dear—for the love of the Almighty," she continued, as the shadow of "Long Jim" crossed the threshold, "keep clear of that man—you're the last they have to work their will on—John, John, for the sake of your children!"

"Poor foolish craythur," he muttered, and hurled the pitchfork to the other end of the cabin. "I am the last, and it isn't with such a hangdog as Jim I have to dale. Walk in, gintleman, and do what's plazing to yez. Shall we turn out now, or to-night, or when?"—he continued, with forced courtesy of manner. "Maybe, ye'd like to sit down, Mister James. Sitting's pleasanter than standing, when a man has so much walking as you have, sir."

Long Jim looked astonished—and more, he looked carefully round the cabin, for he expected an ambush. "It's only my duty I'm doing, you know, John Magee," he replied, "only my duty."

"Oh, the toil's a pleasure—to yourself, I dare say," was the bitter answer; "but you need not look, sir, that's all that's left of a wife that was the purtiest girl in the barony—three out of five children—a cat and dog—that's all; there's nothing, you see, in the house—worse than yourself."

"I must say," observed the process-server, after a pause,—"I must say, Mister Magee, you've behaved like a gentleman."

"Behavier is deceitful, then," said John; "I'm not a gentleman—I could not turn a poor man to the road."

Mary wept bitterly, and her children clung round her; her greatest trouble was the cold and stolid aspect of her husband. She would have relinquished all she possessed to see his face, as she expressed it, with the sign of "living life on it;" but no—during the entire day he sat without exchanging word or token of recognition with any. Long Jim had departed in peace and safety, muttering that the times were changed, and yet he thought somehow the change was for no good; it was against nature to let the law take its course without resistance.

When evening had fully closed, John arose and walked forth. It was in vain that Mary entreated him to stay with her during their hours of sorrow. He kept his silence and his purpose together, and left her.

It was a fine clear frosty day, and the landlord, contrary to the advice of his friends, who anticipated violence from the various symptoms, which like the grumbling of the thunder heralds the storm's approach, was fool-hardy enough to ride, unattended, in the avenue of his domain, forming plans for future improvements, and arranging what he would do next—what trees should rise, and what trees fall—when a man held out a letter to "his honour;" the old gentleman drew up, and extended his hand to take it; before he had time to break the seal, he had received his death-wound from the pistol of an assassin. The horse started forward—the landlord made an effort to keep his seat, but reeled and fell, and a few minutes after was found by his servants (for the report was heard at the house) weltering in his blood.

The murder was noised abroad, and the landholders trembled. Mary Magee heard the deed applauded by persons in her own sphere of life; she knew that a reward large enough to tempt any but Irishmen to disclosure would be offered; she was aware that scores knew who had fired the fatal shot, and yet an idea of betrayal never crossed her mind, nor was she even certain who had done it. Still, who could tell the agony endured by that suffering woman!

"Do you mean to walk the house all night to-night again, Mary?" inquired her husband, raising his head from their straw pallet, and staring, she thought, wildly at her. "Put out the end of candle, and be quiet—what ails you?"

"No, but what ails you, John, dear, that you can't sleep? I was thinking it's long since you've been to his reverence—not since the throuble came so strong on us. Maybe you'd better go to-morrow—it lightens the heart so to go to one's duty, for even if the penance is hard, it eases the heart."

John groaned, but made no answer. Shading the miserable remnant of

candle with her hand, she stooped down to look at her children, who were sleeping peacefully on some clean straw heaped upon a board, and covered with a red quilt, beneath the little window, which consisted of a single, but rather large, pane of glass; as she lifted up her head that had been bent over them, she uttered a loud and piercing scream. A man's face, the face of Long Jim, was pressed against the glass, observing what passed within.

She had no power to move, but when her husband sprang to her side she pointed with her finger to the ill-omened countenance. A fierce knocking shook the pliant door almost off its hinges; and though John endeavoured to keep it shut, it was quickly forced, and the constabulary entered, followed by the process-server.

"I wonder," he said, in his usual hard dry voice, that sounded like the turning of a rusty key in the locks of a condemned cell,—"I wonder you didn't fire on us."

"What was I to fire?" inquired John Magee, fiercely; "and why am I disturbed?"

"To come with us," answered the sergeant of police; "and at once—I dare say you guess why."

"If there was a reason, is it natural I'd remain where you could take me?"

"We want no reasons, you must come with us; we've nothing to do with reasons, only to obey orders."

Mary dared not ask where they wanted to take him, nor why; he, on the contrary, became violent, and resisted until he was forced from the cottage. Mary afterwards remembered that Long Jim took no part in the struggle, but kept peering about, looking into the children's little books, and even taking an apparent interest in the boy's education by inspecting his copies. When the police secured their prisoner, Long Jim followed in the rear, addressing, to do him justice, every now and then a few consolatory words to the faithful wife, who was accompanied by her children; it was a melancholy procession, from the wretched cabin in which they had taken refuge since the ejectment, to the house where the body was awaiting the inquest.

The inquest proceeded without throwing any light upon the question as to who really committed the act, until the coroner, while addressing the jury, stated they were to bear in mind that a portion of a copy-book had been used as wadding to the implement of destruction, and lodged in the unfortunate gentleman's coat.

"It is much to be regretted," he added, "that so little is preserved; but here is part of a name, William M., and a date, October, the —; the rest is torn off."

"I ask yer honour's pardon," said Long Jim, who never scrupled intruding; "but maybe you'd be so good as to see if *this* part corresponds with *that*." All bent eagerly forward while the coroner fitted the torn edges together, and the conclusion of the copy signed by John's little boy was rendered almost perfect.

"Nearly a third of the leaf is still wanting," said the coroner.

"Here, sir," observed the sergeant of police, "is what we found in the prisoner John Magee's pocket."

The "contents" were poor enough—a bit of tobacco, a pocket-handkerchief, *and the missing portion of the written page!*

The unfortunate John Magee was subsequently executed; but only on circumstantial evidence; no one came forward to further the ends of justice.

Poor Mary, unable to "face the country," as she called it, when all was over, wandered far into the north, and, we were told, succeeded in bringing up her children in industrious habits. A gentleman who knew the circumstances recognised her not long since in the neighbourhood of Derry, and with earnest words she entreated him "not to sell the pass on her;" meaning, not to betray her. "There's none of the children with me now but her," she said, pointing to a modest-looking girl who was carding flax at the door; "born after the trouble, and knows nothing of it, though they had no *rale* proof of it after all; and sure it's a hard case for me to know that the *name* of him I took pride in, would bring the blush of shame to the face of his own child; the throubles from first to last war all about the 'bit of land,' and will be to the last, till it's more plenty; they bring it more into tillage than they used, thank God; but that nor nothing else will ever raise the sod from off the heart of those we loved."

WEXFORD.

THE maritime county of Wexford holds a foremost rank among the more interesting of the counties of Ireland; not alone because of the fertility of its soil and its great natural advantages, but as intimately associated with the career of the first English invaders of the island.

As the interior is of far less importance than the sea-coast, we shall entreat the reader to accompany us—but our voyage must be, necessarily, a rapid one—into the various creeks, and bays, and islands, along its south and west borders, every one of which will amply repay inquiry; for with each is associated some fact illustrative of a period and a contest, the most eventful in the history of the kingdom. The march of the Anglo-Normans may be traced with remarkable distinctness; even of their watch-fires the ashes still exist; and, as evidences of their power, as well as of their peril in the midst of brave though unskilful enemies, we may count no fewer than six-score of their castles and towers, now in ruins, in the four southern baronies alone—in Forth thirty-one, in Bargy twenty-seven, in Shelburne thirty-seven, in Shelmalier twenty-five.

We commence our description with the very ancient town of "New" Ross, situate near the confluence of the "stubborn Nore," and the "goodlie Barrow," and about six miles distant from the junction of both with the "gentle Suire." Tradition attributes its foundation to "a Ladye called Rose, who was daughter to Crume, king of Denmark;" and the surrounding it with walls to another "Rose," the sister of Strongbow*. It was

* A curious poem, commemorative of the building of the walls and fortifications of "New Ross," in 1265, exists among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. It was written in Norman-French, probably in 1309, by a friar named Michael of Kyldare. The manuscript consists of sixty-four leaves of vellum, 12mo size, and is a good specimen of penmanship, embellished with initial letters in colours.

On the suppression or dissolution of the monastery in which the Manuscript had been preserved, it came into the possession of a George Wyse, as is evident from the following entry, in the writing of Elizabeth's time, on the back of the second folio,—"Iste Liber pertinet ad me———Georgiũ Wyse." The comparison of the autograph of George Wyse, who was Bailiff of Waterford in 1566, and Mayor of that city in 1571, which is extant in the State Paper Office, leaves no doubt as to the identity of the individual. The Wyse family, it may be observed, were distinguished for their literary taste. Stanihurst, speaking of them, remarks, that "of this name there flourished sundrie learned gentlemen. There liveth," he adds, "one

certainly a place of importance in the thirteenth century, and enjoyed considerable trade so early as the reigns of the fourth and fifth Henrys, from the former of whom it is believed to have obtained a charter of incorporation. In 1572, it was declared "an antient borogh town." Of its towers, battlements, and gates, there are still many remains, as well as of the monasteries and abbeys, which "formerly abounded there," although two centuries ago they were described as "quite ruinated," or "turned to dwelling-houses." There are, in Ireland, few towns more auspiciously situated than that of New Ross; the "goodlie Barrow" is here a river of great width, the wooden bridge that connects it with the county of Kilkenny being of pro-

Wyse in Waterford, that maketh (verse!) verie well in the English." And he particularly mentions "Andrew Wyse, a toward youth and a good versifyer." The present representative of this distinguished and, at one time, wealthy and powerful family, is the Right Hon. Thomas Wyse; a gentleman who, by his high moral worth and rare intellectual attainments, sustains the fame of a long line of learned and honoured ancestors. The ballad is printed by Crofton Croker in the "Popular Songs of Ireland," with a translation by Miss Landon. The object of the writer was to give a detailed narrative of the erection of the fortifications and walls of Ross, occasioned by the dread felt by the inhabitants, lest the unprotected and open situation of the place might cause them to suffer from a feud, then raging with violence, between two powerful barons, Maurice Fitzmaurice, the chief of the Geraldines, and Walter de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, whose deadly wars, in the year 1264, wrought bloodshed and trouble throughout the realm of Ireland. The poet proceeds to relate that the Burgesses established a bye-law, "such as was never heard of in England or France," that "on Monday, the vintners, mercers, merchants, and drapers, should go and work at the fosse from the hour of prime till noon;" on Tuesday their places were to be taken by the tailors, &c.; on Wednesday by the butchers, &c.; on Thursday by the fishermen, &c.; on Friday by others; and on Saturday by the masons, &c. "Lastly, on the Sunday, assembled in procession the ladies of the town! Know, verily, that they were excellent labourers, but their numbers I cannot certainly tell; but they all went forth to cast stones and carry them from the fosse. Whoever had been there to look at them, might have seen many a beautiful woman—many a mantle of scarlet, green, and russet—many a fair folded cloak, and many a gay-coloured garment. In all the countries I ever visited never saw I so many fair ladies. He should have been born in a fortunate hour who might make his choice among them." The ladies also carried banners, in imitation of the other parties; and when they were tired of the duty assigned to them, they walked round the fosse, singing sweetly, to encourage the workmen. "When the work shall be completed," adds the poet, "they may sleep securely, and will not require a guard; for if forty thousand men were to attack the town they would never be able to enter it, for they have sufficient means of defence; many a white hauberk and haubergeon—many a doublet and coat of mail, and a savage Garcon—many a good cross-bow-man and good archers." Stanihurst's account of the origin of the "walls of Rosse," is no less curious than that of the monk, Kyldare: "There repaired one of the Irish to this towne on horsebacke, and espieng a peece of Cloth on a Merchant's stall, tooke hold thereof, and bet the cloth to the lowest price he could. As the merchant and he stood dodging one with the other in cheaping the ware, the horseman considering that he was well mounted, and that the merchant and he had growne to a price, made wise as though he would have drawne to his purse to have defraid the monie. The cloth in the meane while being tucked up and placed before him, he gave the spur to his horse and ran away with the cloth, being not imbard from his posting pase, by reason the towne was not perclosed either with ditch or wall. The townesmen being pinched at the heart that one rascal in such scorneful wise should give them the shampaine, not so much weieng the slenderness of the loss, as the shamefulnesse of the foile, they put their heads togither, consulting how to prevent either the sudden rushing or the post-hast flieng of anie such adventurous rakehell hereafter." The building of the walls and gates accordingly took place; the project being suggested by "a chast widow, a politike dame, a bountifull gentlewoman, called Rose," who "withal opened her coffers liberallie to have it farthered."

digious length, and its depth is sufficient to permit vessels of the largest burthen to moor at the quays. Yet its condition is by no means prosperous; its natural resources have not been rendered available; and a heavy atmosphere of dulness and inactivity seems to have settled over and around it; the exertions of a single enterprising merchant might enable it to vie in commercial importance with either of the second grade towns of the south. The adjacent scenery is of exceeding beauty; a majestic river runs between the two rich counties of Wexford and Kilkenny; its banks are thickly planted; and its surface is, almost literally, covered, at low water, by cots of the salmon-fishers *.

Although the early history of Ross is like most of the other towns of Ireland, full of "battles, sieges, fortunes," its most remarkable page is filled by details of the unhappy events of the year 1798; the siege and defence of Ross being the memorable incident of the period. It is our intention to pass lightly and briefly over the melancholy era; but some notices of it are indispensable, for in this county commenced actual resort to arms, and here the contest assumed its most odious and appalling character. "The battle of Ross" was fought on the 5th of June; the rebels having previously assembled in immense force on the "rock of Carrickburn," about six miles from the town, and chosen as their "generalissimo," Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, Esq., proceeded on the night of the 4th to Corbet Hill—from which there is a gradual descent of about a mile into Ross—where they encamped †.

The army was commanded by General Johnson; but the available troops amounted to no more than 1500, with about 150 yeomen, natives of the town and neighbourhood. At daybreak, a man from the rebel camp, bearing a flag of truce, and a summons to surrender, having been shot by the advanced piquets, Mr. Harvey ordered an assault. A confused mass of half-armed and utterly undisciplined men rushed "like a torrent" down the hill into the streets, driving the military over the bridge. They soon rallied however, and forced back their opponents; were again driven to retreat, and again advanced;

* These cots are of a very primitive character, not unlike canoes; they are propelled by paddles, resembling the common spade; each boat contains two men. Their net is small and square; it is drawn up the instant the fisher feels a salmon strike against it. There are no fewer than 400 boats on the river, giving profitable employment to 800 men, principally small farmers, who thus occupy their time when the seed is in the ground.

† Fortunately the owner of the mansion of which they took possession had cellars largely stocked with whiskey and wine; they were of course broken into, and the spirits taken by the men. In the morning, when the attack was ordered, a large proportion of the force was in such a state of intoxication as to be unable to move: to this circumstance is attributable, in a great degree, the preservation of the town. A curious anecdote was told to us by a man—than whom we could not have obtained a better authority. In the cellar were several bottles of ketchup, which the men mistaking for wine, drank, but with wry faces, protesting that "the quality had queer tastes."

a third time a similar struggle took place, until, after a terrible slaughter that continued for about ten hours, the insurgents were effectually repulsed, and the troops held and kept possession of the town.

The battle of Ross was the most sanguinary and by far the most severely contested battle of the period; it is admitted on all hands that the rebels fought with indomitable courage, and that if they had been under the control of judicious officers it would have been impossible for the handful of troops garrisoned in the town to have beaten the host that opposed them.

The severest struggle took place at the "Three bullet gate," where Lord Mountjoy, Colonel of the Dublin militia, was killed early in the day*. It is scarcely necessary to say that horrible acts of cruelty were perpetrated on both sides; no quarter was given; no prisoners were taken; murder was dignified with the title of patriotism on the one hand, and of justice on the other. Nearly three hundred houses of the town and suburbs were burned, and, perhaps, two † thousand of the unhappy peasantry were slain; the loss, on the part of the king's troops, being about one hundred. The sequel to this terrible drama we would willingly pass over in silence; but the massacre at Scullabogue is too notorious an episode in the frightful history to remain

* It is believed that the death of his lordship contributed largely to the preservation of the town. His regiment had manifested considerable hesitation to attack the rebels, and it was suspected would not have acted against them. They were however greatly attached to their Colonel, and when he was slain the officer next in command exclaimed to his soldiers, "Boys, will you see your good Colonel butchered?" The answer was a loud cheer; and the men rushed to the attack. This anecdote we have on good authority, but we do not perceive it noticed by any of the historians of the period. Lord Mountjoy was piked, as he proceeded a little in advance of his troops, with the generous but unwise notion of "reasoning" with the rebels. He received his death-wound from a young boy, who subsequently escaped to America; from whence—if we may believe the information we received a short time ago, from a man who assured us he saw the act perpetrated—he very recently returned, and is now working as a day-labourer in the immediate vicinity of the spot.

† About eighty were shot at the entrance to a narrow lane that led into the principal street of the town. The circumstances were very recently related to us by the present representative of the family by whom the destruction was effected—at that period a youth, but doing duty with the yeomanry. A Mr. Dowsley, an old man whose house directly faced the lane, we refer to, had given shelter to six other old men—considered too aged to carry arms in the town. They were amply supplied with muskets; the doors were strongly barricaded; and they placed themselves at the windows of the first floor. The rebels came rushing in a body down the lane; the old men kept up a continual fire upon them; their weapons being loaded, as fast as they were discharged, by an aged woman and a young lad in the room with them—and, as we have said, during the struggle they shot no fewer than eighty. At one period their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and they would, inevitably, have fallen victims to the vengeance of their enemies, but that luckily for them, at the moment, the troops were in possession of the street, and they were enabled to send to head-quarters intelligence of their position. By the time it was received, however, the rebels had driven out the troops, and the fate of the old men was considered certain; when a Highland sergeant of the Mid Lothian Fencibles volunteered his aid to preserve them. Mounted on a strong and fleet horse he galloped up the street, crowded though it was with pikemen, and succeeded in flinging a bag of cartridges into the window, himself escaping almost by miracle, and rejoining his comrades unhurt. One informant was unfortunately unable to call to mind the sergeant's name.

altogether unnoticed. The rebels when they marched from their camp at Carrickburn had left a number of their prisoners, chiefly, but not exclusively, protestants, under a guard in the house of a Captain King, by whom it had been abandoned a few days previously. An adjoining barn was the prison in which most of the unhappy persons were confined; but several were placed in the kitchen of the mansion. On the evening of the 5th, the retreating army from Ross—no doubt, under the influence of drink, their passions being excited to madness—brought, it would seem, a message to the commander of the party who kept guard over the prison, that the prisoners were to be all destroyed. Accordingly, the persons who had been confined in the house—to the number of, we believe, thirty-seven—were brought out, one by one, and shot on the steps of the hall-door; but those who had been shut up in the barn — above one hundred and fifty, including several women and children—were reserved for a worse fate. Lighted brands were flung into the building; they communicated with the hay and straw; and in the course of a very short time the whole of the wretched prisoners perished. It can now do no good to recapitulate the harrowing details of this wholesale butchery. It left an indelible blot on the character of Ireland. Time can never efface it*. The deed, however, was certainly not premeditated; and, in this respect, is surpassed in atrocity by the cold-blooded murders on Vinegar Hill and at the Bridge of Wexford. The circumstances attendant on the massacre have never been clearly explained. Mr. Cloney, a rebel officer, who published a "Personal Narrative" of the awful period, in defence of his party states, that the day after the event, when Mr. Harvey and the other leaders arrived at Carrickburn, they "used every possible exertion to discover the perpetrators of the horrid deed, but in vain;" and this is more than probable; for its inevitable effect was to ruin their cause; which in fact it did; from the moment that intelligence of it was bruited about, the few Protestants of the south and the many Presbyterians of the north who had supported it, immediately perceived that the nominal struggle for liberty was in reality a religious war, and withdrew from it to a man. The most just as well as generous interpretation of the dreadful business is that it was the

* Part of the walls of the barn are still standing. It would be a work of generosity and charity to pass the plough over the foundations. It sickened us to look upon the yet blackened walls; and to hear the gardener state that he seldom trenched the adjacent ground without delving up some reminder of the horrible scene. One man was introduced to us, who was hidden for two days and nights in the cupboard of an attic of Scullabogue-house; he described to us, with a shudder and a look of deep horror, his sensations when he heard the shots fired; and, afterwards, the fearful shrieks of the wretched inmates of the barn. His agony was increased by the fact that several persons remained, nearly the whole of the time of his confinement, in the room, where he was concealed; and spoke to each other repeatedly of the events going on below, upon which they were coolly looking from the window.

work of a few fiends in human shape; and that it excited entire horror in the minds of the vast majority of the population *.

Pursuing the course of the river, we arrive—just where the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, enter the harbour of Waterford—at the beautiful ruin of Dunbrody Abbey; founded, according to Ware, by Hervey de Montmarisco, for Cistertian monks in 1182. The remains are very extensive, and in a good state of preservation, although the west window, a remarkably fine example, has been, within the last two or three years, permitted to fall; and for a long time previously, the stones of the venerable structure were regarded as common property.

* We set aside altogether the statements of Sir Richard Musgrave; his book was written so soon after the rebellion, that truth was scarcely to be expected. Time is the only true interpreter. We have ourselves the means of testing his accuracy, in reference to the character he gives of one individual—the Rev. Edward Murphy, the Roman Catholic priest of Bannow; of whom Sir Richard draws an odious portrait, representing him as absolutely ravenous for Protestant blood. Mrs. Hall's mother and grandmother, English ladies and Protestants, remained at Graige House, Bannow, during the whole of the terrible year, and were indebted for their lives to the interposition of this priest; and it is a fact highly honourable to him that not a drop of blood was shed in his parish. We do but justice to his memory in thus attempting to rescue it from the charge of cruelty, although he has been long since removed from the reach of either praise or censure. Sir Richard seems, indeed, to have considered that a priest was necessarily a party to every atrocity; the very opposite being capable of easy proof. We quote one or two instances from the narrative of Charles Jackson, an authority by no means friendly to the rebels, for he was one of those who were on the bridge at Wexford, and escaped almost by miracle; having been the day previously compelled to shoot a fellow-prisoner. He says that when he was, with twenty-four others, led out to be butchered, "Father Curran the Roman Catholic parish priest of Wexford interposed to save them; and to give effect to his admonition and intercession had dressed himself in his cowl and bore a crucifix in his hand; he held up the crucifix, all present fell on their knees; he exhorted them in the most earnest manner; he conjured them as they hoped for mercy to show it; he made every possible exertion to save the lives of the prisoners, but in vain." This is the evidence of a man who had many reasons for hating, and none for loving, the Roman Catholics. Again, he states that "when Father Broe found that nothing else could save a gentleman whose life was about to be sacrificed, he threw his arms about him and told them to fire as soon as they chose." He adds "when the priests heard of executions going forward, they flew to the spot, and by every entreaty endeavoured to rescue the victims from destruction. Sometimes they succeeded; and when they failed, they showed sufficiently how sensibly they felt for the unhappy persons they could not save." Indeed the most satisfactory proof that, although a few priests were implicated in the butcheries of the time, the great majority of them contemplated the atrocities with deep and sincere horror, is supplied by the fact that of sixty-six persons executed for murder and rebellion in Wexford only one of them was a priest; and that too at a time when a very limited evidence of guilt would have sufficed to procure conviction.

Passing through Arthurstown, formerly King's-bay—a village where, it is said, James the Second passed the last of his doleful nights in Ireland*—we enter the poor village of Duncannon with its singular "fort," situated about seven miles from the entrance to the harbour, and eleven S.E. of the city of Waterford. The fort is built on a point of rock, having precipitous cliffs 130 feet in height, and jutting out more than 300 yards into the estuary of the Suir and Barrow. The fortifications, including the glacis, occupy this rocky peninsula, and cover about three English acres of ground. The land face has a dry-ditch, over which is a drawbridge, and is defended by a ravelin with two half bastions, the right one having on its flanked angle a circular tower. The north and south faces follow the natural indentations of the cliffs, which vary but a slight degree from the straight line, so that the outline forms an irregular quadrangle. The fort, which commands the entrance to the ports of Waterford and New Ross, was granted by Henry the Sixth to John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, from whom it reverted to the crown; and the Castle, with some lands for keeping it in repair, was vested in trustees by Queen Elizabeth. In what manner the lands have been alienated does not appear. On the threatened invasion of the Spaniards, in 1588, considerable additions were made to its defences. In 1645, the fort, which was held by Lord Esmonde for the Parliament, was surrendered after a ten weeks' siege to General Preston, for the king; and in 1649, was besieged by Ireton, without success, the garrison compelling him to raise the siege after suffering considerable loss†. But it finally surrendered to the republican army on Cromwell taking possession of Waterford.

The peninsula that runs far into the sea between the harbour of Waterford and the bay of Bannow, is classic ground. But before we enter it, we may briefly visit the famous tower of Hook, standing at its extremity, now converted into a light-house, which tradition states to have been erected by Rose Macrume, the fair foundress of New Ross. It occupies a point of land high above the ocean; and is one of the many marks to mariners with which

* After his disastrous defeat at the Boyne, James the Second fled southward and took refuge in Duncannon fort until arrangements were made for his embarkation on board a French vessel which hovered off the coast, and in which he escaped to France. The point of rock to the north of the fort from which the unhappy monarch is supposed to have embarked, is still called "King James's rock."

† On the ridge which commands the fort, and on which two martello towers now stand, tobacco-pipes with exceedingly small bowls, and which the peasants call Cromwellian pipes, are frequently found. These plainly indicate the position occupied by Ireton. In rear of No. 2 tower is a small plot of ground which the country people hold in great reverence; it is said by them that the slain in some battle of remote antiquity were buried in this spot: but from its position being just out of range of the fort guns, it is most probable that Ireton buried his slain there. It is never tilled, although in the middle of a fertile field, and the furze and briars hold undisputed possession of it.

the county abounds*. From its summit there is a magnificent view of the coast, with its numerous creeks and bays and miniature harbours; its bold barrier of rocks, and the small islands that dot the surface of the ocean. A glance at the map will exhibit its peculiarly "zig-zag" character. First in interest and importance is the small promontory of Bag-an-Bun, where, according to the ancient couplet,

"Irelonde was lost and won,"

and where the first hostile Englishman trod upon Irish soil. Farther inland is the castle and village of Fethard—a corruption of "Fought-hard," where the Irish made their earliest stand against the onward march of the invaders; at the extremity of its broad bay is the ancient abbey of Tintern; and, at the termination of a narrow creek, are the seven castles of Clonmines. On the land opposite, the old church of Bannow crowns the summit of a small hill that looks down upon "the Irish Herculaneum"—a town buried, long ago, in the sand. Looking seaward again, the eye falls upon the two small islands called "the Keeroes"—then upon a narrow neck of land, that, stretching

* The old keeper of the tower died not long ago, at the age of 100. He had been superannuated many years before his death, but was suffered to remain where so large a portion of his life had passed. So strong however was habit with the aged man, that regularly every night he woke and took his rounds, and was one morning found dead at the post he had guarded for near a century. There is a tradition that Rose Macrume had three sons, who often made excursions in one of their vessels to the Welsh coast. She availed herself of an opportunity during their absence to build the tower, and place a light upon it to guide them into harbour. That which she designed for their safety, however, proved their destruction; for they mistook the light and sought to moor their bark in a distant creek, where it was wrecked, and the youths perished. The legend of the lighthouse has another version, which we shall presently give. In the neighbourhood of Hook for some time resided John Bernard Trotter, the history of whose chequered career is among the saddest illustrations of the fate of genius. Few commenced life with more brilliant prospects; he was nobly connected, his maternal uncle was the bishop of Down, his brother was a member of parliament; he was the selected friend and confidant of Fox, by whom he was appointed to a situation in the Foreign-office, and to whom he acted as private secretary. The death of his patron consigned him to his own resources; he was

"——— whistled down the wind
To prey on fortune."

After vainly trying several experiments to regain his position, and submitting to every variety of wretchedness, he died—literally of want—at a miserable lodging in Cork, on the 29th September 1821, in the forty-third year of his age. Our friend Dr. Walsh, who knew him intimately, and after his decease edited his "Walks through Ireland," for the benefit of his widow, bears this testimony to the character of the unhappy gentleman: —"He was a man of cultivated mind, high honour, warm sensibilities, and liberal endowments—starting into life with all the advantages that could flatter an aspiring mind—connexions, fortune, interest, talent, and personal merit, and seeming to touch the very point which placed him on the pinnacle of his hopes. Yet, without any known demerit, he was suddenly thrust from his place; and after sinking through all the gradations of a life, short as to time, but long indeed in chequered scenes of varied misery, he was shamefully suffered to perish in the vigour of life—the victim of actual want, the pauper patient of a dispensary." Dr. Walsh, who has supplied us with these facts, adds an anecdote worthy of record. "A poor orange-woman was greatly attached to him, and brought him every day during his illness her best fruit, for which she would receive no compensation. Though apparently in good health, she pined away as his malady increased; when he died, her strength sunk rapidly, and at the end of six days she died also, of no apparent ailment but excessive grief."

across from one peninsula until it almost touches another, forms the Lough of Ballyteague; due south of which are the far famed Saltees*, famous in the sea-calendar; for to mariners the sound was, for a long period, one of fear. Farther west, again, and passing Carnsore point, is the Tuskar rock, beside which many a gallant vessel went down, the calamity being briefly noticed with the melancholy postscript "all hands perished." But Wexford county is now far less perilous than of yore; for from the very spot—the Tower of Hook—on which we have placed the reader, we may count at least half a score of "lights;" and wrecks are now rare upon this once merciless coast†.

* The islands—the larger and lesser—are the property of H. K. G. Morgan, Esq. They comprise about 100 acres of remarkably rich pasturage. The larger derives a melancholy interest, from the fact that here were arrested, on the 26th June, 1798, Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey and John Colclough, Esquires, the former the general of the rebel forces of Wexford county, and the latter one of their distinguished leaders. They were both gentlemen of wealth and station, and of irreproachable integrity in private life. The former was a protestant. After the massacre at Scullabogue, he resigned the command in disgust, and fled to the Saltees, with the view to an ultimate escape to France. The lady of Mr. Colclough accompanied her husband to the island; they took with them a large store of provisions; but information of their retreat having reached the authorities, a company of the 2nd Royals was despatched in a cutter to apprehend them. A minute search, without effect, was instituted through the island, and the troops were about to retire, when a soldier perceived smoke issuing from the crevice of a rock. It was found to proceed from a cave of considerable depth, where the unhappy gentlemen were sheltered. The approach was difficult and dangerous; the officer in command therefore called to the inmates to surrender, threatening, if there were no answer, he would direct his party to fire into the cave. Mr. Colclough, apprehensive of danger to his wife, at once came forward, elevating a white handkerchief on his stick. He and Mr. Harvey were conveyed prisoners to Wexford, were tried on the 27th, and executed on the 28th.

† The Wexford coast is exceedingly rugged and dangerous; our memory can recal many cases of frightful shipwrecks off the Saltees, the Keeroes, Burrow of Ballyteague, and what—by right of affection—we call "our own Bannow." We remember, in especial, one desperate winter of storms, that brought the remnants of two noble ships to our strand. One of them, called—if our memory serves us rightly—"the Foxwell," struck, on a dark night, upon a rock near the Saltees, upon which seven-and-twenty persons escaped, thinking it joined the main-land, and when the tardy morning came, bringing light certainly, but no mitigation of the storm, the crew found themselves surrounded by the ocean; while the Saltee Islands were hidden from their view by the dashing waves. To make their case more wretched—the rock bore evidence of being washed over at high water; and there they were, seven-and-twenty living souls, upon a shelving rock, without food, or prospect of release: three of the crew were boys; and a favourite Newfoundland dog of the captain's had also followed his master's fortunes, and looked sadly into his face. No vestige of the ship was visible, and after looking in vain for any token of her existence, the captain said, with an air of as much cheerfulness as he could assume

We have glanced at the objects of leading interest along the southern shore of Wexford county; but some of them demand more particular notice; and chief in importance is the small promontory of Bag-an-bun. The county lies directly opposite to Cardiganshire in Wales, at the distance of but a few leagues; and between the natives of both countries — from the earliest periods—a friendly intercourse had existed. It was at

"Well, boys, thank God we are all here—all saved!" "Not all," was the answer, "Long Philip has gone down in the ship." "Now the Lord have mercy on his soul!" was the captain's observation; "he must have forced in the spirit store." As the morning advanced the tide rose, and the higher it came the higher crept the men on the shelving rock, keeping together, clinging to each other, so as to present a firm resistance to the waves, that washed over, but did not cover, them.

"We are still saved, boys," said the captain, breaking the breathless silence they had long maintained. "We are still saved, the tide has turned!" The entire of that day the wind drove the waters at intervals over these poor creatures; as night advanced the wind lulled and the surf lessened, but still there came no sign of help. Wet, cold, and starving, the crew clung more closely together the whole of that live-long night. Some mastering their fears and maintaining a determined silence, others repeating over and over again such words of prayer as they had learned at their mother's knee. One poor fellow persisted in going through the morning service of the church, or as much as he could remember of it. The boys cried themselves to sleep, and the dog stretched himself across their bosoms, as if conscious that warmth was a protection. Another morning, and though the surf still ran high between them and the Saltees, the sea was comparatively calm; the sun glared upon the waters, and the gulls wheeled above their heads, wondering doubtless what creatures had taken possession of their demesne. They took off two shirts to make a signal, but they had neither staff nor spar to hoist it on. So the tallest man stood on the highest point of rock and lifted a boy on his shoulder, who waved the flag as long as he was able, when another took his place. Some who lacked faith to continue their snatches of prayer, cursed and swore, and the captain and passengers were prevented from dwelling on their own privations by unceasing endeavours to keep peace and impart fortitude to the crew.

Hope came with the morning, but disappeared with the light; some of the men had one or two oranges; those they had divided the previous day. During the entire of the second they had nothing to allay the burning heat in their parched throats—the night was spent in misery: the cold had seized upon the feet of one of the lads, and his low moans were audible at intervals. They had to endure the washing over of the spray; and some called upon the death they dreaded. This horrible state was broken upon by the morning, which showed the surf as high as ever between them and the Saltees; impelled by the cravings of nature, they proposed to the captain to kill his dog, and though the creature looked piteously in his face, he consented. At the instant they were about to sacrifice the poor animal the hand of the executioner was stayed by some one calling out "A boat! a sail!" Their almost extinguished faculties revived—they raised a faint cheer—again and louder. They were not deceived; it was not one or two but several boats that came to their relief; there was first a good-sized fishing-smack, capable of riding a heavy sea, then a smaller, and smaller, and smaller, until the line dwindled down to a little cock-boat, which at last approached them with a huge coil of rope; the boats were chained together, and after two or three unsuccessful efforts the cable was caught by the men

length broken; the Anglo-Normans, availing themselves of an excuse to obtain possession of the fertile lands to which they were occasional visitors. Dermot Mac Morogh, king of Leinster, having seduced the wife of O'Roirke, prince of Breffni, and taken her to reside at his castle of Ferns; the bereaved husband, "full of affliction and wounded pride, addressed himself to Roderic O'Connor, king of Connaught, complaining of the wrong and scorn done him by the king of Leinster, and imploring his aid to avenge so great an outrage. O'Connor, moved with honour and compassion, promised him his succour." So writes Maurice Regan, who, when the Anglo-Normans landed, was secretary to Dermot, and an eye-witness of, and actor in, the events of the invasion. He describes the wife of O'Roirke as "a fair and lovely lady," but so far wicked that she was a consenting party to the abduction; and justifies the sneer of Cambrensis—"Rapta nimirum fuit, quia et rapi voluit." Out of this guilty amour arose the invasion of Ireland, and its subjection to the English crown; and from this "causa teterrima belli," the frail beauty has been called "the Irish Helen." The crime of the seducer excited a general spirit of indignation; and when Roderic marched with an army into his dominions, Dermot finding himself deserted by his subjects, fled to England and laid his case before the king, craving his protection, and swearing allegiance to the English monarch. Henry II., however, although the conquest

on the rock; man after man slided along it through the surf until he reached the little boat, and scrambled on until he was safe in the smack; the captain held the rope to the last, and then, fastening it round his body dashed into the surf and was drawn through the waves.

They owed, strangely enough, their preservation to the missing seaman. Long Philip had broken into the spirit store, and, in a state of intoxication, been unable to quit the ship. She was laden with wine and raw cotton, and when she struck was divided, as the people expressed it, "into two halves." The pipes of wine rolled out, but the cotton bore up the portion of the vessel and floated it safely into Ballyteague Bay, where Philip was discovered fast asleep among the bales. He was enabled to give some idea of the probable position of his comrades, and, immediately, stout hearts and ready hands were sent to the rescue. The second day they could not near the wreck, but on the third they effected their purpose. Every house, from the lowly cabin to the gentleman's mansion, was thrown open to the crew. They were billeted among "the neighbours,"—the captain was our own allotted guest—and there was literally a contest as to who should have the privilege of manifesting Irish hospitality. The honesty of the people was also strongly exhibited. It was long before the time of "temperance," yet, as the pipes of wine drifted in, they were consigned to the charge of a party of the peasantry who had formed themselves into what may be justly termed "a guard of honour;" and we may safely assert that of the property washed on shore every article was restored to its rightful owners.

This shipwreck left a comparatively joyous impression among us; the mercy of God had been signally shown, and no lives were lost—but such was not always the case: we remember experiencing a thrill of horror on seeing three mangled bodies lying one over the other in the little sand-bay of Graige, where in summer-time we bathed, and in winter used to gather shells and sea-weed. We remember, too, while listening to the midnight storm, watching the flash and hearing the minute-gun of distress as some doomed ship neared our cruel rocks. We remember also, dimly as a vision, a group of mourning women coming from Fethard to return thanks to those who had given to seven drowned fishermen, washed on the same shore, the rites of decent burial. We remember brown and swarthy smugglers—and above all, tales that would fill a volume, of the corse lights gleaming in Bannow Church, and spirit-vessels lying stranded in the clouds.

of Ireland had long been with him a favourite project, was too busily occupied in France to engage personally in the business. He therefore issued an edict stating, that whosoever within his jurisdiction should aid and helpe his trustie subject, Dermot king of Leinster, for the recoverie of his land, might be assured of the favour and licence of his sovereign "in that behalfe." The deposed monarch's liberal offers of money and land, backed by the recommendation of Henry II., led to proposals on the part of Richard, earl of Chepstow, surnamed Strongbow. The earl agreed to enter Ireland, at the head of a sufficient force, and restore Dermot to his throne; and to receive in payment for his services the hand of Dermot's only daughter Eva, and a settlement of Dermot's whole inheritance and property in Ireland upon him and his successors—a contract which was afterwards fulfilled. Strongbow, however, being somewhat tardy in his preparations, was anticipated by Robert Fitzstephen, who had agreed to assist Dermot on condition of receiving a grant of the town of Wexford, with two cantreds of land adjoining. Accordingly, in the month of May 1169, he embarked with a small army, consisting, it is said, of no more than five hundred men, knights, esquires, and archers, and landed safely in the Ban*; being the next day joined by Maurice de Prendergast, another adventurer, with an additional force of ten knights and two hundred archers. They fortified themselves on the promontory†

* Tradition states that Fitzstephen embarked his forces in two ships, called the Bagg and the Bunn, and hence the name of the promontory. Holinshed, in his notes on Giraldus Cambrensis, favours this opinion. "There were," he says, "certain monuments made in memorie thereof, and were named the Banna and the Boenne, which were the names (as common fame is) of the two greatest ships in which the English arrived."

† Our friend Dr. Walsh, who some time ago visited and narrowly inspected the promontory of Bag-an-bun, thus describes it. "The whole headland consists of about thirty acres. It forms a bold projection towards the Welsh coast, and is the only one near Wexford, the shore which extends from it to Carnsore point, near that town, being a flat sand, not safe for shipping to approach. On the side of the greater promontory is a lesser, running from it at right angles, and stretching to the east, about two hundred yards long, and seventy broad; presenting inaccessible cliffs except at its extreme point, where it is easily ascended. Outside this is a large, high, insulated rock, which forms a break-water to the surf on the point, and from this several smaller rocks stretch to the shore, just appearing above water, and affording a kind of causeway. Here it was Fitzstephen ran in and moored his ships, protected from the surf by the insular rock, and availing himself of the low ridge to reach the land. The distance from the last rock to the point is considerably greater than the rest, but Fitzstephen, with his heavy armour, sprung across it, and it is called at this day, 'Fitzstephen's Stride.' Ascending from hence to the esplanade on the summit, he pitched his tent and established his head-quarters. In the middle of the esplanade is still to be seen an oblong hollow space, like the foundation of a house, and as the surface of the soil was never disturbed in this place since the period of his landing, it seems not improbable that such a trace would not be obliterated, and that the use assigned to it by tradition is the true one. His next care was to fortify his situation, to secure him from attack while waiting for Mac Morogh's promised reinforcements; and these hasty fortifications yet remain. On the isthmus which connects the lesser peninsula with the greater, a deep fosse, about seventy yards long, extends from side to side; this was bounded on each edge by high mounds of earth, and in the centre covered by a half-moon bastion, twenty yards in circumference. On each side of the bastion, through the fosse, were the approaches to his camp, by two passages; and a mound

until they obtained guides and assistance from Dermot, who remained secreted in his castle at Ferns waiting the arrival of the strangers. In a short time he was able to send them his natural son Donald, with five hundred horse; thus reinforced, they made their way to Wexford, which, after a brief and gallant defence surrendered; and so, at comparatively little cost, the ostensible object of the invasion was attained; for Dermot was restored to his throne, and the Welsh knights received the promised payment.

Our space will not permit us to trace the march of the invaders; suffice it, that Strongbow, in pursuance of his bargain with Mac Morogh, landed in the bay of Waterford* on the 23rd of August, A.D. 1171, accompanied by two hundred gentlemen of service and a thousand soldiers. He was followed by Henry II. with a large army, and so the Anglo-Norman warriors obtained the same footing in Ireland as they had done in England, though it took them a much longer time afterwards to establish it. Henry adopted the example of Dermot; he made the Irish metropolis a present to his "good citizens of Bristol;" and the original of this extraordinary gift of the capital of a

of earth connected the bastion with the esplanade. Sentinels placed in this half-moon entirely commanded the approaches, and were themselves protected by a rampart which rose around them, and overlooked all the ground in the vicinity. Beyond this, on the neck of the greater promontory, he also sunk a fosse, much more profound and extensive, stretching across the whole breadth, for the space of two hundred and fifty yards. This formed a deep and wide covered-way, and was lined with a high mound on either side; that on the outside being defended by another deep fosse. All these remains are very distinct and perfect at the present day, changed only by the growth of vegetable matter, rendering the fosse somewhat more shallow, and the mound less elevated. But a discovery was made a short time ago, connected with this encampment, which adds considerably to the interest it excites. About five years before my visit, some labourers were throwing up a low ledge round the cliffs to prevent the sheep which graze there from falling over. On turning up the soil, they discovered, about one foot below the surface, the remains of fires at regular intervals on the edge of the precipices. These were supposed to be the watch-fires of the videttes which were stationed round the encampment. Some of the freestone flags on which they were made were also found; and as there is no such stone in this part of the country, they must have been brought for that purpose by the strangers. Sundry pieces of bones of sheep and oxen, consumed by the army, were strewed round the fires, particularly cows' teeth, the enamel of which remained perfect, though the osseous parts were decayed: and on the whole promontory, fragments of rings and spears were picked up wherever the soil was disturbed. Curious to see some of these remains, I requested my companion to get a shovel and dig for me. He soon upturned pieces of charcoal and parts of burnt bones, which I brought away with me as memorandums of the first fires ever lighted by the Anglo-Normans on the shores of Ireland."

* When the ships of Strongbow were entering Waterford harbour, he perceived on the one shore a tower, and on the other a church; and inquiring their names was answered, "the Tower of Hook and the Church of Crook." "Then," said he, "we must enter and take the town by Hook or by Crook." Hence originated a proverb now in common use. Strongbow had previously sent as pioneers, "a valiant and expert young man of his own family," Raymond, afterwards so distinguished for courage and courtesy, and Hervey de Montmaurice. They fought a desperate battle with the native Irish, and took many prisoners; but a dispute between the chieftains as to how they should dispose of these prisoners, in which Raymond took the side of mercy, ended in the unhappy men being "brought to the rocks, and their limbs being first broken, they were cast headlong into the sea."

kingdom to the traders of a commercial town is still extant in the Record Office of the Castle of Dublin.

The ancient town of Fethard, now dwindled to a small village, although before the Union it supplied two Members to Parliament, is on the western bank, at the entrance to, the Bay of Bannow; and a few miles north of it are the remains of the fine old abbey of Tintern *. "It was originally founded by

* Fethard and an exceedingly pretty and beautifully situated village, Salt-mills, in the immediate vicinity of Tintern, are inhabited, chiefly, by fishermen, who obtain a precarious subsistence from their employment. There must be some radical change in the habits of the men along-shore before they will avail themselves of the benefits placed so abundantly within their reach. At present the only fishing followed with any success is that for lobsters, and the entire coast within a mile of the shore is studded with lobster-pots, seriously (as we believe) to the injury of other fishing; which has certainly decreased within the last thirty years in proportion as the lobster fishing has increased. The "pots" are baited with putrid fish, the bait most attractive to lobsters, and this, together with the ropes and buoys attached to the pots, must, in all probability, scare other fish off the shore. On all extensive fisheries the garbage is not allowed to be thrown overboard on the ground, but left in particular places appointed for it; this, we understand, is a regulation strictly attended to in Newfoundland; and what is lobster bait but garbage? The lobster fishery employs a great number of small boats, or yawls, as they are called, and does not in all places occupy the entire time of the men, so they are, generally speaking, neither good fishermen nor good landsmen. There are some small hookers of about seven tons employed in this fishery, at Killmore and Slade, but the remainder are yawls with a small sail and totally unfit for any deep water work. This part of the coast is peculiarly adapted for fishing; from Dungarvan to the Saltees it forms a fine and deep bay, the harbour of Waterford occupying the centre of it. The Nymph Bank, about twelve miles from the shore, terminating at the Saltees, is entirely neglected. Yet this bank abounds with ling, cod, hake, haddock, sole, turbots, and skate, at all times of the year, and in great abundance; it is well calculated for thrauling in from twenty to twenty-five fathoms; but the most profitable mode of fishing would be long lines, such as are used off Dublin, Isle of Man, and coast of England, when one boat, in tolerable weather, would be able to fish many hundreds of hooks. A friend informs us that he has "frequently thrauled there, never without heaving up a net full of fine fish, the largest and finest black soles in great abundance, turbot, brill, gurnard, some plaice and skate and thornback to fill the net." Another proof of the quantity and certainty of the fish being always here is, that since the light-ship off the Cunnies has been established, lying nearly at the tail of the bank, the men on board her have caught and cured an immense quantity of fish; so much so, that they are now forbidden by the Ballast-office to fish, except for their own use, while on board, as not only was the vessel lumbered with the fish caught, but the inspectors judged that too much of the men's time was devoted to it. Indeed, before this order, she usually presented a curious appearance, her rigging and sides covered with split fish drying; and the steam vessels from Waterford were seldom disappointed in procuring fish from her when they neared her in fine weather. Sometimes large quantities of fish fall into the bays along this district—Tramore, the harbour of Waterford, and Ballyteague Bays; but they must actually come ashore before the people will seek for them. Pilchards only have been lately fished for. Latterly many boats have come down from Arklow and the northern part of the Wexford coast, and are very successful; they have long nets much deeper than those along-shore, with which they drift during the night. Sometimes the take is very extensive, and the fish are readily sold at about four shillings per 120: the shore nets are very deficient, being only about two fathoms deep; the Arklow nets are more than five, and of course take fish when the shallow nets will have none. Many individuals have attempted the Nymph Bank fishery, but they neither went to work with perseverance, nor with boats and experienced crews fit for the service. There are two essentials necessary for the welfare of any undertaking of this kind—capital, to procure proper craft fitted with all requisites for taking and curing fish, and men who know their business. Such men must be brought from a distance, for there are none on the spot. A primary object, however, would be to form a harbour of refuge for the fishermen; at present there is none. It would be impossible to suggest a better mode for the expenditure of a grant of public money. The good it might do is incalculable.

William, Earl Marshall of England, and Earl of Pembroke, who wedded the lady Isabella de Clare, daughter of Earl Strongbow by his second wife, the Princess Eva Mac Morogh, in whose right he claimed the lordship of Leinster. The Earl, when in great danger at sea, made a vow that, in case he escaped, he would found an abbey on the spot where he landed in safety." His bark was sheltered in Bannow bay, and he scrupulously performed his vow by founding this abbey, which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and filled with Cistertian monks, whom he brought from Tintern, in Monmouthshire, a monastery that owed its foundation to the house of De Clare. After the dissolution, the buildings and appurtenances were granted, by Queen Elizabeth, to Sir Anthony Colclough, captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners, to hold *in capite*, at the annual rent of twenty-six shillings and four pence, Irish money. In this family it still remains; part of the ancient structure having been converted into a modern dwelling-house *.

* The Colcloughs are one of the families that are under "the curse of fire and water," said to be common to a few, in England as well as in Ireland, who hold estates once owned by the church. The neighbouring peasantry have a legend, ascribing an evil influence of this sort, partly to this cause, and partly to a tradition that Sir Anthony murdered all the friars he found in the house on taking possession; but chiefly to the fact of an ancient rath, one of those said to have been frequented by the fairies, having been levelled by Sir Cæsar Colclough. Of this latter gentleman they narrate the following tale:—he was engaged to the lovely heiress of Redmond, of the tower of Hook, and, going over to England on a mission that shall be described, the lady promised to burn a light in her chamber to guide him on his return home. Having boasted much of the exploits of the Wexford hurlers to King William, with whom he was intimate, that monarch challenged him to bring over twenty-one men of the county to play a match with the famous hurlers of Cornwall. Sir Cæsar held a grand game at Tintern Abbey, and, selecting the best players, took them over to the English court: the king and queen, and a large assemblage of the nobility, witnessed the match. Out of compliment to William, the Irish were provided with yellow sashes, or handkerchiefs, for their waists, from which circumstance Wexford men are still often called "yellow bellies." The Irish were of course victors. Colclough, returning in triumph, steered for the Tower of Hook. Here the outraged fairies interposed; they lulled the lady to sleep with their music, and extinguished her constant lamp; her lover was wrecked, and his dead body cast on shore. The disconsolate young heiress, to save the lives of future mariners, converted her father's tower into a lighthouse, which it remains to the present day. There is another tradition, more reasonable though equally romantic; that the first Colclough was secretary to a nobleman, who obtained the grant. This secretary he sent to the court of Elizabeth, to have the grant ratified; his appearance and address so won upon the virgin Queen, that when he returned to Ireland he found that the deeds conferred the estates upon himself.

The most remarkable ruin, or rather assemblage of ruins, in the county, stand nearly at the extremity of the bay. The "Seven Castles of Clonmines," for so they are termed, lie together in a field, on a bank of "the Scar," and

have a singular and picturesque effect. A MS. description of Wexford, written in 1684, speaks of the town as "a very ancient corporation, but now quite ruinated, there remaining only four or five ruinated castles, an old ruined church called St. Nicholas, and a monastery, also ruined, called St. Augustine." This account clearly makes out the "seven," as no doubt the belfries of the church and abbey came in time to be reckoned as warlike towers. One of these edifices is still in possession of a descendant of its builder, seven centuries ago—Mr. Richard Sutton, a farmer, occupying the tower that was erected by Sir Roger de Sutton, a companion of Fitz-Stephen. Clonmines was a town of great antiquity, and of some extent, covering about twenty acres, surrounded by a vallum and fosse. In the time of the Danes, it had a mint for coining silver. The old MS. we have quoted, states that it "was a place of great trade in times passed, and a harbour for shipping, until the sand filled up the passage near the town of Banno, which was the destruction of both these townes," and that it "tooke its name from the silver or royall mines formerly dug there and on the other side the river; there are still to be seene five or six deepe pitts or mines, and some of the oare, y^{t} was cast up, which seemes to contain more leade than silver. There lived in these partes within a few yeares a very old man y^{t} sayed he remembered to have seen miners at worke there, but that

the river* water came in upon the workmen so fast that they were forced to quitt the undertaking for good and all."

A still more striking and interesting ruin, however, is the small church of Bannow, standing on the summit of a hill that overlooks a plain, of limited extent, undulated with hillocks, between which are long straight and regular depressions, — clearly pointing out the site of the "Irish Herculaneum" — the old town of Bannow, buried, many years ago, beneath the sand. The little church, a few dilapidated walls,

and a square tube of masonry, believed to have been the massive chimney of the town-house, that peeps above the soil of the church-yard, are the only relics of the work of man now visible in the district†. But the town may be

* This river is famed in the county history as the barrier of the English, and was called *par excellence* The Pill, a name applied generally to tide-inlets. Sir George Carew, writing in Elizabeth's time, observes that the south part of the shire, "as the most civil part, is contayned within a river called Pill; where the auncyentest gentilmen, descended of the first conquerors, do inhabit; the other, also, without the river, is inhabited by the original Irishe, the Kavanaghs, Moroghes, and Kinselaghs, who possesse the wooddy part of the country, and yet are daylie more and more scattered by our Englishe gentilmen, who incroche upon them, and plant castles and piles within them." Holinshed alludes to the *exclusive* effects of this natural circumvallation; "but of all places," he tells us, "Weisforde, with the territorie baied and perclosed within the river called the Pill, was so quite estranged from Irishrie, as if a traveller of the Irish had pitcht his foot within the Pill, and spoken Irish, the Weisfordians would command him foorthwith to turne the other end of his toong, and speake English, or els bring his trouchman with him." The guarding of this river was deemed of such importance, that an act of parliament was passed by Henry VI. for building towers upon its banks, and "that none shal breake the fortifications or strengthe of the water of Bannow, nor shal make noe waies on the same water from the woode of Bannow to the pill adjoyninge to the river of Slane; savinge soe much waies as shal be made by the comandment and viewe of the bishop and deane of Fernes, the seneschall of the libertie, and sherriffe of the crosse." By patent, Henry IV. appointed John Neville, Baron of Rosgarland, "keeper" of this water; and the ancient feudal tenure by which the Hore family held the manor of the Pole, was "the service of keeping a passage over the Pill water as often as the sessions should be held at Wexford."

† Before the Union, Bannow returned two members to Parliament; and they were elected, or rather elected themselves, sitting upon this mass of mason-work, which by an odd fiction was said to be "the town." That it was once of some note is certain. The grants by Charles the Second, under the Act of Settlement, mention the following streets in this town:—High-street, Little-street, Weaver-street, Lady-street, and 26 houses, mostly built of stone. From the quit-rent rolls which we examined at Wexford, it contained, among others, the following streets:—viz. High-street, Weaver-street, St. George-street, Upper-street, St. Toolock's-street, St. Mary's-street, St. Ivory-street, Lady-street, Little-street, &c. Fair slated houses,

easily traced; consisting of several wide streets, crossing one another, and extending generally eighty or a hundred yards before the traces are lost.

There are no existing data to determine the precise period at which the submersion took place; but there can be little doubt that the destruction was gradual, enabling the inhabitants to remove their goods; and leaving nothing but bare walls for the sand to cover. The process by which it was destroyed is still going on in the vicinity, and it is curious to watch the perpetually changing character of the adjacent soil as small clouds, of peculiarly fine sand, hover about it, now settling and now shifting, and where it meets an obstruction, forming round it a nucleus, and altering in a few hours the form of a particular spot*.

The church is obviously of very remote origin. The windows are not of the pointed gothic, such as were introduced by the Normans; but Saxon, similar to those of Cormac's chapel, and in the style of architecture known to have existed in Ireland long prior to the invasion. The interior is filled with sculptured ornaments of great beauty as well as antiquity; and the comparatively modern graves of the "lords of the soil" are mingled with those of their great English progenitors—for perhaps in no county of Ireland can there be found so many who trace their descent in a direct line from the triumphant knights of the reign of Henry the Second. For us, these graves have a deep and sacred interest; here repose the dear friends and beloved relatives of our childhood; and a visit to the scene we are describing is, with us, though a sad, a profitable, pilgrimage—calling back to memory the neglected flowers of childhood, that were so fair and so fragrant. Surely they may blossom, in imagination, upon the graves of the true, the generous, the wholly virtuous!

horse-mills, gardens, and other indications of a prosperous place, are also mentioned as paying quit-rent. In the 13th century it appears by the Charter of Ross it was one of the principal sea-port towns in the county; but soon after a great decay must have taken place, as by the Rent-roll of Joan de Valence, Countess of Pembroke, and Lady Palatine of Wexford, the rents of the burgages in the town were in 1307 worth 7*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, and had formerly paid 8*l.* 10*s.*

* "Not only the town, but the whole harbour," writes Dr. Walsh, "has undergone an extraordinary mutation from this cause. So late as the period of the Down Survey, in 1657, in the map of this district, which I examined, the island of Slade lay opposite to the site of the town, separated from it by a broad channel; and it appears, from other authorities, that directions were given to mariners how to steer up this channel so as to clear some rocks which lay in the middle of it. There is now no island of Slade, nor navigable channel; the whole was filled up by the process which covered the town."

The Bay of Bannow abounds with sea-fowl, and among them is one which has been the occasion of very extraordinary opinions:—the barnacle, a bird resembling a wild goose, found in abundance in this bay, and also in that of Wexford. It feeds on the tuberous roots of an aquatic grass, which is full of saccharine juice; and instead of the rank taste of other sea-fowl, which feed partly on fish, this bird acquires from its aliment a delicate flavour that renders it highly prized. But the circumstance which long made it an object of the highest curiosity, was an idea that it was not produced in the usual way, from the egg of a similar parent, but that it was the preternatural production of a shell-fish, called a barnacle. This singular absurdity is not to be

Bannow, so entirely isolated, and so completely "out of the way," inclosed by its own bay and the outstretched arm of the Scar, and being the high road to "no-where," is remarkably fertile in character. When, in our early youth, our studies were made among its people, they had little intercourse with other parts of the country; three or four families of resident gentry providing them with employment and protection. At that period, there were neither magistrate, attorney, doctor, nor "post-office," within eight miles of the sea-girt parish; the gentry dispensed medicine, and the tenants trusted to their wisdom to reconcile their differences about a trespass, a bit of land, an ill word; or if an obstinate son or daughter refused to be married according to their parents' desire, "his honour" was called upon to "make them listen to rason," and often succeeded in compelling the parents to act rightly and wisely, by suffering love to have his turn, instead of law. John Williams, the Bannow postman, supplied this primitive neighbourhood with news twice a week for, we believe, more than thirty years; a right honest poor fellow, who brought all manner of, as he called them, "odd come-shorts to obleege the neighbours," managed to keep the accounts of some dozen families in his head, and was never known to miscalculate a single penny. It is with no ordinary emotion we look back to our childhood's years, spent within the now decaying walls of Graige; every tree has, for us, a history—every rock a tongue—the waters that dance within the bays, or sparkle on the sands, are full of eloquence; and yet how melancholy is the tone in which they hold discourse with us—and yet how changed—we will not, cannot say with truth, "sadly changed," for the

charged to the Irish; it was first published to the world by Giraldus Cambrensis, who accompanied the early invaders, and saw the bird in this place. It was received with avidity in England, and set down among other *specioso miracula* of the new and barbarous country, where everything was wild and monstrous. The shell supposed to produce it is frequently found on this coast, adhering to logs of wood and other substances which have remained long in sea-water; it is attached by a fleshy membrane at one end, and from the other issues a fibrous beard which curls round the shell, and has a distant resemblance to the feathers of a fowl; on this circumstance the story was founded. So late as the time of Gerard the botanist, it was firmly believed by the naturalists in England. In a folio edition of Gerard's works, there is a long account of this prodigious birth, which he prefaces by saying, "What mine eyes have seen, and mine hands have touched, that I will declare;" and he accompanies his description with a plate, representing one of these birds hanging by its head to a barnacle-shell, as just excluded from it, and dropping into the sea. This fishy origin of the bird rendered it also an object of ecclesiastical controversy. It was disputed with much warmth in England, before the Reformation, that this Irish bird, having a fish for its parent, was not properly flesh, and so might be eaten with perfect propriety on fast-days; hence this delicious meat was an allowed luxury, in which many worthy ecclesiastics conscientiously indulged, in Lent. One learned man made a syllogism to defend his practice: "Whatever is naturally born of flesh is flesh, but this bird hath no such origin, therefore it is not flesh." Another retorted on him by the following ingenious position: "If a man," said he, "were disposed to eat part of Adam's thigh, he would not be justified, I imagine, because Adam was not born from a parent of flesh." So universal was this belief in the extraordinary origin of the bird, that its supposed parent, the shell-fish, is called by conchologists *lepas anserifera*, "the goose-bearing lepas."

present "Lord of Bannow" merits all praise for his judicious improvements of a lovely district, now entirely his own. He sees the reward of his care and pains, in a prosperous and well-ordered peasantry; land, fertile by nature and cultivation; roads, the trees and hedge-rows of which might rival those of sunny England; not a beggar to be seen in the whole neighbourhood; a national school, filled with eager scholars, which, with all our partiality for that excellent arithmetician, "Master Ben," we must admit to be a vast modern improvement. A post-office is to be found perched on the hill of Carrig; a dispensary is close at hand, where the poor are well supplied, and carefully tended; there was a police station; but we learn that, as the men had nothing to do but make love to village coquettes, it was deemed advisable to remove it. Cottages, white as snow, and garlanded with flowers, are so common that they fail to extort notice. These are the characteristics of the Bannow of to-day. Still we may be permitted to lament the many changes that have been wrought by the changer, Time. One of the houses of the "good old times" stands bleak and tenantless beside the sluggish Scar; its master, who blessed, and was blessed by, all within his sphere—gone! The good priest, who guarded every protestant of the parish during "the troubles," so that no drop of blood was shed there—gone! the rector, and his stately wife, and smiling lovely daughters—gone! the friends and relatives of our own early and beloved home—that home silent and solitary in the green-leaved wood, where they passed through the chequered scenes of life—they are all gone! Our readers, will, for once, we trust, forgive a brief indulgence of our own strong feelings; we shall not have to ask it again. Twenty-and-four years ago seem, at this moment, but as yesterday. Dear Bannow! how mysterious and deep-rooted are the feelings that make the scenes of our early days a fairy land; we shall never see any earthly spot to love as well!

But the people—what quaint, amusing people they were; how they used to pour out their troubles, and enlarge upon their plans! There was Kelly the piper, everlastingly complaining that some urchin, at wake, fair, or pattern,

* At Bannow, we believe, one of the first, if not the first of the agricultural schools of Ireland was established, by the Rev. William Hickey, whose little practical works on husbandry, under the name of *Martin Doyle*, addressed more particularly to the humbler classes, are worth their weight in gold. Mr. Hickey, in process of time, left the district, and under the care of Mr. James the school expanded into a general educational establishment for young gentlemen. We have heard its system highly extolled, as combining more rational and useful instruction than is generally grafted on the usual school routine; and have heard gratifying reports concerning the "management" from several of his pupils, who are making honourable way in the world. We can ourselves bear testimony to the salubrity of the situation, and to the exceeding care to health, displayed by judicious and regular attention to exercise; a very minute inspection of every one of its departments justifies us in characterising it as highly creditable to the district, and a very serviceable auxiliary to the neighbouring gentry.

had cut his pipes, and "let out the music;" there was Paddy Cahill, the Bannow boatman, as everlastingly complained of, for refusing to ply the ferry, and gravely arguing that "upon his conscience he didn't see why he should bother the boat by taking the water, when he had money in his pocket, and whiskey on his hob;" there was Elsee, the fairy woman, who would sell any girl a love-charm for sixpence, and secure to a wife her husband's safe return from a fishing trip, for the quarter of a maze of herrings; there was a poor scholar who wrote poetry in Latin and English, a pale, attenuated creature, who found "a drop of sweet milk and a mealy potatoe" in every cottage, or a new-laid egg on the high shelf: the Irish peasants worship talent. There was our old coachman, "Old Frank," who, in "the miserable year '98," buried the plate in the asparagus beds, the wine under the haystack, and concealed the old fat coach-horses in the fowl-house! Stiff old Frank, whom no one ever contradicted, and who contradicted every body; who would insist that his livery never grew old; who broke dogs, and who for mastering horses was almost as famous as "the Whisperer;" who was forty years coachman in one family; who came in, every day after dinner, for his tumbler of punch, and when invariably asked by his master how he liked his punch, as invariably answered, with a cough and a smile, "Ladies' punch, plaze yer honor, hot, strong, and sweet." Poor Frank! few servants, now-a-days, are as faithful!

Ah! we could fill a volume with memories of our old friends, high and low, rich and poor; and sketch their characters with an untiring pen from a store almost inexhaustible. We may draw one portrait at full length; premising that "a jolter"—a man selling oysters, brooms, and sundries—was as welcome to the servants' hall, as a pedlar, with shawls and laces, to the drawing-room, in our isolated and "out-of-the-way" Bannow. We remember when the return of the crows to the rookery was an event eagerly looked for in our solitary and thoughtful childhood.

"Pat the Oyster," or "Paddy the Broom," for his cognomen changed with the seasons—was a tall piece of mortality who guided his spare donkey by means of what he called a "Devil's tail," a long branch of sea-weed, from which sprang several broad sea ribands—his hat ornamented with various tufts of, to quote again from his vocabulary, "the same illement." When the oyster season was passed, Pat threw aside his ocean emblems, trimmed his hat with heather, swayed his donkey with a broom-wand, and instead of singing hoarsely "Old Ben Bow," as he trudged through the narrow lanes, muttered "The Wind that shakes the Barley." At that time he was considered by no means a good-tempered person, but rather cross-grained and bitter, or sour, or whatever people choose to denominate the continual sharp and snappish

mood of mind and manner, anything but amiable or agreeable. Yet "Pat the Oyster" no sooner made his appearance at the back entrance than every servant in our house gathered round him, some for the purpose of tormenting, and others to watch the tormentors. "Fair weather to you, Pat! Pat, what has crossed you this morning?—you look sour enough to turn the cream to curd." "Pat, I wouldn't be the woman that owned you for a thrifle;" and one, very like the "Mrs. Candour" of serving-life, would add, "Ah girls! let the poor fellow alone, if he does look cross: surely two wives at a time are enough to make any man fractious."

"There's one thing," was Pat's answer to this raking up of an old grievance, "there's one thing would make it worse." "What is it, Pat dear?" inquired the scandal-monger. "Having you for a third!" was his reply. Now a woman never forgives a "slur" of this kind; and it is our firm belief that half the idle, tattling, ill-natured, gossiping stories that went about the country concerning poor Pat, originated with the insulted laundress. This she denied; but certainly, if she did not actually invent, she wove a yarn out of a spider's web. Pat's responses in general were very epigrammatic; but when he descanted on the delicacy of his oysters, or the power of his brooms, he became eloquent. He was also proud of being a Wexford, or as he pronounced it, a "Waxford" man; and nothing affronted him so much as being asked if he belonged to Munster or Connaught.

"Is't for a Connaught boy you take me? One of the three grate backbiters—a flea, a fly, or a Connaught man! Och! tare-an-ounty. Agh-a-Wisha! No, I'm for Waxford—as the Mimber said; and not a taste ashamed of my county nor my county of me; look at thim oysters now; there's whoppers; they scorn to open their mouths at ye behind yer back—there's an oyster! every sacret he has he keeps to himself, and himself in the bargain, until some murderin' Oliver Crummel of a knife brakes into his castle—the way he did, the thieving marauder, all over the world and Ireland to the back of it!"

The servants would complain that his last brooms were bad; now, it was always an undetermined point whether he most resented an insult offered to his county, his oysters, or his brooms.

"Tare-an-ounty, woman, do you expect the broom to go forward into the flure, and sweep on of itself?—is that what you want? a broom that would clane the flure without any trouble—the same as a leprehawn or a fairy!—it's the laziness hinders ye from taching the innocent broom to do its duty—the laziness—the pure laziness!—the worst disease and the hardest to cure that ever got into the country—brooms in troth! Next to the oysters, which the Almighty made, are the brooms that I make, which every house and cabin-

keeper in Bannow swears are pattern brooms—dacent women! good right have they to know. Show me a Bannow woman without shoes on her feet, a bonnet to shade her face, and fair fame as her fortune; there's no tramp of a beggar's foot on the sands of Bannow; no starvation! they know the taste of good oysters, and Bannow and the Bar'ney forth smell from one end to the other of beans and bacon. Agh-a-hah!"

"Why Pat," interrupted another tormentor; "why do you call them Wexford brooms; you know you cut them in Wicklow!"

"And where's the odds? If they were cut in Wicklow, they were tied in Waxford: I don't want any one to buy them; the Bannow postman can tell how it's with every one in the town.—'Mister Patrick, when the oyster saison is over (and sure it's your oysters that *are* the beauties) you'll not forget the brooms.' Don't I, travelling from Fetherd, come round over Wellington bridge, just out of consideration for my customers—to keep my brooms dry?"

So they all chafed "Pat the Oyster" with such variety as circumstances might suggest. But all things are liable to change. One day Pat made his appearance with a strip of black stuff pinned round his hat, from which sea-weed and heather had both vanished. "What's yer trouble Pat, my poor fellow? we're sorry for it," was the observation.

"More than I am," was the honest reply. "The ould woman's gone at last, God be good to her. So I put this black strip about my hat for dacency."

"Was she very old, Pat?"

"Bedad! she was; tare-an-ounty ould!"

"Oh, then," said a sharp, black-eyed, laughing, lovely, Barony-forth girl; "Oh then, Pat, that could not be the one you brought to our place last autumn, for she was a bright little woman intirely—mighty nate."

"And pray why not? You're a fine judge of ages, to be sure! you women have a way of making yourselves look young—a fine cap about your face, with bordering for all the world like crimped cod—to hide the wrinkles; and eighteen pennorth of false hair—like the fringe on a lobster's leg—and the father of mischief would not tell your age! If a body could guess yer years as they do the horses', troth ye'd all be apter to keep yer mouths shut. And it's only afraid that I won't make you an offer, as the song says, of my 'hand and heart,' that sets you down upon me. I'm sure the weather ought to have grate care intirely over poor bachelors and widow men, seeing how they're hunted through the counthry by all the idle girls that's wanting husbands. It's myself will be obliged to marry one or other of them soon, just out of regard to the pace of mind of the town lands I travel, and the safety of my own soul!"

This declaration was received, as all declarations invariably are, according to the temper of the hearer, rather than according to the meaning of the speaker; and Paddy departed, leaving an impression—rather from the new life of his manner, than from his spoken words—that he was really a free man. Certainly the belief that he was a free man caused a change of opinion in his favour. A wonderful degree of charity mingled with the comments that followed his departure. "The straame was deep, and the cliff high—but neither so deep or so high as they were made out." "Everybody knew 'Pat the Oyster' was cross-grained, but no one knew the provocation he got from a fractious old woman; but he was as honest as the sun in June, and never spoke an ill word of friend or foe behind their back." "If he was nothing but a jowlter, there wasn't a gentleman in the county that would not discoorse him." And the laundry-maid—the very "Mrs. Candour," who had twitted him in so public a manner about his two wives—added, "That to be sure there was no believing the talk of the country—she only repeated what she heard about his wives—it might not be true—she dared to say, it was a lie—indeed she always thought so—only she liked to *get a rise* out of Paddy—he was so ready with his answers!" Then came calculations amongst the elders as to the amount of Pat's funded property, and all agreed that "his stocking" was heavier with silver than copper; and that he was a good-looking man of his years, with no worse word in his mouth than "*tare-an-ounty*."

In the mean time, Pat seemed to rejoice in his liberty like an old eagle freed from his chain. His voice cleared—he gave "Old Ben Bow," as he paced down Graige avenue, the following week, with increased spirit—sported a new hat—new panniers—and fattened the old donkey, until it looked like a new one. "Pat the Oyster" was decidedly changed—the perpetual blister had been removed—the chain broken.

"If you please, ma'am," said the laundry-maid, to our grand-dame, a day or two before the commencement of Lent; "If you please, I'm sorry to leave the service, but I want to have it over before Lent is on us. He's taken a nate little shop in Wexford, and between the oysters and the brooms, and letting a couple of the rooms *furnished*—with the blessing!—we'll not be bad off. His reverence would not 'say the words' for us without telling your honour. I never would have married a jowlter," she added; "but a shopkeeper, ma'am—a shopkeeper! is very different."

"She'd have me any way she could get me, madam, and tare-an-ounty glad to catch me!" said "Pat the Oyster," poking his head into the parlour window. There is little doubt that Pat was right.

The Baronies of Bargy and Forth, which extend along the coast from the Bay of Bannow to the Bay of Wexford, form, perhaps, the most singular and remarkable district of Ireland; its inhabitants being, to this day "a peculiar people," more distinct from the aboriginal Irish than from the Welsh, of whom they are undoubtedly descendants. Of the peculiar locality from whence they originally came, however, there is no evidence; they seem to have settled as colonists rather than as invaders, and, probably, preceded, by a long period, the arrival of the Anglo-Norman allies of Dermot Mac Morogh. Vallancey, who published, in the second volume of the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, a "memoir of the Anglo-Saxon colony," has thrown little or no light upon the subject; his inquiries appear to have been limited, and his information meagre; the chief value of his report being a scanty vocabulary of their language—valuable still, for it is daily becoming less and less, and in a few years will, no doubt, be obsolete *.

Whatever may have been the origin of the colonists, their posterity have continued to the present day a very peculiar race. The various wars under the reigns of Elizabeth, the second James, and the government of Cromwell, appear to have affected the chiefs or head-men of these Baronies

* We met with very few, throughout the Baronies, who could supply us with more than a few words, and with only one person who could hold a conversation in the language. The kindness of a gentleman "born and reared" among this primitive people, enabled us to procure a large collection of their peculiar terms: we copy a few of them—sufficient to give the reader a notion of their character—*Chour*, giant; *fash*, shame; *kemp*, large; *kennen*, known; *ilet*, hindered; *math*, a meadow; *ractsome*, fair; *redesman*, adviser; *ramshogue*, foolish talk. These we give from our own gatherings. The list of Vallancey contains about 300 words; and among them are several which, though now obsolete in England, are to be frequently encountered in the pages of Gower, Chaucer, and the earlier English poets—some of them indeed having been used by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. A singular document was given to us—by the writer of it (the gentleman we have referred to), who formed it from his own knowledge of the tongue, aided by the memories of some of the older peasants. It is an address presented to the Marquis of Normanby, (who, while Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland paid a visit to the district) at Ballytrent, on the 12th of August, 1836; and is entitled "ye soumissive spakeen o ouz, dwellers o' Baronie Forth, Weisforthe :"—

"Wee, Vassales o' "His Most Gracious Majesty" Wilyame ee 4th, an az wee virilie chote na coshe an loyale Dwellers na Baronie Forthe, crave na dicka luckie acte t'uck necher th' Eccellencie, an na plaine garbe o' oure yola talke, wi vengem o' core t' gie oure zense o' ye grades wilke be ee dighte wi yer name, an whilke wee canna zie, albiet o' 'Governere,' 'Statesman,' an alike. Yer ercha an al o' whilke yt beeth wi gleozom o' core th' oure eene dearneth apan ye Vigere o' dicke zovereine, Wilyame ee 4th, unnere quhose fatherlie zwae oure deis be ee spant, az avare ye trad dicke lone, yer name waz ee Kent var ee '*Vriene o' Levertie*,' an '*He quho brake ye neckers o' zlaves*.' Mong ourzelves—var wee dwitheth an Irelone az oure generale haime—y' ast bie ractzom hone delt t' ouz ye laas ee mate var ercha vassale, ne'er dwithen enna dicke wai nar dicka. Wee dwithe ye ane quhose dies bee gien var ee gudevare o' ye lone ye zwae, t'avance pace an livertie, an wi'out vlinch, ee garde o' generale rioghts an poplare vartue. Ye pace—yea we mai zei, ye vaste pace—quhilke be ee stent o'er ye lone, zince th'ast ee cam, pwo'th y'at wee alane needed ye giftes o' generale rioghts, az be dizplaite bie ee factes o' thie goveremente. Ye state na dicke die o' ye lone, na quhilke be ne'er fash, nar moile, albiet 'Constitutional Agitation,' ye wake o' hopes ee blighted! stampe na yer zwae be rare and lightzom. Yer name var zeteh avenet avare yie e'en a dicka vur hie, arent quhilke ye brine o'

only, and to have left the humble classes undisturbed, except by a change of masters. Extraordinary comforts and unusual independence were still the lot of the majority.

The peninsular position of these Baronies—the sea on the one side, and the mountain of Forth on the other—contributed, no doubt, in a great degree to the safety and stability of the colony; yet had it not been for the numerous castles, or, more properly speaking, *fortalices*, the ruins of which form so remarkable a feature in the landscape, the courage and daring of the native Irish would have caused their extermination. Over a surface of about 40,000 acres, there are still standing the remains of fifty-nine such buildings; and the sites of many more can still be pointed out. The walls of solid masonry were equally secure against the arrows and javelins of the foe, and the effects of fire. Their roofs could not be given "to the flames" nor their "flesh to the eagles," while entrenched in these strong-holds; the castle of the chief was the rendezvous of the vassal, and the flocks and herds. A plentiful supply of pure water was never wanting where a castle was erected; and from the warder's watch-tower on the summit, two at least, and often six or more, castles were in sight. The beacon

zea, an ee crags o' noghanes cazed na balke. Na oure glades ana quhilke we deltt wie mattoe, an zing l'oure caules wi plou, wee hert ee zough o' ye colure o' pace na name o' 'Mulgrave.' Wi 'Irishmen' oure generale hopes be ee bond—az '*Irishmen*' an az Dwellers na coshe and loyale o' Baronie Forthe, w'oul die an ercha die, oure maunes an our gurles, prie var lang an happie zines shorne o' lcumagh, an ee vilt wi benizons, an yuzel an oure gude zovereine 'till ee zin o' our dies be vare aye ee go t' glade."

"We, the subjects of his Most Gracious Majesty, William the Fourth, and as we truly believe both faithful and loyal inhabitants of the Barony Forth, beg leave at this favourable opportunity to approach your Excellency, and in the simple dress of our old dialect to pour forth from the fullness of our hearts our sense of the qualities which characterise your name, and for which we have no words but of 'Governor,' 'Statesman,' &c. In each and every condition, it is with joy of heart that our eyes rest upon the representative of that sovereign, William the Fourth, under whose paternal rule our days are spent; for before your foot pressed this soil, your name was known to us as the 'Friend of liberty,' and 'He who broke the fetters of the slave.' Unto ourselves—for we look on Ireland to be our common country—you have with impartiality (of hand) ministered to us the laws made for every subject without regard to this party or to that. We behold you one whose days are devoted to the welfare of the land you govern, to promote peace and liberty—the uncompromising guardian of common rights and popular virtue. The peace—yes we may say the profound peace—which overspreads the land since your arrival, proves that we stood alone in need of the enjoyment of common privileges, as is demonstrated by the results of your government. The condition this day of the country, in which is neither tumult nor confusion, but that Constitutional Agitation, the consequence of disappointed hopes, confirms your rule to be rare and enlightened. Your fame came before you, even into this retired spot, to which neither the waters of the sea yonder, nor the rugged mountains above, caused any impediment. In our valleys where we were digging with the spade, or as we whistled to our horses at the plough, we heard in the word 'Mulgrave,' the distant sound of the wings of the dove of peace. With Irishmen our common hopes are inseparably wound up—as Irishmen and as inhabitants of the Barony of Forth, faithful and loyal, we will daily, and every day, our wives and our children, implore long and happy days, free from melancholy, and filled with blessings, for yourself and our good sovereign, until the sun of our lives be for ever gone down the shaded valley (of death)."

fire, or other signal, raised on one, spread the alarm in a short time over the entire county*.

These castles have, for the most part, the same character; a single tower at one corner of a square battlemented court-yard. Mr. Nichol sketched for us the castle of Rathmacnee, the property of H. K. G. Morgan, Esq., as a characteristic example, in a very good state of preservation. Some time ago it was falling to decay, when Mr. Morgan had it roofed, and the foundations properly repaired—so that it is likely to illustrate the style of the period of its erection for some centuries to come.

The people of Forth and Bargy are, on the average, rather above the middle size; stouter, generally, than the native Irish, and of a slower and more sober footstep. From early life they are accustomed to active habits of industry; and there were, until very lately, but few cottagers or working men who had not from one to three acres of ground attached to the dwelling. The children are removed, early, to the employment of the farmers under whom their fathers worked, and sons have succeeded parents in the same families for many generations. The dress of all classes of farmers and cottagers, for general use, even at the present day, consists of home manufacture—formerly there was nothing purchased from a shop. The flax grown on the farm is dressed and spun in the farm-house, woven by some neighbouring weaver, and very often bleached by the frugal housewife herself. Wool is also shorn from the farmer's own sheep by himself or son, spun by his

* The number of ecclesiastical edifices in the Barony of Forth is as extraordinary as that of the military. The MS. to which we have referred gives a catalogue of them, amounting to eighteen churches, thirty-three chapels (one being annexed to each castle), two convents, and a hospital. The MS. from which we quote is a description of this county, the Barony of Forth especially, by Robert Leigh, Esq., of Rosegarland, and Colonel Solomon Richards, dated 1684; this curious and interesting volume, written for the use of the learned Sir William Petty, is in the possession of Mr. Hore, of Pole Hore, from whose collections for a history of the shire (which he designs to publish) we have derived much information.

wife, daughters, and maid-servants, and manufactured into cloth, linsey-wolsey, flannel, blankets, and stockings, for domestic use. Increased facilities for trade have tended to diminish, but not to supersede this habit *.

The dwelling-houses and out-offices are far more convenient and comfortable than most Irish houses. They are generally clay built, but dashed, or encrusted, without and within, with lime-mortar, neatly thatched, and have solid chimneys of masonry, not wicker-work plastered, so common and so dangerous elsewhere. Habituated to live dependent on their own resources, modern improvements were slower in gaining admittance among them than in other districts; and their customs being for ages superior to those of their neighbours, they were unwilling to hazard changes. Their industry is more uniform, not only throughout the day, but throughout the year—seldom breaking into fits of excessive action, and then as listlessly idling or resting.

Of native travelling beggars there are none in the district. Such as have no direct personal means of support apply to their more fortunate neighbours, and neither consider themselves, nor are they considered by others, as beggars. In every farm-house, a sack of meal was formerly placed, open in the kitchen, with a plate, to be dealt out in charity to the wandering poor; whilst food and lodging was to be found wherever it was required.

While the male portion is engaged in out-door work, the females are no less so within; and the winter evenings are employed in spinning, knitting, and sewing. The manufacture of straw-plait is to be found in every house; and many a young girl has exhibited no discreditable an imitation of Leghorn, the work of her hands, and from her own preparation of the *traneen*. In dress, the farmers' daughters will imitate the fashions of the higher orders, and are in general remarkable for a pleasing feminine beauty and fairness of complexion, combined with a general superior symmetry of person. They are

* We have often heard peasants of the Barony humming an old song, of which the following was the burden:—

"I kill my own lamb, my own chickens, and ham,
And I shear my own sheep and I wear it."

So general was the growth of flax formerly, that kilns for drying it were erected in every town-land—a wise precaution against the danger of fire to the dwellings—and a wooden instrument (or break) called a "Nabor," formed a necessary appendage to every village. As the head was a large lump of wood, a dunce or blockhead was called a "Nabor-heade." Wheat is pretty generally cultivated, but the soil is much better adapted to the growth of barley, the meal of which forms the bread of the labouring populace. Before the excise laws were put into strict force, beer of a very superior kind was brewed in every house for domestic use and hospitality, and in winter and early spring supplied the place of milk. Oats were not so generally sown, and are used only in the form of grits, or groats, as stirabout for breakfast, bread made from oatmeal being in little esteem with the natives. Beans are extensively sown, the abundance of sea-manure being highly favourable. Until lately, more beans were raised here than in all the rest of Ireland put together.

remarkably careful in rearing all kinds of domestic fowls, and especially for forcing or cramming poultry; the moneys received for which are, by immemorial usage, the perquisites of the industrious daughters. Thus they are enabled to procure, independently of their fathers, many little articles of finery they would not otherwise ask for, and a spirit of thrift and cleanliness and honest pride is firmly established. Honesty, and even absence of suspicion of theft, prevailed so generally, that locks were unknown; and a simple bolt formed the interior fastening, whilst the barn, and all the outhouses, were left *on the latch*.

We have joined, in our description, the two Baronies, because their habits are precisely similar; and they present nearly the same aspect of cheerfulness, good order, and prosperity. As we have intimated, they abound in remains of old castles, all of them having nearly the same character. We have given an engraving of the most remarkable one in the Forth Barony, and introduce here a drawing of the most interesting in the Barony of Bargy — Bargy castle, formerly the residence of the unfortunate Bagenal Harvey. After his execution, his estates were of course forfeited to the crown; but they were subsequently restored to his brother. In the rebellion of 1798, no properties changed hands: a generous and a wise arrangement on the part of government.

The erection of a lighthouse on the Tuskar Rock—the extreme south-east point of Ireland—has been one of the most valuable works ever raised on the Irish coast. The work was commenced in the summer of 1813*, and on the

* On the evening of the 16th of October a strong gale sprung up from the S.W. and increased in fury till the 18th. The condition of the unfortunate men on the rock became frightfully awful. The huge billows began to roll over the entire extent of the rock, exceeding a surface of more than three acres. The very summit of the building was far overtopped. The sheds and workhouses were swept away in an instant; the loss of human life at the moment was more than thirty, and those only who clung to chains and large blocks survived the following wave. Every succeeding wave swept away some poor wretch. Some bound themselves by ropes to the chains and blocks, and fortunately the tide began to lower, yet the fury of the elements abated not. The unfortu-

evening of Sunday, June 4, 1815, the light, the mariner's guiding-star to the Irish Channel, was first exhibited. It consists of 21 Argand lamps, acting on reflectors, having seven lamps presenting one light every two minutes, and one seven of the 21 presents a deep red light each six minutes—the term of the revolution. The lights are 105 feet from the base, and the vane from high-water mark is 134 feet. The entire construction is a fine work of art; and though the furious billows have beaten to the height of fifty feet on the cone-shaped building, not the least effect or injury has been yet sustained.

Numerous Raths are dispersed throughout the Baronies; but in most places the vallum, or rampart, has been partially carried away, and a more than usual fertility is the distinctive mark of the site. The most perfect one is at a place called "Ballytrent," in Forth, near to the sea-shore. It is formed of two concentric circles, or ramparts, formed of clay, sand, and stones, carried thither from the sea-bank. It is now planted as an ornamental garden, and has a fine effect. On the top of each rampart are gravel walks bordered with evergreens. The summit circumference of the inner, and lower one, is two hundred and fifty yards; the summit of the outer is six hundred and forty-nine yards, its height twenty-one feet, and thickness thirty-seven. In the immediate vicinity are the remains of two others*.

Nearly in the centre of this fertile barony of Forth is Johnstown castle, the seat of Hamilton Knox Grogan Morgan, Esq., a descendant of the great Scottish reformer. The castle is modern, but built on the site of a very ancient structure, a tower of which, indeed, is part of the present building. It is formed entirely of granite, procured from the quarries of Carlow county; and, when finished, the mansion will rank among the most elegant and magnificent in the kingdom. The limits to which our work is confined, preclude us from noticing, as we progress, the various seats of the gentry; we shall in this instance depart from our usual plan, less because we owe a

nate survivors prepared against the horrors of the next full tide, which if possible was more dreadfully violent. In this condition they remained for forty-eight hours, never free from the running of the sea, and frequently buried at high tide, many feet beneath the moving mountains of water. The building itself was demolished, and several poor creatures were hurled along with the mass of stones into the abyss. Others were torn from the chains, benumbed and exhausted, whilst several died lashed in the embrace of the iron chain, which had almost cut their bodies in two. Nineteen shattered and mutilated creatures were at length, with great difficulty, rescued from their horrid condition.

* In the ramparts of the perfect one at Ballytrent is observable a considerable depression in the due East and West points; supporting the opinion that their use was religious, and the worship that of the sun. When anywhere within the outer rampart (even on the summit of the inner one), we have no view of anything terrestrial; and the depression at the East gave the worshipper in the interior the first view of the Deity in the morning, and that in the West the last view of his departing glory, unmixed with any earthly objects.

large debt of affection to the estimable proprietors of this domain, than as affording us a fitting opportunity to exhibit the vast improvements and great good that may be effected by a considerate and generous "lord of the soil" in Ireland. We have examined no estate in the kingdom which affords more unequivocal proof that a landlord may, if he pleases, surround himself with a comfortable, a prosperous, an attached, and a grateful tenantry.

Happily, Wexford is, in one respect, highly privileged — few of its landed proprietors are absentees. There are no huge estates, over which several agents must, of necessity, be placed; and as very few of its gentry have involved properties, it follows, as matter of course, that the tenants are in easy circumstances, and are neither rack-rented nor pressed for sudden payments*. Unfortunately, few of the Irish counties are so auspiciously

* A list of the "good landlords" of the county of Wexford would occupy several pages. Many of them have successfully laboured to introduce improvements among the people. A few of them we may not omit to notice:—"Courtown," the seat of the Earl of Courtown, is a model of excellent management. Two of the highest improvements in agriculture were first introduced into Ireland under the patriotic directions of the late Earl of Courtown. Arthur Young tells us, in his Tour in 1776, that the first field of turnips he saw in Ireland was here; and the present peer, whose unceasing care and attention to everything that may be conducive to the prosperity of those around him, is the admiration of all who witness it, has recently introduced the making and burning of DRAINING TILES, that *sine quâ non* in a wet climate, having brought over an experienced kiln-burner from Staffordshire to superintend the works. The new harbour formed at Courtown is also a work of patriotism and humanity. The evergreens at Courtown are remarkable for their enormous size and luxuriance; the extent of garden and ornamented ground is very large, near 40 acres; there is a fine avenue of limes, run up to a great height, the interior of which perfectly represents the aisle of a gothic cathedral. The Ounavara meanders through a magnificent glen of two miles in length, the banks of which are clothed with enormous beech, and other fine timber. Of "Wells," the seat of Robert Doyne, Esq., the Rev. Mr. Hickey, in his "Hints to small Farmers," thus speaks:—"The extensive demesne exhibits the most perfect system of agriculture on a large scale; the fields, 20 acres in extent, are laid out with mathematical precision; all the fences are preserved and trimmed with English exactness, and the implements of husbandry, cattle, &c. &c., are of the best description." It may be added that the whole seat has more the character of an ancient English residence than any perhaps in Ireland. The mansion is of red brick, faced

circumstanced; in many instances a nominal rent-roll misleads the owner into an expenditure far beyond his actual income; the consequence naturally is, that the landlord and the tenant are mutually embarrassed, that an air of poverty equally pervades the mansion and the cottage, and that prosperity to either is totally out of the question*.

The estate of Mr. Morgan is as beautiful a picture of healthful improvement and happy independence as the country can supply. Possessed of a very large fortune, and resident in one of the most fertile tracts of the kingdom, his efforts, seconded by those of his estimable lady, have been devoted to bettering the condition of their tenantry—and they have been eminently successful. The visitor sees no miserable hovel in this neighbourhood; no sickly, or squalid, or sturdy mendicant; no ill-clad workmen; nothing, in short, which indicates that hard-handed labour is barely sufficient to keep the wolf—hunger—from the door. Cottages such as this, the artist copied from one of the groups, are abundantly scattered over the district; pretty without, and comfortable within. We have entered them at all hours, and invariably found everything neat and well-ordered. Irish poverty, with its attendant ills, would here seem a fable. And how has this glorious object been attained? The secret is told in a sentence; by letting

with white granite, in the rich Tudor style; the hall, staircase, lobbies, and principal apartments wainscoted with old carved oak." Castle Boro, the seat of Lord Carew, was unhappily destroyed by fire about a year ago; but it is rebuilding in a style worthy of the taste and magnificence of its noble proprietor, who deservedly ranks high among the liberal and improving landlords of Ireland. Of "Bannow," the estate of Thomas Boyse, Esq., we have spoken elsewhere. There is nothing superior to it in the kingdom. His tenants are, with scarcely an exception, "men of property." "Wilton," the seat of the late —— Alcock, Esq., (the heir is a minor) is one of the most perfect and beautiful examples of a modern castle to be found in the country. In short, there is no district in Wexford that does not exhibit proof of the advantages to be derived from the personal care of resident proprietors.

* The good old priest of Blarney—of whom we have heretofore made grateful mention—thus expressed himself to us on the subject, hitting the nail on the head: "You see, sir, the way of it is this; the Irish gentry are ambitious of making out a huge rent-roll; when 'tis made they live up to it; half the rents are never paid; and the inevitable consequence is, that they soon become ruined men, with hereditary and entailed estates mortgaged to their value, who are compelled to live out the residue of their lives away from their creditors on the Continent, and are, of course, the worst of all the classes of absentees, because continually needing the poor incomes they can still drain from their tenantry."

land upon terms so just and equitable—and, we may add, wise—that every industrious renter of it is assured a profit sufficient, not alone to supply his wants, but to surround himself with the comforts which invariably elevate the mind and convert the thin and decaying tie which too frequently connects landlord and tenant, into an enduring link that cannot be broken.

It is not alone the physical wants of their dependants that are cared for by the proprietors of Johnstown Castle. A school-house, which for its external aspect and internal arrangements, may be accepted as a model, is supported by them and is open to all applicants to share in its advantages. They are so taught, that if their learning be not "better than house and land," they may know how to acquire both. Some of the best farmers, mechanics, and house-servants in the county have been educated there *.

* We may perhaps be permitted to associate with these matter-of-fact details, a passage from a sketch by Mrs. Hall, published in "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," a work, we rejoice to say, that largely circulates in Ireland; for no publication of the existing age is so completely calculated to carry on the great work of improvement. "To exhibit what may be done in Ireland, I refer to this estate, unencumbered, yielding to its possessor an immense annual income, spent by himself in the country, the money as it were returned to the tenant, with the rich interest of protection and kindness. Three hundred labourers constantly employed on this estate; a school-house, beautiful to look at, and useful in its construction, built and supported without regard to expense, at the gate leading to the princely demesne; the master, a man qualified in every respect for his occupation; no religious distinction made, and none thought of, either by the learned or the learner. Cottages built in the midst of flourishing gardens; roses and woodbines clustering round their windows; the landlord doubling the amount of whatever prizes his tenants may receive from agricultural societies, as encouragements to good conduct. No wild pigs, no beggars, no dunghills, no fear, few whiskey-shops, little quarrelling, very little idleness; clean, healthy, well-dressed children; the prettiest girls and 'neatest boys' in Ireland. You ask of the landlord's and landlady's religion: both are members of the Church of England; some of their servants are Catholics, some Protestants. I never heard the sound of religious difference in their household. By night and by day their house is open to relieve either sorrow or sickness; there are no traces of extravagance in their arrangements, though the park is full of deer, and the merry horn frequently calls forth the stag-hounds to the chase; but little is spent in vain entertainment, though great is the outlay of actual benevolence; every new improvement is tried at home before it is adapted to cottage use, and Paddy *sees* the good with his own eyes before he is called on to adopt it: this is especially necessary, for my countrymen love 'ould ways.' This is not an Irish Utopia of my own creation; it is, to use an Irish phrase, 'to the fore;' any one sceptical as to the possibility of Irish civilisation may go to Wexford, and drive in half an hour to Johnstown Castle, where he can see what I have described; and more—for the proprietors have introduced amongst the mechanics, as well as the agriculturists, a hitherto unknown taste, by fitting up certain rooms in the castle with oak carvings after the antique, which would do no discredit to our best artists in that way, and prove what *can* be done not only *in* the country, *but by the countrymen themselves*, when there is a kind and liberal spirit to draw forth and foster their natural abilities."

The demesne is less indebted to nature than to art; for although situated at the head of a fertile valley, and but a short distance from the foot of a fine and remarkably picturesque mountain, it lies in a hollow, and it is only from the summit of one of the castle's towers that a glimpse can be had of the sea. A noble sheet of artificial water immediately adjoins the castle, procured at immense cost, but having supplied for a considerable period a means of giving employment to the neighbouring people. On its borders there are several turrets of carved stone, and the hand of taste is everywhere apparent.

We cannot have wearied our readers by these details; for they show that what has been done here may be as easily effected elsewhere; they exhibit proofs how completely the character and habits of a people may be improved by just and judicious management; how greatly moral beauty may enhance the value of natural beauty; and, perhaps, the bright example may induce others to "do likewise." We have no desire that our statement should be considered as divested of private feeling; the friendship of persons such as those we have described is a high privilege and a large reward for many cares and anxieties; but we discharge a serious part of our public duty in rendering this homage to their many virtues, and bearing testimony to the immense good they have achieved already:—

Our hearts are with thee, Johnstown, and we pray
  Such lords of those who toil may be less few;
That Ireland, bountifully dower'd, may say,
  "See what my patriot sons and daughters do."
So shall her natural blessings still increase;
  So shall she safely proud and prosperous be;
So shall she triumph with internal peace,
  And be, indeed, all "glorious, great, and free!"

From Johnstown—and still through the Barony of Forth—to Wexford, a distance of about three miles above the rich and fertile valley, the road all

along commands an extensive and beautiful prospect; on one side is the dark and rugged mountain, on the other St. George's Channel. We pass a memorable spot, still called "Cromwell's Rock," where the great Irish bugbear planted his cannon to bombard the town, then surrounded with strong walls, of which there are several remains. The town was betrayed by the governor, who, being as Cromwell states, in his Letter to the Speaker, "fairly treated," surrendered just as an agreement was about to be signed for its evacuation. The soldiers of the Usurper enacted again the tragedy of Drogheda. Wexford is an assemblage of remarkably narrow streets; the memorable Jail is now an asylum for paupers; the still more memorable Bridge exists: it was originally composed entirely of wood; but of late years has been partially rebuilt of stone. Its length is very great, crossing a broad part of the Slaney*.

* About twenty yards from the entrance on the Westford side, the massacres of 1798 took place. The rebels had kept their prisoners in the jail, and when that was full, in the holds of two or three small coasting vessels. They were taken out in parties, of from ten to twenty, and conducted to the bridge. The victim was ordered to kneel down; two men stood behind and two before him, drove their four pikes into his body and flung it over into the water; firing shots at it, if it floated. A very graphic account of the horrible business is given by a Mr. Charles Jackson, a native of Sudbury, who carried on the business of a carver and gilder in the town. Having endured all the terrors of death for many days, he was led with sixteen others to the bridge. "I and my sixteen fellow-prisoners," he writes, "knelt down in a row. The blood of these who had been already executed on the spot (eighty-one in number) had more than stained, it streamed upon the ground about us. They began the bloody tragedy, by taking out Mr. Daniell, who the moment he was touched with their pikes sprung over the battlements into the water, where he was instantly shot. Mr. Robinson was the next: he was piked to death. The manner of piking was, by two of the rebels pushing their pikes into the front of the victim, while two others pushed pikes into his back; and in this state, writhing with torture, he was suspended aloft on the pikes, till dead. He was then thrown over the bridge into the water. They next came to Gurley, who was next to me. At that moment one of them came up to me and asked if I would have a priest. I felt my death to be certain, and I answered 'No.' He then pulled me by the collar, but was desired to wait till Gurley was finished." Gurley was accordingly murdered; but just as they were about to kill Jackson, General Roche rode rapidly up, calling them to arms, for that Vinegar Hill was beset by the army. Jackson, therefore, escaped, and with him two others—Mr. O'Connor, an organist, and William Hamilton, the bailiff of the town. A still more signal interposition of Providence was manifested on behalf of Captain Arthur Meadows. We had often heard the story; but on our late visit to Wexford received it from his own lips. At our request, he also kindly wrote for us the following:—

"On the 31st of May, '98, about six in the morning, I was taken by a rebel to the jail of Wexford; when I arrived there, I was told, three men had, a few minutes before, searched the jail for me, and told Mr. Bland and others, they had orders to put me to death: from the jail they went to my lodgings, *and must have passed me in the streets.* I was not there; they searched the house, made the family get out of bed, and turned over the beds, supposing I was secreted under one of them. Mrs. Meadows asked them the cause of their visit, and searching so strictly for me; adding, 'On Sunday last you murdered my brother, and now you want to murder my husband; but there is a Power able and willing to protect him.' They went away, and I heard no more of them. Here was a proof of the mercy of Him in whose providence we should trust; had I been at home or in prison, my life was lost; the villains were strangers, passed me in the street, and I was saved. On the 6th of June (with many others) I was taken from the jail, and put on board a small vessel with wet ballast, and straw, to rest and sleep on. We were told we were to be kept as hostages, and would be treated well. The vessel was taken through the drawbridge, and placed at the north side of the bridge, about pistol-shot from it. Our friends had liberty at times to send us provisions, and the rebels sometimes

The town has a thriving aspect; and but that its harbour has the disadvantage of "a bar," which there are good reasons for believing may be removed, its proximity to England would render it one of the most flourishing ports of the South. To displace this bar would indeed, probably, convert Wexford into the great thoroughfare between England and the South of Ireland, as its distance is no more than forty-five miles from Milford-haven. The evil, however, is of too ancient and firm a nature to be easily removed. Giraldus Cambrensis informs us that when Henry the Second set sail from this town for Pembroke, on Easter Monday, A.D. 1173, the king "took shipping without the bar." That its removal may be effected is

sent us potatoes and soup—both bad; however, we complained not. Morning and evening I assembled my fellow-prisoners about me, and regularly offered to the Deity our homage and duty, reading for them the 51st, 52nd, part of 55th, 56th, 57th, and 59th Psalms. My little congregation were certainly attentive, humble, and penitent; Mr. Benjamin Vicary, Major Milward, (then Captain) both now alive,—were part of it—Mr. Turner, father of the present Mr. Edward Turner, was murdered, Captain Cox, and Mr. Hore, father of the present Mr. Hore, of Harperstown, also; they—that is, Mr. T., Capt. C., and Mr. Hore, were called or taken to the bridge *by name*. When we were first apprised of the massacre, I got my congregation together, and offering part of our usual psalms, and one, expressive of our then situation, our little band of victims, about eighteen in number, shook hands, and took, *as we thought*, a long farewell of each other. A fellow came to the hatchway, and said, 'You may as well come out first as last, and save us the trouble of calling you.' I stood up, and told my companions we had better meet our fate; and saying to them 'God bless you,' I ascended the ladder to the deck; Captain Milward and Mr. Newton King followed me. A boat was ready to take us on shore, and we were from the landing-place taken to the bridge. I made application to some persons whom I knew, for protection. None offered assistance, though many were present whom my father and I had assisted. A chief, named Esmond Kyan, took Mr. King and Captain Milward under his care, and saved them. I was left to shift for myself, and was taken near to the Portcullis, all strangers about me, except my servant (a Roman Catholic), who met me there, *and was faithful*. I made a speech to the fellows; one of them said he would ask General Roche if he knew me. I told him he did: he returned and said General R. did not know me. Just at that instant I observed Mr. Hore (who was a tall man) holding his hat over his head, and asking if there was any one present who came from where he lived, when a blow of a pike hit him on the head; he fell forward, and his head struck my right shoulder, which turned me half round; he fell at my side, and I was compelled to see him murdered; for before I had time to regain my position, many indeed were the pikes put through his body. At this instant a female, to me unknown, called out 'Uncle, take care of Mr. Meadows, don't hurt him.' The man instantly said, 'Will you join us? if you do you shall have any command you wish for.' I answered, '*No*; I took the oath of allegiance to George the Third, and never will I break it.' 'You will not?' he repeated. My answer was '*Never*.' 'Right! honour bright!' was his reply, slapping me on the back, and adding, 'make off with yourself.' He then said, 'If you are ever able to do anything for this girl, won't you?' I replied, 'She is a stranger to me; but if she brings me this pencil-case (which was the only valuable article I had, having left my watch, &c. in the prison-ship), I shall know to whom I am indebted for this service.' The people around me and my servant pushed me in great haste to the bridge-gate, which a man there closed in a hurry—he was my servant's brother! I was about four paces from the gate, when I heard a cry of '*Where is Meadows?*' The man (Roche) holding the gate cried out, 'Not one of you shall pass, you know the king's army is at Vinegar Hill.' This stopped them. When the great body of rebels had left town, three rebel chiefs came to the place where I was sheltered, and conveyed or escorted me to my lodgings. This girl whom I have mentioned was courting my servant, or rather he was courting her; she was the instrument employed by Providence for my preservation. Matthew Roche was afterwards married to her; and I gave them an annuity for their lives; he lived with me as long as his health permitted. I attended his funeral at Castle Ellis, and told the multitude assembled the history of his faithfulness, before his coffin was covered. Husband and wife deserved it: he outlived her."

certain; although the cost of the work might be considerable, and the undertaking too great for private enterprise. But public money could not be better expended; for besides the advantages that would accrue to both countries, an immense tract of land might be gained from the ocean; which in course of time would afford an ample return. As it is, however, Wexford carries on a considerable trade; and there are steam-boats to Liverpool plying twice a week*. There are several ruins within the old walls; the most picturesque and interesting of which is the old abbey of Selsker†; the modern parish-church has been built close to it.

The road from Wexford to Enniscorthy—about thirteen miles—runs for some miles along the banks of the Slaney; but to see this river to advantage, the tourist should take boat at Wexford. Every spot is interesting, either for its natural beauty, for some historical association, or for its legends of the olden time. At a short distance, surrounded by fine timber and extensive woods, is Artramont, the seat of the Le-Huntes; it was granted to their ancestor, Colonel Le-Hunte, whose commission signed by Cromwell, as captain of his body-guard, is still in the possession of the family. Under the mansion,

* The Quays are good; and although large ships are seldom seen, they are usually crowded with coasting vessels—many of which belong to the town. The Court-house, an excellent building, faces the bridge. Wexford may boast of one of the best, if not the very best, hotels of the south of Ireland—"White's Hotel." We have never visited a better managed establishment; as it has been our good fortune to have hospitable friends in the neighbourhood, we have not been domiciled there; but we have received from many the highest testimonials as to the cleanliness, order, and attention, of the house—and especially in reference to the qualities of Mr. White's "cuisine." The host attends to his own business—a circumstance sufficient to account for the excellent character of the hotel.

† Selsker Abbey is remarkable as the spot in which the first treaty was signed with the English, in the year 1169, when the town of Wexford surrendered to Fitz-Stephen. It was enlarged and endowed by Sir Alexander Roche, of Artramont, under singular circumstances. When a young man he became enamoured of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a poor burgess of the town; his parents, to prevent his marriage, prevailed on him to join the Crusade then on foot for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. On his return from Palestine, he found himself a free agent by their death, but, on revisiting the dwelling of the lady, he ascertained that, in the belief of his rumoured death in battle, the girl had entered a convent. In despair he took a vow of celibacy, and endowed this monastery, dedicating it to the Holy Sepulchre (Saint Sepulchre, or by corruption Selsker), and became the first Prior.

among venerable cedars of Lebanon, may be seen a moss-covered donjon keep—all that remains of the fortress of the Roches, formerly Lords of Roche's Land.

> "Beneath those battlements, within those walls,
> Power dwelt amidst her passions, in proud state,
> Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
> Doing his evil will *."

A little further on and we arrive at a most interesting relic of ancient days—the site of Carrick Castle, the first castle that was built by the Anglo-Normans in Ireland—not the small antique tower which, situated on the

pinnacle of a rock, forms one of the most strikingly picturesque objects in the kingdom, and which has long usurped the name and "honours" of the fortress

* A harrowing tale, known as "Roche's Revenge," is told of one of the chieftains of that line—Wat Reoch, Walter the Rough, as he was called. He had suffered by the depredations of a neighbouring Irish leader of "kerne," named O'Morroe, who ruled the adjacent territory, still known as "the Morroe's Country." Wat gave him warning that the next foray should be the last, and he surprised and captured the freebooter in the act of recrossing the river with the "prey." The moon was high, the tide low; and as Wat Reoch observed the long bank of slime left bare by the receding waters, a horrid idea of retribution entered his mind. It was effected on the spot and at the instant. A strong stake was procured and fixed upright on the margin of the stream, at low water-mark. To this the captive was bound; one arm pinioned behind him, the other left free, and provided with a loaf of bread. In this situation he was left; for several successive tides Wat Reoch watched his living victim from the windows of his tower, none covering him higher than the breast. At length the flood tide came! One button after another on his jerkin disappeared beneath the water, which at last reached his chin, and soon closed over his head for ever.

of Fitz-Stephen. The true castle of the first Anglo-Norman—'adventurer and conqueror'—was on the opposite side of the river; a stately pile, that crowned the summit of a rugged hill, barely enough of which now remains to mark the space it occupied—for the plough has passed over nearly the whole of it*.

In this castle, Fitzstephen was besieged by the Wexford men; but he defeated all their attempts to take it, until treachery effected their purpose. The Irish demanded a parley and informed the English knight that Strongbow and all the British adventurers in Dublin had been destroyed, and that an immense force was on the march to Carrick. The information was of course doubted by Fitzstephen; and so the Irish compelled three bishops, who were their prisoners, to go to the walls of the castle and make oath to the truth of the statement, upon which Fitzstephen surrendered, and was subsequently treated with great cruelty.

Passing Ferry Carrig, and under its long narrow and "rickety" wooden bridge, we reach a very wide part of the river—that has more the appearance of a spreading lake. The banks are richly wooded; and a delicious landscape is nobly backed by the distant mountains; the loftiest, on the summit of which a fleecy cloud seems always resting, is Mount Leinster; the longer and nearer range is Black-stairs, three pinnacles of which are known as "the Leaps of Ossian's greyhounds;" the lower hill more eastward is the White

* Mr. Moore, in a note to his "History of Ireland," thus notices the castle:—"An eloquent Irishman (Right Hon. R. L. Sheil), of the present day, in a speech delivered by him some years since at Wexford, thus alluded to this memorable tower and its history: 'Situate at the gorge of the mountain, and commanding the passage over the stream, whose waters are darkened with its shadow, it is invested with many melancholy associations, and imparts to the solemnity of the scene what I may call a political picturesque. From the fosse of that tower memory may take a long and dismal retrospect. * * * * Years have flowed by, like the waters which it overshadows, and yet it is not changed. It stands as if it were the work of yesterday; as it was the first product of English domination, so it is its type.' Mr. Sheil is reported to have afterwards declared, in a speech at the Association, 'That it ought to be pulled down as a revolting object of Ireland's first degradation.' The right honourable gentleman, however, might have found in Holinshed's Chronicles of Ireland that the castle had already submitted to the fate he proposed for the 'revolting object.' 'Mac Morogh,' writes Giraldus Cambrensis, 'marched to beseige Dublin, but left Fitz-Stephen behind, who was then building a hold or castell upon a certeine rockie hill called the Caricke, about two miles from Wexford, which place, although it were verie stronge of itselfe, yet by industrie and labour it was made much stronger.' Whereon is appended this note by the translator: 'The said Caricke is distant from the towne of Wexford about two English miles, and standeth upon a high rocke, and is invironed on two sides with the river which floweth to Wexford towne, and it is verie deepe and navigable; the other two sides are upon the maine land, which is a verie fertile soile, and in height almost equall with the castell. It was at the first made but of rods and wiffes, according to the manner in those daies, but since builded with stone, and was the strongest fort then in those parts of the land; but being a place not altogether sufficient for a prince, and yet it was thought too good and strong for a subject, it was pulled downe, defaced, and razed, and so dooth still remaine.'" The fosse and works of Carrig Castle occupy half an acre; the place is called "Shan-a-court," by the peasantry, evidently meaning the *old* court.

Mountain. The singular conical hill to the north, is Slievebuy; beneath it, nearer, is Vinegar Hill; and beyond again are the Wicklow Mountains, and Tarah Hill—not that of the "Palaces" and other "long-faded glories." To the west is Brandon; so that four counties can be seen from this point: the rock, nearer, is Carrickburn, and, more southerly, is Slieve-kielter, or the Shorn Mountain. A little further on—and passing Pole-Hore—a property that has remained in one family, from the time of Strongbow, through ages of wars and forfeitures—we reach the Glynn, a district broken by innumerable rivulets into glens and vales, bordered with luxuriant wood, in old times famous for the lordly sports of hunting and hawking *. Farther on, is Carrigmenan, the ancient and beautiful demesne of the family of Devereux †.

* Mr. Leigh, in his description of this part of the shire, dated 1684, speaks of it as "good for hunting and hawking, there being good rideing and plenty of game, especially hare, phaisant, growse, and partridge, and too many foxes;" again, of the "abundance of wood-cocks," and that "the woodland parte of the county had in it abundance of out laine deere, redd and fallow." Hawking was, till recent times, a common pastime of the Catholic gentry, to whom the penal laws forbade the use of fire-arms; and there was ample scope for the exercise of that "gentlemanly sport" on the banks of the "peaceful Slaney." In the upper part of the Glynn was fought, in 1650, the battle of Lambstown, the last engagement in which the Irish of Leinster ventured to oppose the Republicans, and in which they were totally routed by Ireton, with such slaughter that the ditches are said to have run with blood for two days; and the well contested defile is still known as "the bloody gap." There is a story that nine young gentlemen of the county bound themselves by oath not to depart from the field alive unless victorious; they apparelled themselves and horses in the uniform of Ireton's dragoons, with whom they took an opportunity of mixing, distinguished to each other only by a bunch of furze, a common plant in the country, in their helmets. They effected great destruction and confusion, and would have done more service, but were discovered by the rest of the Irish cavalry unfortunately imitating their cognizance, by which their side was betrayed. Of these there is said to have been four brothers of the Fitzhenrys of Macmiuls; the eldest alone escaped to France. Before going to the field, he hid a large sum of money in the cellar of his house; and after the Restoration revisited his native country with the feeble hope of regaining the treasure. He found another regaling in the hall of his fathers, introduced himself, and was invited to dine; his object was now to obtain admission to the cellar without stating his purpose; a drinking bout commenced; they drank freely; and late at night he proposed an adjournment to the immediate neighbourhood of the wine; the host consented, and was shortly "hors de combat," fast asleep under a hogshead: Fitzhenry quietly unburied the gold, which he found untouched, and left the house. With this sum he purchased a neighbouring farm, that long remained with his posterity.

† This manor and beautiful demesne of Carrigmenan was granted, according to tradition, to the Furlonge family, under the following circumstances:—A gentleman of this name, one of the Furlonges of Furlonge, of Devonshire, was in the train of Henry the Second during his visit to Ireland. When that monarch was passing a few days at Wexford, previous to his departure for England, he one day rode with some followers to chase the deer in the then great oak-forest of the Glynn; Furlonge was of the party, and so fortunate as to kill an immense wild-boar which had attacked the king, and succeeded in dismounting him, ripping up his horse; the sovereign knighted his preserver, and bestowed on him a large tract in that neighbourhood. The Irish branch of the family assumed for their arms, in memory of this, the bearing of a boar issuant from an oak wood. Afterwards they sold the estate to the Devereux family, in whose possession it still remains. During the civil war of 1689, the mansion was beleaguered by a Dutch troop, and Ismay Devereux defended it successfully, her husband, Colonel Devereux, being absent in James's army. After the enemy retired, she was prematurely confined, and a child was born in the grounds, where a large circle of trees still stands to commemorate the event. From a history of the family, written in France in 1776, we extract the following:—"La seconde femme (du Colonel James Devereux) étoit Ismay, fille de Mathew Hore, de Scandon, dans la province de

A mile or two farther and we reach the pretty and prosperous town of Enniscorthy; and, at a distance of nine or ten miles, and still on the banks of the Slaney, where it borders upon Carlow, the beautifully situated town of Newtown-Barry. But we have nearly reached the limits to which we reluctantly confine ourselves in our description of the county of Wexford. We may not, however, part from Enniscorthy* without some notice of the far-famed "Vinegar Hill." In the dark year '98 the rebels had possession of it for several days, during the early part of June; and here, having previously committed great atrocities in Enniscorthy, the most deliberate and cold-blooded of their murders were perpetrated. The hill immediately overlooks the town; it is of considerable extent and height; and a windmill, the ruined walls of which are still there, stood upon its summit. This mill they crowded with their prisoners, dragging them out occasionally for massacre.

It was a sunny summer day when we ascended the hill, walking over the unmarked graves of hundreds, who, of different and warring creeds, the victim and the victor, sleep peacefully together. The heather, the starry daisy, and the bright buttercup, gem the green sward—and it is hard to fancy that it was ever a place of slaughter. As we sat upon a large stone, the murmur of the town would have sounded like some disturbance in the heavens, but for the occasional and distinct halloo of one boatman to another, as they glided over the waters of the bright blue Slaney. The prospect is extensive, not as

Waterford; dont la force d'esprit et ses principes généreux eussent fait honneur à une matrone romaine dans le tems de la plus grande vertu de cette république; l'anecdote suivante que j'ai souvent entendu répéter par son fils Hyacinthe en est une preuve. Pendant le siège mémorable de Limerick, son mari, qui y étoit avec son régiment, et qui l'aimoit tendrement, ne pouvant supporter l'idée qu'elle fût seule, dans le tems qu'elle avoit le plus grand besoin d'aide, car elle étoit prête d'accoucher quand il partit, s'en retourna secrettement, voyageant toujours la nuit, parceque le pays étoit rempli des troupes du roi Guillaume III., et la trouva en couches, sur un lit de paille sous une hutte faite de branches d'arbres, dans un coin du jardin de Carigmenan, qu'on voit encore; les troupes hollandoises l'avoient chassée de son château, où ils commirent toute sortes d'excès. Au moment qu'elle vit son mari, elle démanda si tout étoit fini; quand il eut dit que non, que les ennemis étoient encore devant la place, et que c'étoit sa tendresse pour elle qui lui faisoit braver tous les dangers, pour venir la soulager, elle lui reprocha de n'avoir pas resté pour éprouver le sort de sa patrie, ajoutant qu'il importait très-peu ce qu'elle pourroit souffrir, quand il s'agissoit de tout, et le força de remonter à cheval sur le champ, pour retourner à Limerick, qu'il fut assez heureux d'entrer quelques heures avant que les conditions fussent signées, qui lui a sauvé sa fortune."

* Cromwell thus speaks of Enniscorthy, in his letter to the English Parliament, dated 14th October, 1649:—"That night" (30th September) "the army marched into the fields of a village called Eniscorfy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop, where was a strong castle very well manned and provided for by the enemy; and close under it a very fair house belonging to the same worthy person," (Mr. Wallop sat as one of the regicide judges, though he did not sign the warrant for the king's execution; on the Restoration he was drawn on a sledge under Tyburn gallows, with a halter round his neck, and imprisoned for life) "a monastery of Franciscan fryars, the considerablest in all Ireland; they run away the night before we came: we summoned the castle, and they refused to yield at the first, but upon better consideration they were willing to deliver the place to us, which accordingly they did, leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition, and provisions behinde them."

magnificent as that from the mountain of Forth, but more varied, and of the gentlest and most tranquil character; the distant mountains, rich valleys, winding river, fringed in some places to the water's edge, and the bridge and castle of Enniscorthy in the foreground, form a beautiful whole.

It was with anything but a pleasant feeling that we entered the ruined windmill; and when we stood within its walls, we found we were not alone; a stern-looking man, whose long grey hair played around his bald uncovered head, was walking round and round the walls inside, somewhat in the way of a wild animal, caged, pacing about its den. He paused and looked at us; we felt that he was there from some higher motive than mere curiosity, and turned to withdraw. "Don't, don't," he said; "I'm long enough in it—quite long enough—God knows!" He went out, and in a few moments after, we saw him moving rapidly backward and forward over the top of the hill, in the same half unconscious manner. He was dressed like a farmer of the better class. At last he sat down, rested his elbows on his knees, and covered his face with his hands so as to shut out the scene altogether. We were about to descend the hill, when a very old gentleman of our party, who had known the country for more than fifty years, fancying he recognised the stranger, whose peculiar manner and appearance had attracted our attention, walked up and laid his hand upon his shoulder, calling him by a name. It was alarming to witness the effect the action produced; he started up—looked earnestly in his face.—"Good Lord of Mercy!" he exclaimed, "Who is it that knows me? below there in the town—nobody bid 'God speed me!' The old Inn is filled with new faces; and yet it seems but yesterday that I stood where we all stand now. I'm free long ago to walk through my own country wherever I please to set my foot—but God help us—sure it isn't Master Ned I'm speaking with! Oh then, dear sir, but the change has come over you very soon. I ask your pardon, but I should not have known you at your own hall-door! You're not like the same Master Ned I tended duck-shooting over the slobs; you took the cares of the world early on yourself—and the young mistress—your honour's handsome bride." Our old friend's wife had been dead more than twelve years, but his love was alive as ever, and the exile noted his changed countenance. "I'm sorry for your trouble—I didn't think she could have died so soon; sure that can't be her daughter; she's like, but older than her mother—there's nothing as handsome as it used to be. Ah, but I ought to mind how sudden death comes! Sure my father and my two fine brothers were alive and yet buried like dogs in a few hours—buried in that glen. I could hardly bear to cross it a while ago, for fear of walking over their bones." The poor man, deeply affected, passed his sleeve several times across his brow, in the effort to hide his tears; at last, unable to conquer his emotion, he turned

ENNISCORTHY.

WEXFORD

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his face to the valley, and wringing his hands in bitter anguish of heart, repeated "Oh, that day, that day!"

After awhile, he continued: "I couldn't rest any longer away from the place, for I know I'm dying, and I thought I'd like to lay my bones under the sod of my native land; and somehow I thought I'd care more about the people here than I do; but I can't steady my mind upon anything present; only keep going back, going back, until my eyes see every one dead long ago. Two or three to whom I have talked think my head's not right; maybe so; God knows best." There was a melancholy cadence in his voice when he said this, that was very touching; and the stern expression of his strongly marked features relaxed into almost childish weakness. "I was," he continued, "as you know, Master Ned, forced to fly—though six years younger than your honour—a boy, a mere boy, hardly able to shoot a crow; not but I was ready and willing to do my best; I'll not deny that. My father brought his three sons—all he had—to the cause. His three sons, and his heart's blood."

It was next to impossible to imagine the man who said this, the same who, a few moments before, had confessed his brain was turned. He was, he told us, standing beside his father in yon gap when he fell, and as he stepped forward to take his place, his eldest brother said, "It is my turn, not yours," and then he stood beside his eldest brother, as he had stood beside his father; he looked across the valley, and it was smoking with blood and fire; just one minute he took his eyes off his brother, and when he turned there was no one there; he was lying a corse on his father's body. "Then," he continued, while his eyes gleamed and the summer wind tossed his gray hair about; "then I stood in the gap myself, proud of their death, and longing to meet such another; but the second boy forced his way, and pushed me aside—he was my mother's darling—and though he had a better right there than I had, being older, I strove to get the spot, for death was over it; but he would not give in. The soldiers came on, and he fell. I never knew how I escaped, until I found myself at my mother's door. She asked first for my father, and I told her the truth; then for John, that was the eldest.—I saw she dreaded asking after her *white-headed* boy—her darling! and no tears came to her eyes, only she stood erect as a spirit before me in the moonlight, and at last she laid her hands on me and looked straight in my face.—'Mother,' I said, 'I stood in the gap beside my father, and beside John, and beside *him*, and I would have taken his place, but he would not let me!' She made no cry nor moan, but fell flat on the grass. I raised her in my arms—the mother that bore me—for she was a small delicate woman; and I ran down with her to a brook that used to come welling up out of the earth, and laid her beside it, and bathed her face, and

called to her; but she did not hear me, and my grief was greater about her than about those I had lost on the hill; and while I was there, alone with my dead mother (for she was dead), I heard a shout and a tramp. Where I carried her was beside a shroud of bushes that had gathered over and about the well, not two hundred yards from the house, yet overhung in such a way that nothing could be seen of the water from the house. I heard, as I tell you now, Master Ned, the tramp and shout, and I knew the soldiers had got sight of the house, and would be on us; so I took up my dead mother in my arms and crept with her into the heart of the bush, keeping the brambles from touching her, and trying, God help me! to warm her face in my bosom. I lay there while they fired the house; I heard their curses, and returned them in the depth and bitterness of my silence; I heard the crackling of the fire and the howls of our dog; the blaze made light the bush, and I could see the death glaze on my mother's eyes. They found out the well when the burning ceased, and stabbed at the bushes as they passed, and yet I escaped, though they drank and washed in the stream. I stole away in the night which darkened when the moon went down, and before the morning came in; but still I carried my mother with me: she seemed the last thing left me in the whole world. I got into the wood yonder, and sheltered about for two days, until meeting one or two more, who were hunted like myself, we carried her into holy ground, and buried her in the silent night."

And here we part from this melancholy subject—to which we shall not have to revert. Some notices of it were inseparable from a description of the county of Wexford. Nearly half a century has passed over the period; yet there still exist too many living witnesses of the "Irish reign of terror" to permit its being considered strictly as the property of History. We have conversed with many of them; our note-books are full of their sad anecdotes; but to enlarge upon the topic is neither necessary nor desirable.

The towns, north of Enniscorthy, are Ferns and Gorey. Ferns, although now dwindled into insignificance, was formerly a place of note. The diocese is said to have been founded by St. Edin, or St. Mogue, A.D. 598; and a beautifully wrought monument to the memory of the founder occupies a niche in the present cathedral, a modern structure. The saint is

represented *in pontificalibus;* wearing his mitre; with his short crozier, or *baculum,* across his breast. There are no existing documents to determine the period of its erection. The see was governed by a regular succession of bishops, until about the year 1600, when it was joined to that of Leighlin; but in 1836 both dioceses were united with that of Ossory. The episcopal palace was first erected by Thomas Ram, Bishop of Ferns, in 1630; the prelate being of an advanced age, placed this inscription above the porch:—

"This house Ram built, for his succeeding brothers,
Thus sheep bear wool, not for themselves, but others."

Adjoining the church are the ruins of an abbey believed to have been founded by Dermot Mac Morogh; and where tradition states him to have been concealed while awaiting the coming of his English allies. The remains of this ancient fabric preserve traces of considerable beauty; but they consist merely of two sides of a cloister, with rows of tall windows of the lancet form. Here were interred the remains of the king of Leinster, who died at Ferns on the first of May 1171; but even tradition is silent as to the place of his interment, his memory having been execrated in all ages, as the monarch by whose guilt and treason *—

"The emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

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* The cause assigned for the Norman invasion, the abduction of a man's wife, is treated very lightly by the English historians, from Cambrensis down to Hume. Harris says, "The defection of the nobility could never be brought about, merely from a motive of gallantry with the wife of another prince!" The Irish historians thought otherwise. Maurice Regan, with all his partiality for his master and his allies, tells the circumstance like a man of feeling and principle. His work is exceedingly valuable as a document, and curious as a composition. It was written, originally, in Irish, but translated into French verse, by some Norman of his acquaintance. He thus details the event which led to the ultimate transfer of the kingdom to the English crown. The wife of O'Rourke "was a fair and lovely lady, entirely beloved by Dermod. He, by letters and messengers, pursued her love with such fervency, that she sent him word she was ready to obey

There are but few other remains of antiquity in the neighbourhood; we noticed, however, let into the wall that encloses the church-yard, an ancient cross, which bears marks of extreme age; and is, in all probability, coeval with the foundation of the see. These crosses, as will be supposed, abound in all the old grave-yards; some of them are elaborately and beautifully carved; and the labour bestowed upon them would cost an immense sum at the present day. The custom is still kept up; and crosses of plain wood are to be found in numbers wherever the dead are interred. Another relic, a font of very rude workmanship, lies among the broken grave-stones.

The "city" of Ferns consists of a few poor houses, containing little more than five hundred inhabitants; it is built on the side of a hill, at the summit of which stand the ruins of an ancient castle, which formerly ranked among the most famous in Ireland; and may still be classed among the more interesting military edifices of the kingdom. It occupies the site of the humble palace of Mac Morogh; and also, it is said, that of a fortress erected by Strongbow, but destroyed by the Irish*. Giraldus Cambrensis informs us that William de Burgh gave

and yield to his will, and appointed time and place where he should find her. Dermod assembled his lords, entered Leitrim, found the lady, took her away, and returned with joy to Ferns. O'Rourke, full of affliction and wounded pride, addressed himself to O'Connor, king of Connaught, complaining of the wrong and scorn done him by the king of Leinster, and imploring his aid to avenge so great an outrage. O'Connor, moved with honour and compassion, promised him his succour." Upon the legend of O'Halloran, that the abduction of the lady, whom he names Dearbhorgil, took place while her husband was "on a pilgrimage," Moore has founded one of the finest of his poems.

* The author of "A Tour in Ireland, in 1748," relates the following legend of the castle. "It once belonged to Catherine de Clare, who for many years committed horrible murders there, under the countenance of friendship, hospitality, and good-nature. She would invite several of the rich inhabitants, in order to entertain them, and when they were in their mirth and jollity, push them through a trap-door and cut their throats." "It is certain," adds the tourist, "we saw a convenience of that kind that opened into a large cavern, which might give rise to such a tale." The story is somewhat borne out by the fact that Catherine Clare was the wife of Sir Thomas Masterson, constable of the castle under Elizabeth; and it is well known that such treacherous outrages were frequently practised on the native Irish by the English settlers during the reign of "good Queen Bess." We should observe, however,

Ferns to the sons of Maurice Fitzgerald in exchange for Wicklow castle, "which albeit it were in the middle of their enemies, yet, like lustie and couragious gentlemen, they builded there a strong castell, which they kept and inhabited maugre all their enemies." Other historians, however, assert the gift to have been that of the lion who dictates the lamb's share of the feast. It was a royal garrison for a very long period; its constables being appointed by letters patent, and ruling the adjacent country, which was inhabited by septs of "the turbulent Irish." One of the towers is still perfect, and, with other portions of the building, has much architectural beauty. It contains a chapel of highly ornamental workmanship.

From Ferns to the borders of the county, the road ceases to be picturesque; but a few miles from Gorey we enter the county of Wicklow, the northern boundary of Wexford.

The great feature of the county is its peculiarly English character. This is apparent not only in its external aspect—the skilfully farmed fields, the comparatively comfortable cottages, the barns attached to every farm-yard, the well-trimmed hedge-rows, the neat "gardens" stocked with other vegetables than potatoes, and the "acres of beans"—the peasantry are better clad than we have seen them in any other part of Ireland, and have an air of sturdy independence, an independence which they really feel and to which

that such "murdering holes" are common to nearly all the old castles. To one of them we have referred in describing the river Blackwater. Another was related to us, by a lady in Donegal, of a robber-chief, of Kilbarron castle, whose atrocities were discovered in a very singular manner. His last victim was the wife of a neighbouring chieftain; he had flung her body down the hole, into the sea, that roared and lashed far below; but as she was nursing at the time, she could not sink, and floated even to the walls of her own husband's tower. Here she was sufficiently alive to make known the outrage that had been perpetrated; her lord raised the country, and effectually destroyed the ruffian who had infested it. Until very lately, the hole might have been "looked into" by any visitor to the wild vicinity; but as some sheep had fallen down it, the peasantry contrived to cover it over.

they are justly entitled, for it is achieved by their own honest industry; they very rarely owe any debt to their landlords except "good-will," and an arrear of rent is a thing seldom heard of. A peasant is never seen without shoes and stockings; and a young woman very rarely without a bonnet. Both are always decently clad, rags being as rare in Wexford as they are in Kent. Those who encounter an ill-dressed or dirty person along the roads, may be very sure they have met a stranger. The interior of their cottages is in corresponding order. The most fastidious guest may not hesitate to dine under the thatched roof of a labourer of the southern Baronies. Their integrity is proverbial. They are, in general, proud of their English descent—of their ancient names, and their advanced civilization*.

The county cannot be termed mountainous, although enclosed by mountains, which form a magnificent screen to it, and in "savage" times completely severed it from the rest of the kingdom, for these were covered with wood, and were the strongholds of the Irish septs; so that for nearly two centuries Wexford could not send members to Parliament. Its only great river is the Slaney, which has its source in the Barony of Talbotstown, in the Wicklow mountains, and which, receiving the Banna and the Boro as tributaries on its course, enters St. George's Channel at the Bay of Wexford, being navigable for large boats only to Enniscorthy.

The county is divided into eight baronies—Forth, Bargy, Ballaghkeen, Bantry, Gorey, Scarawalsh, Shelburne, and Shelmalier.

The fertility of Wexford county is proved by the fact, that it contains 564,479 English statute acres, of which 18,500 only are unimproved mountain and bog. In 1821, the population was 170,806; and in 1831, 182,991. Its boundaries are, on the north, the county of Wicklow—on the west, the counties of Carlow and Kilkenny, and Waterford Harbour; on the south, the Atlantic Ocean; and on the east, St. George's Channel.

* Anglo-Norman names occur, almost exclusively, in the southern parts of the county—such as Sutton, Devereux, Harpur, Hore, Redmond, Fitzhenry, Le Hunte, Percival, &c., &c. The oldest proof we have met with of the "esprit du corps" of this county, and its pride of English extraction, is an address to Sir Henry Wallop, of Enniscorthy (ancestor of the Earls of Portsmouth), dated 1587, and signed by the Bishop of Ferns and twenty-nine gentlemen of the shire, invoking him to purchase from the Clan Kavanagh the Barony of St. Mullins (in the county of Carlow), and "plant" it with English, being, as they describe it, "a Border country, the very den of thieves, and the chief receptacle of all the malefactors of Leinster." They speak "feelingly" of the benefits to be derived from such a measure, as conducive "to restore us to our auncyent, naturall, and most desired fowrme and manner of lyvinge, according to the use and custome of Englande, from which, through the libertie that idle persons, not corrected, had to spoile us, and want of good government and rule, we are declyned and degenerate."

QUEEN'S COUNTY.

Although the Queen's County is by no means among the least interesting or the Irish counties, it possesses no feature of a distinguishing character; we shall, therefore, be enabled to dismiss it briefly—for we are reminded of the necessity of compressing—in cases where compression may be admitted—in order that we may enlarge where greater space is requisite or desirable. The county is formed out of the extensive tracts of Leix and Ossory, the conquest of which was not accomplished by the Anglo-Normans until long after the neighbouring districts had submitted to their sway. It received its modern appellation in compliment to Queen Mary, in the fifth year of her reign. It is an inland county, bounded on the east by the counties of Kildare and Carlow; on the north, by the King's County; on the west by the King's County and Tipperary, and on the south by the counties of Carlow and Kilkenny. According to the Ordnance survey, it comprises an area of 396,810 statute acres; 60,972 of which are mountain and bog. In 1821, the population amounted to 134,275; and in 1831, to 145,851. The Baronies are nine in number:—Ballyadams, Cullinagh, Maryborough East, Maryborough West, Portnehinch, Slievemarque, Stradbally, Tinnehinch, and Upper Ossory.

The Capital town of the county is Maryborough; a place of little note; but distant from it about four miles, is one of the most striking and interesting objects in the kingdom—the rock of Dun-a-mase. The ruins of a castle stand upon a solitary rock in the centre of a fertile plain; and occupy nearly the whole of it from the base to the summit. It is thus described by Dr. Ledwich:—"The rock is an elliptical conoid, accessible only on the eastern side, which, in its improved state, was defended by the barbican. From the barbican, you advance to the gate of the lower ballium; it is seven feet wide, and the walls are six feet thick. It had a parapet, crenelles, and embrasures. The lower ballium is 312 feet from north to south; and 160 from east to west. You then arrive at the gate of the upper ballium, which is placed in a tower; and from this begin the walls which divided the upper and lower ballium. The former is a plain of 111 feet from east to west; and 202 feet from north to south, where broadest. On the highest part was the keep, and the apartments

for the officers: there were a sally-port and a prison." The accompanying print may afford some idea—yet but a limited one, we must confess—of the early strength of the fortress and the exceeding grandeur of the scene. Although from its great natural strength the castle would seem impregnable—except to "the giants" who, we were told, leaped into it from a far distant hill, leaving the impress of their feet, still shown "in the solid rock;" it was several times taken and retaken by the "ferocious Irish" and the English invaders, their brave but merciless enemies*. From the earliest period, it would appear, that some rude fortification existed on the spot; and perhaps in no part of the kingdom is there a place so completely formed by Nature either for a stronghold of the aggressor, or a refuge for the oppressed. It commands an uninterrupted prospect of the country to an almost inconceivable extent—being seen from a distance of nearly twenty miles in every direction around it. On all sides but one, an ascent is impossible; and although it may be approached from the east, even that is a task of some difficulty, as we found in our efforts to reach the top upon a more than usually sultry day of summer; but in truth it

"Well o'erpays the scaler's toil."

* On the arrival of the Anglo-Normans it was the stronghold of O'More, Dynast of Leix. Towards the middle of the thirteenth century it became the property of William de Bruce, Lord of Brecknock, in right of his wife, daughter of William, Earl of Pembroke. By him it was erected into a "Lordship Barony or Manor." A military tenantry was formed around it, ready to appear in arms "for the defence of the realm or the service of their lord." Dun-a-mase was at this time the "terror of the neighbourhood and the bulwark of the pale." Dr. Ledwich, who rarely loses an opportunity of sneering at the "mere Irish," states that "while the British settlers preserved their original manners, the fickleness of the Irish and their proneness to rebellion were effectually restrained; but when the pride of power without any of the virtue that acquired it was only found among them; when corruptions had degraded the national character, they then were looked on with contempt by those who formerly dreaded them, and instead of masters became suitors for protection." An earlier authority, Sir John Davis, reads the history of the struggle in a similar spirit. "The Irish," he says, "usurped those seignories that were in possession of the English, setting up a perpetual claim to those great lordships that were employed by the English noblemen for protection, but seized them as their inheritance when opportunity offered." Accordingly, about the end of the reign of Edward the Second, Lysagh O'More "the ancient proprietary of Leix" destroyed Dun-a-mase, and recovered the whole country. For centuries afterwards the fortress was perpetually changing hands—to-day English and the next day Irish; until, in 1650, it was taken and dismantled by Colonels Huson and Reynolds, soldiers of the famous "ruinator" of castles in Ireland; and it was never afterwards rebuilt.

The view is to the highest degree magnificent; the spectator stands in the centre of an amphitheatre; gazes over fine and fertile valleys; and notes how bountifully nature has endowed the land. At his feet are huge masses of masonry, scattered in picturesque confusion—which form a strange contrast to the tranquil beauty of the surrounding scene. The fortress seems to have been built for eternity—yet there it is—scarcely one stone upon another *.

There are the ruins of numerous other castles in the Queen's County; but the political history of each is nearly similar to the one we have described: among the most remarkable are those of Lea, at Portarlington, and Stradbally, † of which the remains are now scarcely discernible; the history of which is intimately associated with the Wars of the Pale.

* The estate in which Dun-a-mase stands is the property of Sir Henry Parnell (now Lord Congleton); "Whose father," says Mr. Brewer, "exhibited a very laudable care to preserve the ruins of the castle from further injury than they had experienced before it came into his possession." It is with great regret we have to record that the son has not followed the father's example. A few years ago, the base of the hill, and for some distance up the ascent, was thickly planted with oak trees—which added largely to the beauty and picturesque character of the scene. They were flourishing luxuriantly until within the last three or four years; when—if we are rightly informed, and our authority is the tenant who rents the rock—the trees were "sold by Sir Henry to a Mr. Clark, who sold them to a Mr. Purcell, who sold them to the collieries." The rock is, therefore, completely bared; for Sir Henry's customer left nothing but the roots. Their value must have been very small; we understood indeed that Sir Henry received in exchange for them no more than £100; although, no doubt, the retail dealers between the baronet and the colliers made a handsome profit out of the spoils of modern Dun-a-mase. There may have been some excuse for Cromwell's soldiers converting the castle into a ruin; but there can be none for this act of an Irish gentleman of the nineteenth century. Even the humble labourer who gave us the statement, mourned over the loss as a national affliction and degradation; and it was natural for us to consider how vain must be the hope to see trees again introduced into Ireland if such an example were extensively followed. Some consolation, however, was afforded us—strangely enough: a few miles distant from Dun-a-mase, on our road to Kildare, we passed by Moret Castle, and learned that several years ago the tenants of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who then owned it, were removing the stones to build walls; and had actually removed a considerable portion of them, so as greatly to deface the time-honoured structure. The Marquis having received information of their doings in good time, not only stayed farther dilapidations, but compelled the men to restore every stone they had taken away, and rebuild, at their own proper cost, the parts they had taken down. Such was the anecdote we received from our driver, a native of the place; we hope his statement was correct; it was borne out by the appearance of the building. The spoiler, however, has been more successful elsewhere. "I am sorry to say," writes Dr. Ledwich, "that my predecessor in the living of Aghaboe, who had the fee of the land on which the abbey stood, demolished most of the venerable pile to enclose a demesne."

† Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a grant of the lands of Stradbally, with the monastery for Franciscans, was obtained by Francis Crosby, on condition of his undertaking to "furnish yearly nine English horsemen." The Crosbys were at perpetual strife with the O'Mores; an incident which occurred at one of their battles is given by Sir Charles Coote in his statistical survey of the county. "An Irish chief, envying that the estates of the O'Mores should have been transferred to English adventurers, sent the Crosbys a haughty message, that he on a certain day would cross the bridge of Stradbally with his soldiers, and demanded for that purpose a pass, which was the reputed form of a challenge in those times. To allow it would be acknowledging the inferiority of the Crosbys, and a mark of pusillanimity which never was the characteristic of that race. They, of course, prepared to give the Irish battle, and were ranged to dispute the pass with the enemy, who came in great numbers at the appointed time. The issue of the battle was long doubtful, which was fought with great bravery and perseverance; and at many times each party seemed

Of the ruins of ecclesiastical structures, of which this county contains some of considerable beauty, the most interesting is that of Aghaboe, the ancient seat of the see of Ossory, founded by St. Canice in the sixth century. Dr. Ledwich, author of the "Antiquities of Ireland," obtained the advowson of the vicarage, in 1772, and published an account of the parish.

The principal towns are Portarlington (the only one that sends a member to Parliament) Mountrath, Abbey-Leix, and Mount-Melick,—the latter being a "Quaker town," and remarkable for its neatness and the air of prospering industry that pervades it. The county is generally flat; its rivers are not numerous, the Barrow only being navigable, from Portarlington to the sea at Waterford. It contains an undue proportion of bog; large tracts are, however, richly cultivated; and its principal wealth arises from the labours of the agriculturist, although the manufacture of serges and stuffs is carried on to a limited extent in the vicinity of some of the towns.

certain of success. Victory at length determined in favour of the Crosbys; but amongst the brave men who fell that day were included the chiefs on both sides. With Crosby also fell his brother, the joint possessor of the estate; and each had the benefit of survivorship. Their deaths were beheld by their ladies from a window in the castle, which overlooked the scene; and one of them, at the instant her husband was killed, called out to other witnesses, 'Remember! my husband did not fall first, consequently the estate descended to him, and is now the property of my eldest son;' which remarkable saying could not be forgot in the presence of so many witnesses, and determined the point in favour of the child of this lady, whose wary prudence, and unprecedented resolution, showed a presence of mind as strong and superior to her sex, as her hardness of heart and want of tenderness was unbecoming of it." Mr. Croker has furnished us with an anecdote still more remarkable. "During the siege of Limerick (Cromwell's siege), Ireton, unable to gain over Connor O'Brien to his side by negociation, employed five of his best marksmen to shoot him. These men, disguised as sporting cavaliers, succeeded in surprising Connor O'Brien, and by one of them he was mortally wounded. They were immediately seized and hung upon two carts which were set up on end to form the gallows. The dying man was carried on horseback to Lemenegh, attended by a faithful servant, of whom Mrs. O'Brien demanded why he had dared to bring a dead man home to her? And calling her two sons Teigue and Donough, told them that with the life of their father their fortune was lost, unless both she and they immediately surrendered to the popular English party and obtained terms from Ireton. Upon the death of her husband, who survived only a short time, she ordered her carriage, and dressing herself in superb robes of blue and silver, travelled with six horses to Limerick, then in the possession of Ireton, where she arrived on the evening when a splendid entertainment was given in celebration of the surrender of the town. Mrs. O'Brien was stopped by a sentinel, who demanded her order for admission, and while an altercation took place on the subject, Ireton came up and inquired into the cause, and the name of the lady. 'I was this morning,' replied the heroine, 'the wife of Connor O'Brien, but this evening I am his widow.' Ireton, who had not heard of Connor O'Brien's death, nor of the fate of the marksmen, suspected some deceit, and asked how she could prove her words? 'By bestowing my hand in marriage,' she replied, 'upon any one of your officers.' The offer was accepted, and the widow was married the same evening to Captain Henry Cooper."

KING'S COUNTY.

THE King's County being, like the Queen's County, without any peculiar characteristic, may be described briefly. It received its comparatively modern appellation in compliment to Philip of Spain, the consort of Queen Mary. Its boundaries are, on the east the county of Kildare ; on the north, the counties of Meath and Westmeath ; on the west, the Shannon, which separates it from Roscommon and Galway, and part of the county of Tipperary; and on the south, the Queen's County. Its population was in 1821, 138,088; and in 1831, 144,225. It comprises an area of 528,166 acres, of which 133,349 are mountain and bog—an immense proportion of which is the famous bog of Allen. Its baronies are eleven, viz.:—Ballyboy, Ballybrit, Ballycowen, Clonlisk, Coolestown, Eglish, Garrycastle, Geashill, Kilcoursey, Lower Philipstown, Upper Philipstown, and Warrenstown.

The King's County abounds in ruins of old castles ; one of the most striking, is Garry Castle, which the artist has pictured for us. It stands beside the road leading from Birr to Banagher, and was the ancient fortalice of the Mac Coghlans *.

* Of the last of the race, Mr. Brewer gives the following account, which he obtained from Colonel de Montmorency. "Thomas Coghlan, Esq.—or, in attention to local phraseology, 'the Maw' (that is, Mac) for he was not known or addressed in his own domain by any other appellation—was a remarkably handsome

We visited the King's County in one of the canal-boats which run from Dublin to Shannon Harbour; passing, for nearly the whole distance of, perhaps, eighty miles, through the bog of Allen. The boat is called a "fly-boat;" it is composed of iron, and proceeds, drawn by two or three horses, at the rate of nine English miles an hour; the country being very flat, there are comparatively few locks, fifteen miles of the journey being made without encountering one. It is, however, by no means a pleasant mode of travelling; for, the boat being exceedingly narrow, the passengers are painfully "cramped" and confined. The "bog" commences at Robertstown, in the county of Kildare, twenty miles from Dublin, and continues, with little interruption, to Shannon Harbour*. In the midst of this bog are the two principal towns of the county,—Philipstown the former, and Tullamore the present, capital. They are by no means remarkable either for cleanliness or picturesque character; and after visiting both, one might quote, without incurring a charge of bad taste, the old rhyme:—

"Great bog of Allen, swallow down
That odious heap call'd Philipstown;
And if thy maw can swallow more,
Pray take—and welcome—Tullamore."

The passage through the bog of Allen, although dreary and monotonous, is by no means without interest; and as the recurrence of locks enables

man; gallant, eccentric, proud, satirical, hospitable in the extreme, and of expensive habits. In disdain of modern times he adhered to the national customs of Ireland, and the modes of living practised by his ancestors. His house was ever open to strangers. His tenants held their lands at will, and paid their rents, according to the ancient fashion, partly in kind, and the remainder in money. 'The Maw' levied the fines of mortmain when a vassal died. He became heir to the defunct farmer; and no law was admissible, or practised, within the precincts of Mac Coghlan's domain, but such as savoured of the Brehon code. It must be observed, however, that, most commonly, 'the Maw's' commands, enforced by the impressive application of his horse-whip, instantly decided a litigated point! From this brief outline it might be supposed that we were talking of Ireland early in the seventeeth century, but Mr. Coghlan died not longer back than about the year 1790. With him perished the rude grandeur of his long-drawn line. He died without issue, and destitute of any legitimate male representative to inherit his name, although most of his followers were of the sept of the Coghlans, none of whom, however, were strictly qualified, or were suffered by 'the Maw,' to use the Mac, or to claim any relationship with himself."

* An ingenious writer in the "Dublin Penny Journal" states, that "In ancient times the bog of Allen was computed to contain 1,000,000 of acres. At present, it does not exceed 300,000; and even this quantity is rapidly diminishing under the hand of cultivation; and, in all probability, the day is not far distant, when the whole of these wastes will be reclaimed, and this perhaps once one of the fairest portions of Ireland be restored to its pristine state. To this end, the Grand Canal, and also the Royal Canal, which traverses the counties of Meath, Westmeath, and Longford, in its passage, also, to the Shannon, materially contribute. A large breadth of drainage has been effected since their completion; and a corresponding extent of land has been thereby brought into cultivation. To these ends, also, the humble labours of the turf-cutter have been essentially aiding." He adds, "It is a high table-land, raised, at its highest elevation, about two hundred and seventy feet above the Liffey, at low water, in Dublin; and stretches, from the latter place, across the King's County, to the Shannon; and, beyond it, in a direction east and west, into the counties of Galway and Roscommon; and, laterally, spreads through the counties of Meath and Westmeath to the north, and into the Queen's County and Tipperary to the south."

the passenger occasionally to walk on land, the "voyage" will amply repay curiosity. The aspect that surrounds him on all sides is very singular; huge "clamps," or stacks, of turf border the canal, and here and there a cabin rears its roof a few feet above the surface, from which it can scarcely be distinguished. It is hardly possible to imagine more wretched hovels than those which the turf-cutters inhabit. The man rents usually from two to five acres; the turf he cuts with his own hands, and conveys to market as he best can. When settling, his first care is to procure shelter from the wind and rain; he selects, therefore, a dry bank a little beyond the influence of floods; here he digs a pit, for it is, nothing more, places at the corners a few sticks of bog-wood, and covers the top with "flakes" of heath, leaving a small aperture to let out the smoke. Yet the inhabitants of this miserable district, existing in this deplorable manner, are by no means unhealthy; and around their huts we saw some of the finest children we have seen in Ireland.

There can be no doubt that, in ancient times, this huge tract of country was one immense forest; although its remains are less numerous here than elsewhere; the turf being, for the most part, peat, with little admixture of wood—a circumstance to be accounted for by the fact that, in consequence of the difficulty of drainage, the cutters seldom work far beneath the surface. Many attempts have been made to drain portions of it, and with partial success; those which border the canal having been in several places converted into good arable land. When internal peace, in Ireland, has been followed by prosperity, the expenditure of capital will certainly convert this immense waste, which contributes so little to the national wealth, into fertile and productive fields; the next generation may see the merry harvester taking the place of the miserable turf-cutter, and smiling and happy cottages occupying the sites of the now wretched hovels that would be contemned even by the bushmen of southern Africa *.

The western parts of the King's County, where it is bordered by the mighty Shannon, are infinitely more picturesque than those we have been

* In their Fourth Report (printed in 1814) the Parliamentary Commissioners appointed in 1809, state that, "the extent of Peat soil in Ireland exceeds 2,830,000 English acres, of which, at least 1,576,000 consist of flat red bog;" and that the remaining, 1,255,000 acres, form the covering of mountains. The subject of draining has long excited considerable attention. The bog of Allen—under which name, by the way, is included several bogs, distinct from each other—has an elevation of 250 feet above the level of the sea; and several rivers that flow in opposite directions have their sources in it. The summit level of the Grand Canal which passes through its centre is about 270 feet above the mean tide level in Dublin Bay. It would appear, therefore, that the process of draining is here comparatively easy; and a large majority of the engineers employed by the Parliamentary Commissioners consider that it may be accomplished at comparatively small expense. Mr. M'Culloch is, however, of a contrary opinion; and Mr. Wakefield believes that the drainage of the bogs would render them masses of dry, inert, vegetable matter, about as capable of cultivation as an immense woolpack. This branch of the subject is one to which we cannot now devote sufficient space.

describing, which lie to the north and south, or rather occupy the centre of the county. On the banks of the Shannon, and also adjacent to a branch of "the Bog," are the interesting ruins of Clonmacnois, the school where, according to Dr. O'Conor, "the nobility of Connaught had their children educated, and which was therefore called Cluan mac-nois, 'the secluded recess of the sons of nobles.'" It was also, in ancient times, a famous cemetery of the Irish kings; and for many centuries it has continued a favourite burial-place, the popular belief enduring to this day, that all persons interred here pass immediately from earth to heaven. The abbey is said to have been founded by St. Kieran about the middle of the sixth century, and soon became "amazingly enriched," so that, writes Mr. Archdall, "its landed property was so great, and the number of cells and monasteries subjected to it so numerous, that almost half of Ireland was said to be within the bounds of Clonmacnois." The ruins retain marks of exceeding splendour. In the immediate vicinity there are two "Round Towers." One of the many richly carved stone crosses scattered in all directions among the ruins, we have given above; the artist also copied one of the peculiarly elegant doorways. We shall have so many opportunities of examining other relics of the magnificence of remote ages, that we must content ourselves with this meagre reference to those of Clonmacnois; taking no note of the few natural beauties of the King's County, in order that we may devote greater space to those of the county of Wicklow; to which we now direct the attention of the Tourist.

WICKLOW.

We have no design to write a guide-book; although our leading object will be to offer some observations for the guidance of those who design to visit Ireland—with especial reference to the most picturesque of its counties.* To picture adequately half the beauties of beautiful Wicklow would require a large and full volume. We must be content so to stimulate the appetite of the Tourist, that he may long for the rich banquet which Nature has abundantly provided for him. Wicklow is the garden of Ireland; its prominent feature is, indeed, sublimity—wild grandeur, healthful and refreshing; but among its high and bleak mountains there are numerous rich, and fertile, valleys, luxuriantly wooded, and with the noblest of magnificent rivers running through them—forming, in their course, a series of cataracts. Its natural graces are enhanced in value, because they are invariably encountered after the eye and mind have wearied from gazing upon rude and uncultivated districts, covered with peat, upon the scanty herbage of which the small sheep can scarcely find pasture. It is to this peculiar feature—its richly adorned borders, and the rugged character of its interior—that Dean Swift referred, when he likened the county to "a frieze mantle fringed with gold-lace." The chief attractions of Wicklow are its glens—"splits," as it were, in the mountains, through which the hill-torrents have burst; every one of them falling, repeatedly, from immense heights; often, for considerable space, without encountering a single break. Down the sides of each, the perpetual dripping of moisture has nourished the growth of trees and underwood. Usually, the

* And nowhere, perhaps, in the world can they be so largely repaid for so small an expenditure of time and money. A journey of twenty-four hours may place them in the centre of it—a journey by no means tedious, troublesome, or costly. A railway-carriage conveys them to Liverpool; the steam-boats—the largest, safest, and best in the kingdom, which ply twice a-day—in little more than ten hours to Dublin; and Dublin is within an hour's drive of the county. The charges at all the inns in the route are so low as to astonish strangers. The inducements to a tour to Wicklow are, in fact, very strong and very numerous. If we can succeed in showing our readers how easily and pleasantly it may be made, and what a rich reward will attend those who either love to examine natural beauty, to scrutinize character, original and full of matter, or to become even partially acquainted with a country so deeply interesting, in every sense of the term, we may, to some extent, turn the current of "travelling" from the Continent to Ireland. Another recommendation, upon which we should lay some stress, is the temptation the county holds out to the Angler.

work of Nature has been improved by the skill of Art, and it is impossible to imagine a scene more sublime and beautiful than one of these ravines, of which there are so many. Some of them, as the Vale of Avoca, become valleys of miles in extent; others, as the Devil's Glen, are little more than graceful "passages;" and in other cases, as the Scalp, the "cuts" are barren, and covered only by the debris that have fallen from above, or been shaken from the sides—huge rocks without verdure, but of singular varieties, in size and form. Every now and then, we meet with places of very gentle beauty; small rivulets that have been sent out, as young and innocent things, by the brawling and rushing river, as it forces apart all impediments that would bar its voyage to the sea:—brooks that mimic their rough parents, in the rippling music they make among the comparatively tiny stones:—"brooks" such as have been pictured by the most eloquent of our living poets—

> "——— whose society the poet seeks,
> Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
> And whom the curious painter doth pursue
> Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
> And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks."

These natural graces have ample scope and time to fix themselves in memory; for, as we have intimated, they are situated in the midst of arid plains, or utterly barren mountains—land that yields but little, and that reluctantly, to the industry and enterprise of the husbandman. Descending from any one of the hills, the moment the slope commences, the prospect becomes cheering beyond conception; all that wood, rock, and water—infinitely varied—can do to render a scene grand and beautiful, has been wrought in the valley over which the eye wanders; trees of every form and hue, from the lightest and the brightest green, to the most sombre brown, or—made so by distance—the deepest purple; rivers, of every possible character, from the small thread of white that trickles down the hill-side, to the broad and deep current that rushes along, furiously, a mass of foam and spray, scattering, now and then, fertilising contributions, in pleasant streamlets, among the adjacent fields; or gathering into huge lakes, in the midst of mountains that deny exit.

The vicinity of the county of Wicklow to the Irish metropolis is of prodigious advantage to those who "in populous city pent" require occasional intercourse with Nature, either as a relaxation or an enjoyment. And, perhaps, there are few crowded capitals in the world so auspiciously situated—so immediately within reach of such a concourse of natural beauties. Splendid mansions and cottages ornées have, consequently, been numerously built in

happily chosen sites; they are, for the most part, in the midst of foliage, and rarely, or never, mar the effect of the adjacent scenery; on the contrary, they very frequently advantage it, crowning the heights of closely clad steeps, standing upon the borders of broad lakes, or occupying promontories that jut out into, and turn the currents of, the rivers.

The principal roads from Dublin into the county are—first, that to the east through Bray, Wicklow, and Arklow; second, that to the west through Blessington, on to Baltinglass; the great military road between, and nearly parallel to both; and the Enniskerry road*. We shall conduct the tourist, by the eastern routes, upon which lie the several objects of attraction he will have to visit; the one leading through Dundrum to Enniskerry, and so on to Roundwood; and that which, passing through Black Rock, enters the county, at Bray; leaving unnoticed nearly the whole of the western district—through which there is but one road, a wild and cheerless one, bordering upon the counties of Kildare and Carlow—a district comparatively barren of interest, except to those who admire nature, in a form that has been scarcely altered since the creation†.

* The principal roads through the mountainous districts of Wicklow, are termed "military roads." They were formed soon after the rebellion of 1798, the ostensible object being to facilitate the march of troops into the disturbed parts of the county; but the real purpose was to open communications through it, and so to promote civilisation and forward practical improvements. There are few benefactors so truly useful as the road-makers. Before these roads were made, the hills and valleys of the interior were almost as unapproachable as islands without boats. Four barracks were subsequently built, at considerable distances apart, on the new line; the sites chosen were Glencree, Laragh, Glenmalure, and Aughavanagh. They are now in ruins; any thing but picturesque, although they have an aspect of exceeding gloom, standing alone, roofless and desolate, in the midst of arid plains, where neither tree nor human habitation is to be seen. They are usually beheld from very far distances—the design of the builders being, naturally, to combine as much command of the adjacent country as was possible, with a facility of marching in cases of sudden calls. They stand, therefore, in the midst of broad plains, but plains which are at considerable elevations above the valleys.

† The County of Wicklow possesses little historic interest; for centuries it formed a portion of the County of Wexford, from which it was separated, and made shire ground, so late as the reign of Elizabeth. Thinly inhabited—vast portions being barren, or covered with wood—it was left to the undisputed possession of a few wild Irish septs; or rather, it was found impossible to "extirpate" them, because of the impenetrable forests and glens in which they lurked. To their rule the lovely county was left until the close of that Queen's reign, when their ravages and daring assaults upon the Capital drew upon them the vengeance of the state. The "septs" were principally those of the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles.

Mr. Moore, in the third volume of his History of Ireland, has recorded an anecdote of the chivalric conduct of a chieftain of the O'Tooles—Tirlogh O'Toole. "When all the great Irish lords, O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Connor, and others, had leagued to invade the English Pale, Tirlogh sent word to the Lord Deputy that seeing the principal chiefs were now all combined against him, he, Tirlogh, thought it but fair to be on his side; but 'as soon as the others made peace, then would he alone make war with him.' This chivalrous promise the chief faithfully kept; nor was it till O'Donnell, O'Neill, and others, had made their submission and withdrawn, that Tirlogh, summoning forth his wild followers from their mountain-holds, renewed, fiercely as before, his harassing inroads on the English borders." Tirlogh, however, subsequently "gave in," requested and obtained permission to repair to England to see the king, "of whom he had heard so much honour," and received twenty pounds to pay his expenses thither. The Lord Deputy, in writing to his master, thus describes

The two routes—which we shall, therefore, more immediately refer to and more particularly describe—may be said to join at the entrance to the Vale of Avoca, where the "waters," the Avonmore and the Avonbeg, have their "meeting." The obvious plan of the tourist will be, to proceed by the one and return by the other; a plan we shall here adopt; but we beseech him so to arrange that he be not compelled to rush through the valleys and race over the hills. A mile or two of wandering off the beaten track will often

his active and troublesome enemy:—"And although it shall appear to your majesty that this Thirrolough is but a wretched person, and a man of no grete power, neither having house to put his hedd in nor yet money in his purse to buy him a garment, yet may he well make 2 or 3 hundred men. Assuring your highness that he hath doon more hurte to your English Pale then any man in Irlande, and woll do, whensoever he shall not aither be clerely banished or restored to your heighnesse favour, wherby he may be bound to serve your majestie, as we thinke verely he wool do." During the height of Tyrone's rebellion, Fynes Moryson tells us, "The glynnes or mountainous countrie on the south-west side of Dublin, being in the hands of O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, and more remotely of the Kavanaghs, they nightly made incursions to the very gates of the city, giving alarum of war to the long-gowned senate, and (as it were) to the chair of state." At a still more remote period their annoyances were complained of. A volume of "Annals of Ireland," in the British Museum, records—under the year 1328—that: "This same year the strong thiefe, the king's enemy, the burner of churches, and the destroier of people, David O'Tole, was taken by Wellesley. He was led from the Castle of Dublin to the Tholsell, through the cittie, and there before the justices, who judged that he should be drawn throu the cittie after a horse-taile to the gallose, and after hanged, drawn, and quartered—which was done." Sir William Russell was the first viceroy who took the Byrnes "in hand," and routed them effectually, and this too while Tyrone's rebellion was raging: on pretence of a hunting expedition, he came unawares upon the house of Teagh O'Byrne, at Ballenacor, and drove him out of it, placing a garrison there. His wife, Rose O'Toole, was taken, tried, and *burnt*, at Dublin. Her bards describe her as the loveliest of her sex. Teagh was at last captured and slain, under the following circumstances: on Sunday, the 8th of May, 1597 (according to a MS. written at the time, in the possession of a friend, who has transcribed the anecdote for us), "betweene 2 and 3 of the clocke, on Sondaie morning, we roade to the glynne's side, where his lordship (Russell) kept with his company of horse, expecting the rebels' dispersing. In the meane while our foote having entred, fell into that quarter where Teagh McHughe laie, and coming several waies upon him, it so pleased God to deliver him into our hands, being so hardly followed as that he was runn out of breath, and forced to take a cave, where one Milborne, serjeant to Captain Lea, first lighted on him; and the furie of our soldiers was soe great as he could not be brought awaie alive: thereupon, the said serjeant cutt off Teagh's head with his owne sworde, and presented his head to my lord, which, with his carcas, was brought to Dublin, to the great comfort and joye of all that province." Spenser, in reference to these septs, describes them as "continually hanging over the neck of the city" of Dublin; and speaks of "Hugh Mac Shane O'Byrne in his great fastness of Glen-malor," as drawing unto him "many theeves and outlawes—insomuch that he is now become a dangerous enemy to deale withal." These fastnesses being so near the metropolis, to them all the malefactors that were able to effect their escape out of Dublin Castle turned their steps, and found refuge and protection in the kindred spirits of the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles. Rebels, outlaws, republicans, and robbers here found a secure asylum. After the Restoration, twelve Cromwellians, seven of whom were members of the House of Commons, conspired to overthrow the newly-established government; their design was to surprise the Castle, seize on the person of the Lord-Lieutenant, the Duke of Ormonde, and "involve the three kingdoms in blood;" five of them were secured, the rest fled to these retreats; the five were tried and executed, but even after sentence, one of them, Lecky, a presbyterian minister, managed to escape to his fellows, in woman's apparel; he was soon taken, however, and hung. It is certain—although the histories of the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles are supplied exclusively by their enemies—that they were a brave and energetic race, struggling for their own and their country's liberty, among their native mountains, and "very difficult to deal withal." The ruins of some of their castles still exist.

repay him largely. Let him make up his mind to loiter. His "idle time" will not be "idly spent." He will scarcely tread over an acre without arriving at some source of gratification; such as to afford an ample recompense for his labour, either by a close inspection or the distant prospect *.

By the Enniskerry road—we shall proceed by that—the county is entered at "the Scalp," a chasm in the mountain which separates it from the county of Dublin. The mountain appears to have been divided by some sudden shock of nature. The sides are not "precipitous," although the ascent is difficult, in consequence of the huge masses of granite, that prevent the semblance of a path,

and not unfrequently so jut out, as to suggest the idea of exceeding danger—seeming as if they may be driven into the vale by a sudden gust of wind. Through these overhanging cliffs the road runs; enormous granite blocks, of

* We must not, however, mislead the tourist into the notion that a great expenditure of time is necessary to examine the county of Wicklow. The whole of its leading attractions may be visited within three days—long summer days; but a week will amply suffice to introduce him to every one of its beauties and peculiarities. The most desirable mode of travelling (for travellers, who have higher and better objects than display,) is by one of the outside jaunting cars, changing both car and horse at the several stages; posting, however, is unreasonably high in Wicklow, being 10*d.* a mile for a car, and 1*s.* 3*d.* for a post-chaise; and the driver will expostulate if he receive, as his "fee," less than twopence a mile. One of our excursions was made in this way. On another occasion, however, we hired a car, man, and horse, in Dublin; for which we paid—all expenses included—fifteen shillings a day. But we were frequently compelled to hire an auxiliary car, when we had to deviate a few miles from our route, in order to avoid the danger of our horse "knocking up" before his day's work was over. There is little or no risk of not finding a car at any of the stages; and of a better description than those to be obtained in less frequented districts. It is scarcely necessary to add, however, that the tourist must be prepared to walk over much of the journey; leaving the vehicle, continually, to climb some mountain steep, pace through some deep ravine, or tread by the margin of some rapid river. Those who have sufficient strength, and are not pressed for time, will, indeed, do well to eschew carriages altogether; the tour need not exceed sixty miles—easily accomplished in three or four days.

many tons in weight, having been "rolled back" out of the path of the traveller. The sides are perfectly naked; and so similar are both, in structure and appearance, as to lead the spectator to imagine that the disruption had but recently occurred, and that another earthquake might re-unite them, without leaving a fissure between.*

The road into Enniskerry gradually slopes, until the pretty little town, entered by a bridge over the river Kerry, is seen in a deep valley beneath—especially cheering to the eye after the rugged Scalp and the barren district through which the traveller has passed.

Before we proceed onwards, we must direct him to make a detour to the west; for in the hills of the barony of Rathdown, are many objects of surpassing interest—among others the source of the Liffy, and the dark Lough Bray. Lough Bray is situated in the centre of a peculiarly lonely district; the lake—or more correctly, the lakes, for there are two, the upper and lower, the lower being the larger and more remarkable, and the one to which especial reference is made—is almost circular, near the summit of a mountain; from one side of which protrudes a huge crag, dark and bare, called "the Eagle's Nest." It is, indeed "walled in" on three sides by lofty and precipitous hills, and is open on the fourth—at the lowest point of which its waters are poured through a narrow opening into the valley of Glencree, forming the Glencree

* The Scalp is eight miles from Dublin, and two from Enniskerry. The reader will bear in mind that we are speaking of Irish miles; and that eleven Irish miles are equivalent to fourteen English.—We may avail ourselves of this occasion to state, that between the English and Irish acre, there is a considerable difference—the latter being greater than the former. A correct notion of this difference is, indeed, absolutely necessary; for persons, generally, are not aware that when reference is made to "Rents," by the acre, and these rents are placed in comparison with the rents paid in England, regard should be had to the fact that the Irish acre contains so much more than the English acre. There are in Ireland *three* different-sized acres, by which land is measured. The English, or statute acre; the Scotch, or Cunningham acre; and the Irish, or Plantation acre. The area of each acre depends upon the length of its respective lineal perch.

The length of the English lineal perch is $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards . . $5\frac{1}{2}$

The length of the Scotch lineal perch is $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards . . . $6\frac{1}{4}$

The length of the Irish lineal perch is 7 yards . . 7

The proportion of the different acres to each other is as the squares of their respective lineal perches.

The square of $5\frac{1}{2}$ is equal to $30\frac{1}{4}$, or $\frac{484}{16}$.
The square of $6\frac{1}{4}$ is equal to $39\frac{1}{16}$, or $\frac{625}{16}$.
The square of 7 is equal to 49, or $\frac{784}{16}$.

Consequently the proportion of the *English*, the *Scotch*, and the *Irish* acres to each other are respectively as the numbers 484 . . 625 . . . 784. If we leave out the Scotch acre altogether, the numbers representing the proportion of the *English* to the *Irish* acre are reducible, and will be found as . . . . . 121 . to . 196. We notice the Scotch acre, chiefly because it is the usual measure employed in some of the northern Irish counties.

ENNISKERRY.

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river, which joining with the Glenislorane in Powerscourt demesne, passes through the Dargle, and finally flows into the sea, under the name of the Bray river. The waters of Lough Bray are coloured very deeply by the peat which covers the surrounding hills, through which the water permeates, and the deep and gloomy tint is increased by the shadow into which the lake is thrown by the overhanging mountain to the south and west. There is one object connected with Lough Bray that looks like the work of enchantment; the Swiss cottage and grounds belonging to Sir P. Crampton, Bart. (the surgeon-general), appears suddenly in the wild bog, and seems as if "rising at the stroke of a magician's wand." The wall that surrounds these grounds is not, in some places, as high as the bank of Peat within a few feet of it, and the contrast between the neglect, desolation, and barrenness that reign without, and the order, cultivation, and beauty within, is very striking, exhibiting the mastery which science and civilization hold over nature even in her sternest and most rugged domains. The cottage and grounds are here, in this lofty and unreclaimed region, "like Tadmor in the wilderness, or an oasis in the desert *." The view, looking north, from the road, a little below the lake, is most glorious; to the right the mountains of Douce and War standing out in bold relief; to the left the Kippure mountain; before us the valley of Glencree and the demesne of Powerscourt; and further on an apparently illimitable succession of hill and valley, wood and grove, towns and villages, as far as the eye can reach.

Several miles further to the west—and to be more easily visited by the direct Blessington road from Dublin—is the solemn and dreary solitude, out of which rushes the waterfall of Phoul-a-Phooka, terminating in a whirlpool, of depth, it is said, unfathomed, and where the famous spirit-horse holds

* "It was erected for Sir Philip Crampton, at the expense of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, who, while Viceroy of Ireland, had spent some happy days with Sir Philip in this romantic spot, in a cottage of humbler pretensions, which had occupied its site, and was accidentally burned. The gift was one equally worthy of the illustrious donor, and the talented and estimable receiver; and there are few, if any, of our readers who will not join us in the wish that he may long live to enjoy it."

its nightly revels; luring unhappy wayfarers into the frightful vortex formed by the waters of the cataract. Its summit is crossed by an exceedingly picturesque bridge—of a single arch—the span of which is sixty-five feet, thrown from rock to rock*.

* Phoul-a-Phooka is the name given to a succession of cataracts, one hundred and fifty feet in height and forty in breadth, over which the waters of the Liffy are precipitated. This river rises, to the north-east, in the Kippure mountains, and here, at one bound, as it were, springs from the hills to the valley. The spectacle from the bridge is sublime to a degree. Looking over one side we see only the river hurrying on to take its fearful leap; but on the opposite, we gaze down one hundred and fifty feet, upon the foaming waters that have, in the interim, passed under us. The falls are seen to great advantage by passing the bridge and entering the grounds on Lord Miltown's side of the river, which are planted and laid out in good taste. The spectator may obtain many fine views from the lowest to the highest point of the fall; which, however they may vary in particular features, all agree in grandeur and beauty. The middle fall is the greatest—and the term Phoul-a-Phooka (which we have explained at vol. i. page 109) is more immediately applied to the round basin in which the water is thrown, and which is worn smooth by the never-ceasing friction of the eddy—said to bear, on a small scale, a close resemblance to the famous Maelstrom whirlpool. The ground on the opposite side of the river, which belongs to the Archbishop of Dublin, is as barren and desolate as that on Lord Miltown's side is the reverse. There are covered seats, cool walks, grottoes, and a ball-room, which in "the season" is much frequented by "sod parties," when a dance is no unfrequent termination to a pic-nic. A singular and amusing, if not a very remarkable legend, was told to us at a way-side public house, where we "stopped" to give our horses "hay and water;" and although we have elsewhere described the pranks of the Phooka, our readers may perhaps endure another story of his peculiarities. We can only afford space for it however, in a note; for "legends" are without end in this romantic county; and we shall have to record many others. "I often think," said an old white-headed man—and, except the guides, who are talkers by profession, the peasantry of Wicklow are by no means communicative—"I often think," he said, "that little Tommy Cuttings must have felt mighty quare on the Phooka's back." "Cuttings!" we repeated; "why that is not an Irish name." "God bless your honour!" he replied, "every quare name is Irish by nature; but that wasn't his born name, only the one he went by. Mullowny was what he was christened, but he was called 'Cuttings' for short, and being a tailor (saving your presence) an advertisement of his trade." We signified our astonishment at a tailor being fond of equestrian exercise, and still more at his choosing such a steed as the Phooka. "He didn't choose the horse at all, the horse chose him—for devilry or divarshun—or who knows what!" was the reply. "Cuttings was a little delicate needle-nosed craythur, as ever crawled up the side of a hill—an innocent boy as ever drew thread through grey frieze, and, for a tailor, wonderful honest, never spoiling a coat, all out, for the sake of the cabbaging; and, if he did no good to man or mortial, doing no harm—a sort of selvage on the world thrown away till wanted. Cuttings would go jobbing from house to house through the country, but his mother lived close to Ballymore-Eustace, and he used betimes to work at her little place; by the same token, she was a great strong horse of a woman, with a dawshy husband, and a dawshy son; and when they'd stay longer than she wished at the public-house, she'd walk in for all the world like a thunderboult, tuck one under one arm, and the other under the other, and walk off with them kicking and squeeling like young pigs. She wasn't bad to them either, only she had the upper hand, and liked to keep it. Well, Cuttings had a pair of fine black cloth—you understand—unmentionables we call them before ladies—to finish for the Priest; and there was to be a great wedding entirely the next day, and he worked his poor thin fingers to the bare bone to get them finished, well knowing the grandeur of the wedding, and his Reverence's particularity. It was near nightfall, before he had them done. 'They're done, mother!' he says, 'and if I had them home, wouldn't I be the lucky boy?' 'Take them home,' she says, 'and be lucky.' 'It's asy say take them home,' he repeated, 'look at the hour it is—and the night of all nights in the year—and the distance—och hone! I wonder will they ever build a bridge across the Phoul-a-Phooka? look at the round it would save me if there was a bridge there this night.' 'It's a pity they don't for the accommodation of little tailors,' sneered his mother; 'but be up out of this with them, and my duty to his Reverence.' 'Mother,' said Cuttings, after having thrust his needle nose

The tourist, after visiting Lough Bray, will have to return to Enniskerry, and ascend a steep hill, on which the village is built, to visit both the Dargle and Powerscourt—the former to the left, the latter to the right, of the main

outside the door, and sniffed the chill evening air, and observed the dark drifting clouds, and had a blast of the north wind right in his face—'Mother, darlin', wouldn't you like a walk this fine beautiful evening; you're sitting too close to the wheel, for the good of your health.' 'It's company you want, you schamer,' she exclaimed, setting her two eyes on him; 'why then the dickins give you company, oh yah!' So Tommy without another word rolled the Priest's fine black cloth—you understand—up in his Sunday handkecher; and committing himself to the keeping of the Saints, off he went, raising the stave of a song to cheer up his courage, and putting grate trust intirely in the holiness of his Reverence's broad cloth, thinking they'd be a purtection to him against evil spirits, and forgetting that the Priest had never put them on. Whenever he saw anything before him that he didn't quite like, he'd shut his eyes, tighten his hold on the—you know what—and then setting down his head like a young bull, boult right on. Suddenly, as he was proceeding after that fashion, he hears a sniffing, snorting sort of noise, right up against his nose. 'Open yer eyes ye buzzard!' shouts a voice. Tommy did as he was bid; and maybe he didn't close them in double quick time. Straight forenint him stood a coal-black horse; his blood-red eyes flashing fire, and the brightness of the sun pouring from his nostrils; and a sort of a leer on his mouth by way of a smile. 'Where are you going, Tommy Cuttings?' says the horse. 'Forgive me my sins!' answers the poor little tailor, dropping on his knees; 'Every inch of the cloth is in them, honorable gintleman; not so much as a shred did I take, sir.' 'Don't be more of a fool than you can help, Tommy,' replies the horse. 'Where are you going?' 'If he knows it's the Priest's small clothes that's in it,' thinks the tailor, 'he'll tear me into pieces; for sure if there was any virtue in them, he'd have smelt it out long ago;'—but any how the lie was more natural to Cuttings than the truth. And so he says—'To Shane Gulh's wedding; and I hope your nobility will let me go, for it's the bridegroom's small clothes, saving your presence, I'm taking home.' 'I'll give you a ride, Cuttings, you tory!' says the horse, 'for the sake of Shane and his pretty bride, and set you down before ye can say cabbage—up, up, little tailor, Neh-h-hay!' and the wild horse laughed. Now Tommy had never crossed a beast in his life since he rode a pig, and it occurred to him that he always mounted a pig by the tail; 'so 'By yer honor's lave,' he says, taking hold of the black cataract of a tail that flowed behind the Phooka. With that the mad spirit lifts up his hind leg and kicks out in a most surprising way. 'Is that the way to mount, you pig-driver?' says the Phooka. Poor Tommy crept round to the side. 'Stay still I shake down my mane,' says the creature; 'I never was rode by a tailor before, and I don't much care if I never am again.' 'Nor I either,' thought poor Tommy, but didn't open his lips, only scrambled up as well as he could. 'Is it all right?' says the Phooka. 'It is, plaze yer honor, sir,' says poor Tommy, in a fainting voice, 'all r—rig—ht.' Well, the Phooka made a spring, shaking his mane and tail, and the one spring he made brought poor Tommy within half a dozen yards of the precipice. 'Ye're the heaviest load I ever carried,' says the horse, stopping for breath; 'and you've something about you not at all agreeable to me,' he says. 'Shall I get down?' answers the Cutter; 'maybe I'm too heavy for your honor.'—'Neh-h-hay!' laughs the creature again—'you!—a needle's point—a fibre of flax—a hair of wool—a tailor!—to be too heavy for me that carried Oliver Crummel through Ireland from first to last'—and he shook himself proudly. 'Only I'm bound in honour to take you to the bridegroom's door, and deliver him up his smalls,' says the great beast again, 'I'd not lep a yard with you to-night, you little unwholesome vagabone.' 'I'm willing to walk, Sir, and able; and indeed it suits me better than this rate o' going of a mile a minute,' says the Cutter, making an offer to get down. 'A mile a minute!' snorts the Phooka; 'I've carried Alexander the Great and Oliver Crummel, a hundred miles a minute, and thought nothing of it; nor been half so tired as I am with you.' 'I can't bear to inconvanience so kind a gentleman,' snivels the Cutter, 'pray let me down.' 'I'll see you roasted with your own goose first,' answers the horse, making at the same time a leap at the chasm. Well, poor Tommy hadn't time to think until he felt himself tumbling down, down, and he still kept a grip of the horse's mane; and when he came a little to himself and looked up, there was the great black horse, panting and puffing, on his legs beside him, and the thunder rolling and the lightning flashing in the heavens, but neither growling or flashing equal to the

road to Roundwood*. The demesne of Powerscourt contains 1400 acres; the natural advantages of the locality have been heightened and improved by taste; there are few mansions in Great Britain so auspiciously situated; hill and dale, and wood and water, are so skilfully blended or divided; and the whole is so completely inclosed by mountains, apparently "inaccessible to mortal feet," as to realise the picture of the "happy valley." The "waterfall"—distant between two and three miles from the house—is, perhaps, the most magnificent fall in the county of Wicklow; it is nearly perpendicular, its entire height being, it is said, about 300 feet; but it is only in winter, or in very wet seasons, that the water is precipitated the entire distance at a single bound, and then it seems an immense arch of foam. After heavy rains, it descends in one broad sheet unchecked and unbroken by a single rock; but in dry weather it more resembles a thin covering of white gauze, through which the interstices of the hill and its several breaks and crevices are distinctly visible. When fully charged, however, the rapidity and fury of the descent is almost incredible; accompanied by an absolute roar, amid which the sound of a trumpet would be scarcely audible at the distance of a yard. The cataract is formed by the Dargle (or Glenislorane) river, an obscure mountain stream, until it reaches the precipice, part of the Douce mountain, from which it falls, making its way through the glen of the Dargle, and meeting the sea at Bray; having been united in "the Deer Park" with the river Glencree.

"The Dargle" commences, as we have intimated, on the side opposite the gate to Powerscourt; but more correctly speaking, the glen terminates here;

horse, who couldn't speak a word out of his head for the fair rage. All of a sudden, poor Tommy Cuttings missed the smalls. 'Och murder in Irish!' shouts the little tailor, and in his agony quite forgetting how needful it is for a liar to have a good memory, 'Och murder in Irish, where's the priest's breeches!' 'An' that's it!' says the horse, and every puff of wind that came out of his nostrils would extinguish a forge fire; 'that's it, is it? You false tailor! to lay the burden of the church on the back of the Phooka!—to impose upon my good nature—take that for your reward!' and he dealt poor Cuttings a kick that pitched him into the torrent beneath; and how he got out was more than he could tell. The most remarkable part of the story is, that the priest never got his smalls. And many a hard penance had Tommy to perform to make up the loss; he never ventured out at night after, and what was still more strange his mother never asked him to go."

* There is a road to Roundwood through the whole of the demesne; and as the public road is cheerless and uninteresting, the tourist should pursue that—if he can. But it will be necessary for him to procure a written permission from the agent of Lord Powerscourt—otherwise he will find the gate at the extreme end closed against him. We understand this permission is usually accorded to strangers; but on two occasions of our applying for it, we were unable to procure it, in consequence of the agent's absence from home. We take the liberty to say that this evil may be easily avoided—by the agent authorising some person to comply with such a request, when he himself is not at hand to grant it. Every facility to those who visit Wicklow should be given to them; and from the universal respect in which Lord Powerscourt is held, we are sure that the hint will be taken. Pedestrians, however, will have no difficulty in obtaining exit; and should undoubtedly take this course to Roundwood—visiting the Dargle first.

POWERSCOURT WATERFALL.

WICKLOW

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the authorised entrance being through a gate-way at the opposite end—near the Bray road. Before treading the lonely path that leads through it, the tourist will do well to visit a small hillock just over Tinahinch (the seat of James Grattan, Esq.*); and then to climb a steep hill that rises immediately above it, on the south. As the Dargle is, usually, the beauty of Wicklow first introduced to its visitors, and as, in consequence of its short distance from Dublin, many travellers examine no other portions of the county, the glen has attained to greater celebrity than others—more solemn, magnificent, and picturesque; yet, it may be a question whether, in variety, it is any where surpassed. The ravine is of great depth; the hills on either side clothed by gigantic trees and underwood, out of which, occasionally, protrude bare and rugged rocks; the slopes are not precipitous, but may be easily ascended to the summits, or descended to the river, natural seats being formed, here and there, by the moss-covered banks, upborne by huge trunks of mighty oaks. At times, however, the sides are exceedingly steep, and in some instances perfectly barren; very often they are completely overhung by the branches of aged trees, impending directly over the current, and forming a natural bridge to connect the two sides. The thick foliage produces continual screens, so that the river, although heard, is often unseen; but a step or two in advance, and its full glory meets the eye

* Tinahinch lies in a hollow, on the margin of the river; it is classic ground; for here one of Ireland's true patriots—a man who loved his country—composed, and, it is said, continually recited, the eloquent speeches that have made his name immortal. The name of another great statesman is intimately associated with the County of Wicklow—the famous and unfortunate Lord Strafford. The great wood of Shillalah, which covered the southern portion of the county, was much cut down by that nobleman, who wrested it from the original proprietors, the O'Byrnes—because, "they were unable to produce any *written* titles to their lands"—when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Some of the oak he gave to roof St. Patrick's Cathedral. Westminster Hall was, it is said, roofed from the same source. Fynes Moryson alludes to "a commonly received opinion that the Irish wood transported for building is free of spiders and their webs." Near Tinehely are the ruins of a castle—the "cosha," so often alluded to by Lord Strafford in his letters; which the peasantry call "Black Thom's building." The extensive forests of Shillalah have dwindled to a few small plantations of oak. Mr. Hayes of Avondale, who published in 1794 "A Practical Treatise on Planting," states, "it is generally understood that a sale was made of some of the finest timber of Shillalah, which remained in Charles the Second's time, into Holland, for the use of the Stadthouse, and other buildings constructed on piles driven

—breaking over masses of granite, topped by its spray, raging and roaring onwards in a succession of falls, sometimes so narrow that a child might leap across it, and anon widening out into a miniature lake. Nearly in the centre of the glen is a large crag, covered with herbage, "the brightest of green," called "the Lover's Leap;" it hangs over the torrent, and from this spot the best view of the valley is to be obtained *.

Yet the glen of the Dargle to be estimated justly, should be seen from one, or both, of the adjacent hills we have referred to. The first, which forms

close together, to the number of several thousand." After 1693, however, the woods must have been considerably destroyed, for in that year iron forges and furnaces were introduced into Wicklow, by a company who had the right to cut whatever suited their purpose during the term of their contract, which lasted twenty years. From a paper in the hand-writing of Thomas, Marquis of Rockingham, it appears that in 1731, there were standing in that part of Shillalah called the Deer Park 2150 oak trees: of these, in 1737, there remained 1540. In 1780, 38 only of the old reserves were in existence. Their size may be estimated from this fact; the last which Mr. Hayes remembers, when felled, "produced, at three shillings per foot, £27 1*s.* 8*d.*" In his time there remained one entire tree—"about ten feet round at five feet from the ground, straight as a pine for sixty feet; and about six feet round at that height." He speaks, also, of a short trunk, which measured twenty-one feet round. The Earl Fitzwilliam, the descendant of the Earl of Strafford, now owns the district of Shillalah, and has, besides, an immense property in the county of Wicklow.

* About this "Lover's Leap" there are many legends; all of them, of course, beginning and ending alike. One of them records that a young man, deeply enamoured of a fair girl, who lived near the entrance to the Dargle, spent his happiest hours in her society there, following her as her shadow. Her most trivial wish was his law—for he believed himself beloved as fondly as he loved. One day she requested him to bring her some particular trifle from Dublin; begging, at the same time, he would not inconvenience himself by returning that night, but wait until the next day. Anxious to prove his devotion, the youth made no delay, but was back the same evening, just as the twilight was deepening into night. "Flying on the wings of love," he sought the haunt of his mistress, and found her, sitting by the side of another—his rival. Instead of reproaching her for her rapid and cruel infidelity, he flung the bauble she had desired at her feet, and sprang, without a word, off the rock.——Another legend is more touching; for this is an every-day story. A lady, quite as fickle as the other, formed a second attachment before, it would seem, the first was altogether obliterated. She was unconscious, however, of the misery her falsehood had effected, until, while singing a favourite song to her new lover, between each verse, as she paused, she heard the tolling of the church bell. This smote so upon her heart, that she could not continue, and at last inquired who was dead; the reply brought back the memory of her first love with far more than its earliest fervour. That night she spent, heedless of the cold and rain, upon the grave of him who had died for her sake. It was in vain that her relatives entreated her to remain with them, and try to forget the past; she would return to them in the morning, but invariably resume her lone seat before night-fall; she, who had been so false to the living, was faithful to the dead; and all the wiles of the youth she had so gaily sung to, failed to win her from her resolve to die for him who had died for her. At length her mind wandered: with an air of unearthly triumph, she assured her sister that her true love had risen from the grave, and that she had walked with him along the headlands of the glen; that he had promised to meet her again, and lead her to a spot where they should be united to part no more. This alarmed her family, and they placed her under mild restraint; but, with the cunning of insanity, she eluded their vigilance, and escaped. A few minutes after her flight was discovered, her brother followed, as usual, to the churchyard, at which he arrived just in time to catch the last flutter of her scarf, as she flew rather than ran towards the Dargle; he pursued, saw her pause for a moment upon the fatal brink, and then dart into the boiling abyss. The phantom created by her imagination doubtless led her to her death; but some will tell you that every Midsummer-eve her spirit soars along the headland, above the river, sometimes in the similitude of a dove, floating like a silver star through the night; at other times in the shape of a white fawn, dashing fearlessly forward, and disappearing with the speed of an arrow in the leafy wood

part of the demesne of Tinahinch, rises but a little above it, and is almost on a level with the topmost branches of the trees—near enough to the river for its subdued murmurs to fall with gentle harmony upon the ear. The view, although limited in extent, is of exceeding beauty. Before approaching the hill-brink, the windings of the glen may be traced by the foliage that seems to inclose and shelter the rapid current; drawing nearer, the several breaks become visible, with the waters rushing and foaming along. From the higher hill the prospect is infinitely more extensive—immediately beneath us was the dark ravine—a line of trees, let in, as it were, between the mountains; and these surrounded us on all sides but one — left open to the sea, where, beyond Bray-head, the island of Dalkey gladdened the bosom of old ocean. To our left was Powerscourt House: the waterfall was hidden from us by an intervening hill; but the emerald sward and the brilliant foliage sparkled in the clear sun of a dry and most refreshing morning; nearer, and almost buried in a corner of the romantic dell, was Tinahinch—the smoke from the chimneys of which was curling "gracefully" up the rocks and through the underwood—the birch and furze, that adorned their sides—producing a singular effect; for it seemed as if a vapour was issuing from the clefts. The quiet glory of the picture was heightened by the cheerful song of a thrush, from an adjoining brake; it followed us long after we commenced our return to the valley, as if repeating our expressions of exceeding delight, and seeking to give the delicious scene a stronger impress on our memory*. The prospect reached to the mountains above Dublin; and, in an opposite direction, "the Paps," and the "Sugar-loaf," looked down upon us, as if they were the guardians of the glen. Some idea of their character may be formed by the assistance of Mr.

* It is rather difficult to avoid perpetrating poetry among the hills and glens of Wicklow. During our ascent up one of the mountains we wrote the following lines — the introduction of which we trust our readers will not complain of, in a note. The words have been honoured by an association with music, worthy of better, by Mrs. Ames, of Liverpool.

O, the mountain maid is the maid for me,
Her step is light and her heart is free;
  Light and free as the breeze that passes;
O, a rosy cheek and a rounded form,
And a pulse that's neither too cold nor warm,
  Is the dowry they bring—these mountain lasses!

They have no jewels, they have no gold,
But health and truth, and a spirit bold—
  Bold and true as their rocky masses;
As nature is kind, and pure, and free—
So, children of nature, so are ye—
  Ye happy and merry mountain lasses!

Sargent*. The latter, with its peaked top, seemed to invite a visit; and we paid it. But in our mode of ascending the "Sugar-loaf" we committed a serious

error; against the danger of which we warn our readers. While overlooking the Dargle from the mole heap—for in comparison to the Giant mountain it is little more—and ignorant that we must ascend 2000 feet above the valley, with the summit in our sight, and without a guide to direct us, we imagined the straightest line to be the shortest at least, if not the easiest, and so took the most rugged and most difficult path, achieving our purpose at length, but by a large sacrifice of time and labour. We commenced our progress on the northern side, before which there is a small hill, like an out-work; after we had surmounted this, the goal of our ambition was not a whit nearer to us; for between the lesser and the greater Sugar-loaf, there intervenes a deep valley, from which the sides of the latter rise "like walls;" down the one and up the other, we had to climb "with toilsome steps and slow," until we arrived at the base of the conical hill, that gives a name to the mountain. The sides of this cone are covered with heath, which grows from a surface of peat of variable depth, huge masses of rock being scattered at intervals among it. Our way was lost; and we were forced to follow, as guides, the gullies or water-courses; after a weary tramp, ankle-deep in bog, one of them conducted us to the summit. The top of the mountain, which, from a distance, appears so small and peaked, is a level space of several yards, sheltered on the west

* Mr. Sargent made his drawing "from the hill, after passing through Dalkey, on the way to Bray. It is a foot-way, which leads above the Bay of Dalkey Island; and the foreground is the Sea. The foot-way leads round the mountains above 'the quarries,' and joins the main road—after a delicious walk of about three miles, from which picturesque views are very numerous."

by a number of very large stones, the remains probably of a Druidic Temple. And here we had evidence of the number of currents and their different degrees of velocity at different heights. In the plain, we had scarcely felt a breeze; but when near the summit, the wind grew boisterous even to annoyance; and when we had reached the top it assumed almost the character of a hurricane. The day was clear; and the prospect was indeed magnificent—the views being numerous, beautiful, and varied. To the north, beneath us, lay the Little Sugar-loaf, Charleville, Enniskerry, the Scalp; farther on, Cabinteely, Killiney, Dalkey Hills, Kingstown Harbour, Dublin Bay, Clontarf, Dollymount, Howth, and Lambay, and—but very indistinctly, although when the atmosphere is more than usually clear, they can be seen perfectly—the outlines of the Carlingford and Mourne mountains. To the north-west, Powerscourt House, Glencree Vale, and barrack—on to the mountain that hangs over Lough Bray. To the south, as far as the eye can reach, hills upon hills, one rising above and beyond another, like a succession of ocean-waves. To the south-west, Powerscourt waterfall, diminished by the distance, and looking like a broad silver band upon the dark mountain side; the vale into which its waters rush, the superb back-ground being formed by the lofty and barren "Douce," rising nearly 2400 feet above the level of the sea. To the south-east, the beautiful Glen of the Downs; behind and beyond it, Delgany, and still further on, Wicklow-head. To the east the Irish Sea; to the north-east, Kilruddery, Bray, Bray-head, and Killiney Bay. Our brief catalogue of objects placed within our ken, as we stood

"Upon the summit of that mountain hoar,"

will, we imagine, sufficiently tempt the bold and hardy pedestrian to encounter the labour of the ascent. It is needless to comment upon the wonderful magnificence of the scenery that will be on all sides presented to him.

We, again, return to the village of Enniskerry—where the tourist, if he follow our steps, will find refreshment necessary—for the purpose of taking the road to Roundwood; verging to the right, in order to visit Luggelaw *. A dreary and uninteresting road it is, running nearly all the way through an arid and unproductive common; a few miserable hovels now and then skirting

* The only object worth pointing out to the traveller is a rock, called "Walker's Rock," about two or three miles from Enniskerry—on the old road—from which there is another beautiful and extensive view; less grand but perhaps more interesting than that we have been describing; for the leading objects of attraction are closer, and more distinctly seen. The tourist should on no account pass this rock without ascending it. It overlooks the whole of the valley in which lie Powerscourt and the Dargle; and the waterfall is here seen to great advantage. The Sugar-loaf from this point resembles the peaked cap of the Covenanters.

the way-side, with wretched patches of shrivelled potatoes, planted in bits of land the forcing of which into comparative cultivation can scarcely recompense the very extreme of poverty.

When within about two miles of Roundwood, a turn to the right leads for about three miles up the mountain—or, more correctly, up a long hill; for on either side the winding road is looked down upon by the mountains that rise above it—the Douce on the north and Ballenrush on the south. It leads to the great "lion" of the county—Luggelaw. It was early morning when we commenced the ascent; the clouds were dense and heavy above and around us; and our view was limited to the huge masses of granite that skirted our path, scattered among the slopes to our right, and abundantly strewed among those to our left, that led into the valley, through which we heard the river rushing.* Suddenly we paused, for the mists were vanishing; and, almost with the rapidity of thought, a most glorious and magnificent scene burst upon our sight; we beheld the whole of the beautiful vale: Lough Tay immediately below us; and, stretching to the east, the wild grandeur of Lough Dan, connected by a long stream of white—the broad river Killough, that runs between them—diminished, by the distance, almost to a thread. The annexed print will convey some—though but a limited—idea of its character. Luggelaw, or Lough Tay, is a small dark lake, in the midst of perpendicular mountains—on one side utterly naked, on the other richly clad from the base to the summit with trees—fir and mountain-ash, thorn, oak, and elm—nourished to gigantic growths. Out of this gracefully covered hill proceed the thousand miniature cascades which form the Lough; they come bubbling or trickling among rocks and huge roots, now and then concealed both from sight and hearing; but anon forcing their way through tangled underwood, and forming, when their journey is nearly over, most deliciously clear and cool fountains. Nature has here received little check or training, but is left mainly to her

* The descent into the valley is so steep as to render it absolutely necessary for the tourist to leave his carriage, and pace on foot the distance—a mile, perhaps—from the summit of the mountain to its base; he will proceed slowly, however, for at every step his attention will be arrested by some new object of interest. At the entrance to the demesne of Mr. Latouche a shed has been erected to shelter the horses.

LUGGELLAW.

WICKLOW.

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"own sweet will." At one end of the lake is the pretty cottage-mansion of Mr. Latouche, and the "beach" that adjoins it consists of pure white sand*. The appended print exhibits the wilder side of the lake; our engraving from the exquisite pencil of Mr. Creswick will convey an accurate notion of its cultivated beauty. From hence we return to the main road, and journey to the small town of Roundwood; but the pedestrian will seek it by a less easy though far pleasanter route; walking four

* Let no one visit Luggelaw without striving to make the acquaintance of "Charley Carr," the guide whose cottage is at the entrance to the domain; unfortunately for us, during one of our visits he was absent, and at our next we were compelled to hurry over our visit, and saw too little of a personage in whose praises all tourists are loud. Charley is, of course, jealous for the honour and glory of Luggelaw; and very envious of the superior attractions of Glendalough—which he abuses with right-good will, affirming that it is unnatural not to love Nature better than ould stones and mortar; and at times he cannot conceal his anger with the holy saint—Saint Kevin—for not having carried out his original intention to build his churches around Lough Tay; tradition says, indeed, and Charley Carr supports the opinion, that the saint had actually laid the foundation of his Round Tower here—when Kathleen discovered his retreat, followed him, and her fair face was a "notice to quit." The following is Charley's version of the story:—"Of all the saints Saint Kevin had the gloomiest taste—now a taste I could by no manner of means fancy—the earth, the flower of the earth was free for him to choose where he would dwell; the garden of Ireland, my own beautiful Wicklow, was before him, and instead of pitching his tent at the meeting of the waters, or on Bray-head, or beside the wooden bridge, or Newarth-bridge, or where the music of the waterfall would be ever in his ears, at Powerscourt, or *here!* (and he looked round him as a king upon his host); he runs right away from that poor blue-eyed lady, Kathleen, to gloomy Glendalough, first, however, coming to us at lovely Luggelaw—where she found him, they say, through the flying of a dove that, as she was sitting bemoaning, lit upon her shoulder and whispered that she was to follow its flight for ever until it lit upon a tree; and the poor lady up and followed the bird, and what was a dove by day became a shooting star by night; and she followed on and on, until at last the dove lit upon an oak that had been withered up by the lightning, and Kathleen knew that was a sign of blighted love, but what could she do? The sign was like what she felt in her own beating bosom; and, sure enough, here in Luggelaw she found her saint. 'Do not,' she said, 'turn me back; I only ask to look upon thy shadow, to hear not even thy voice, but its echo: I will swear never to speak to thee, to sleep like a dog at thy feet, to take the penance for thy sins, as well as my own, to pray for thee, and not for myself, valuing even my own soul as nothing for the sake of thine.'" "And the Saint?" we inquired. "'Deed, by all accounts," replied Charley, "he gave her very ill words,—what—except from him,—I might call unmannerly language. So, poor thing, she sat herself under the withered tree, and the dove coo'd and coo'd, until she coo'd the poor blue-eyes to sleep. When she awoke in the morning the sun had risen above the lake, and her tresses were wet with dew, and the beginning of the churches that she had seen over night was removed, and the saint was off; and if the young lady had cried before, what did she do then—for, beheld you, the dove was gone also. Ah!" added the guide, "the love that comes seldom goes back the same road! And wasn't it a sin and a shame for so holy a man to be going to that ugly Glendalough, and carrying all the quality after him to this day,—that the ignoramuses of guides there might pick their pockets?"

miles, crossing Lough Dan (of which we present another view) in a boat, always at hand for the purpose, and passing through one of the wildest of wild dis-

tricts*. If he be "a brother of the angle," he will have an additional inducement

* Among these mountains, during the year 1798, the rebel general, Holt, collected and retained a force well armed, and with some discipline, which proved exceedingly troublesome to the troops quartered in the neighbourhood, and very injurious to the resident gentry. He was a respectable farmer and a Protestant, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Roundwood. He contrived to keep his guerillas together for several months after "the troubles" had terminated elsewhere, the peculiar nature of the country being favourable to his plans, the people being universally friendly to him, and every hill and valley furnishing some place of secrecy and security—at least for a time. A price was set upon his head; his every motion was tracked by spies; yet he managed to escape, surrendering in the end to Lord Powerscourt, and bargaining with the government for a sentence of transportation for life. His history is singular and striking; he was a man of courage and enterprise, and of sagacity and prudence very rare in those days. He executed some very brilliant movements; and on several occasions destroyed parties of the King's troops. According to his autobiography (edited by T. C. Croker, Esq., 1838), he was, at all times, averse to the shedding of blood, and frequently behaved with great generosity towards his opponents, preserving them from the fury of his men at the risk of his own life. He became a "united man" on the 10th of May—if we may believe his own statement, in consequence of the burning of his house by the military, when he was innocent of any offence. He first assembled his band in the Devil's Glen; thence removed his quarters to Luggelaw, and subsequently to Glendalough; but he was soon compelled to take to the hills—"driven like grouse from hill to hill,"—from whence he continually rushed with a rapidity resembling that of their torrents "down upon the vale," certain to "leave his mark behind him," his animosity being principally directed against the yeomanry. In the course of two months he was at the head of nine hundred and sixty men—"all Wicklow men." His first regular battle was at Ballyellis, where he slew a party of the "Ancient Britons" to the number of perhaps a hundred, which he magnifies into three hundred and seventy. This success rapidly augmented his forces, and by the month of July "the number on his roll was 13,780;" but the majority were evidently attracted to his camp by the beeves he had "killed and baked;" for in one day no fewer than 2500 deserted. His escapes were often marvellous; on one occasion having been wounded in the head, and finding himself watched by some police, he went boldly up to them and asked which way the army had gone, affirming that the rebels

to this course; for the ferryman throws a fly, and carries his tackle with him; and Charley Carr is unrivalled as an auxiliary on such occasions, being

"As skilful in that art as any."

The village of Togha, or Roundwood, is small and unimportant; it is, however, situated in the midst of mountains, and the neighbouring scenery is remarkably grand. As it lies in the road to Glendalough, by this route, and is usually the resting place of tourists to the Seven Churches, it is much frequented; more especially as the river Vartrey, which runs by it, is famous for an abundance of fine trout *.

From Roundwood, passing the church of Derrylossery, we reach the village of Anamoe, where a bridge crosses a river of the same name, which flows from Lough Dan. The village consists of a few thatched houses; but its situation is highly picturesque; and in its immediate vicinity there

had robbed him of his horse and hat. They "pitied his misfortune, and said it was lucky for him it was no worse." Another time, the soldiers were in pursuit of him, and he took shelter in "a hollow, in the side of a mountain, worn out by the winter floods," through which a very small stream issued. He leaped into the chasm and followed it up about 100 yards to its source, which was under a large projecting stone or rock. Under this he crept on his hands and knees; his enemies came, peeped in, walked over, and around him; but without perceiving his hiding-hole. At length, wearied out, and utterly hopeless of any termination to his career but death upon the gallows, he resolved to surrender; being urged chiefly thereto by the appalling position in which he found himself; to quote his own words:—"I had not only to watch the movements of His Majesty's forces, in constant hunt after me, to guard against the machinations of the spy, the informer, and blood-money man, but also treason in my own camp. Every moment, I was under apprehension that the villains I commanded would call me to a mock trial, and take my life." Once indeed, his own men seized him and his wife, and placed them "on their knees for instant execution." On the 10th of November he surrendered to Lord Powerscourt, and was subsequently transported for life. In the year 1813, however, having received a free pardon from the governor of New South Wales, he returned to his native country, for some time kept a public-house in Dublin, and died in May 1826, aged 70 years.

* The village is twenty-two miles from Dublin. There are two good inns at Roundwood—Heatley's and Murphy's; we passed a day and night at each of them, and found both exceedingly clean and comfortable; the hostess at the latter was very kind and attentive, absolutely loading our car with cloaks and wrappers, for the rain was descending fast when we left her door. At "Heatley's Hotel" we encountered an interesting person—a blind hostler. His meek, mild countenance attracted our notice, from its calm—we had almost written holy—expression. The morning was cloudy, and as he assisted in arranging the harness, we asked him, ignorant of his privation, "If the day would be fine?" He turned his face towards the wind, and after keeping it upturned for nearly a minute, assured us we should have both rain and sunshine. "You'll have a fine day for Wicklow; for there will be more sunshine than rain, and I think to-morrow will be very fine, but I'm not certain. I shall never see the bright sun more in this world," he added, while tightening a trace; "I shall never see it more in this world—glory be to God for all his mercies—but for all that, I like to feel that it's shining." The man was remarkably clean, neat, and well-dressed; he is an excellent hostler, and a capital "boots;" active, intelligent, and perfectly acquainted with every *locale* in the county. When his work is finished, he walks to his cottage home, a distance of a mile and a half, unled and quite alone. He is married, and has a young family. We were told that his wife was one of the prettiest girls in the neighbourhood, and had had many "offers," but she had given her heart to her blind lover, and they were as happy as affection and industry could make them.

still exists a ruined water-mill, memorable for an incident in the life of Laurence Sterne*.

Passing the deserted, and half-ruined, barrack of Laragh—built in the midst of an arid common with which its broken walls and desolate aspect are in keeping—we cross a small but picturesque bridge, and enter a narrow road that leads, between hills, to the "dark valley," in which are the long-famed and far-famed ruins of the "seven churches of Glendalough;"— to quote an expression of Sir Walter Scott," the inexpressibly singular scene of Irish antiquities." The Round Tower first takes the eye; and, as we advance, one after another, the several points of interest come in sight. It is impossible to imagine aught in Nature more awfully grand than the lake,—

> "Whose gloomy shore
> Sky-lark never warbles o'er,"—

in the midst of mountains that surround it on all sides, except the east—in some parts bare of verdure to the summit, or covered with huge stones, among which revel the descending rivulets; in others, clothed with brown heath or the sable peat; in others, a series of jutting crags between the interstices of which the grass grows luxuriantly, where the sheep and goat feed fearlessly secure, but where human foot has never trod; in others, perpendicular precipices from the base almost to the top, where the eagle makes his eyrie far away from the haunts of man; and in others, chequered into cultivated patches forced, by persevering industry, from the unwilling, and still unyielding, soil. Except along the borders of the Lower Lake, and on the heights that divide the mountains of Lugduff and Derrybawn, not a tree is to be seen, and scarcely a shrub large enough to shelter a lamb; nothing indeed to humanise its utter loneliness; it is hard to fancy that a few centuries ago the now barren district was a huge forest—a den for wolves and a nest for outlaws —or that, almost in our own day, the lesser hills were covered with foliage†.

* In a brief autobiography prefixed to his Letters, he thus alludes to the circumstance—"We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year (1720); from thence we decamped, to stay half a year with Mr. Featherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow, who being a relative of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage at Animo. It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt. The story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland; where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me."

† Mr. Hayes, in his "Treatise on Planting," (1794,) draws a melancholy picture of the folly and cupidity of those who have bared this romantic district. "I am sorry to state that I have been eye-witness to the fall of nearly two hundred acres of beautiful and well-growing oak, in a romantic valley, on the see lands of Glendallogh, three times within the space of twenty-four years. The produce of each sale, to the several archbishops, never exceeded 100*l.*; and as I am informed, it amounted once only to 50*l.*, or five shillings per acre, for a coppice, which, had it been preserved for the same number of years, though not containing a single reserve of a former growth, would have produced 30*l.* per acre, or 6000*l.* in place of 50*l.*"

GLENDALOUGH.

WICKLOW.

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But the absence of trees is felt as an evil far less at Glendalough than elsewhere; to naked grandeur it is mainly indebted for fame; the shadows that fall upon the Lake, from the bare mountains which so completely environ it, giving a character of peculiar gloom—in solemn and impressive harmony with the ruins of remote ages;—churches unroofed and crumbling; oratories levelled to the height of humble graves; sculptured crosses shattered into fragments; broken pillars, corbels, and mouldings, of rare workmanship; gorgeous tombs of prelates and princes confused with the coarse headstones of the peasants; and the mysterious round tower—comparatively untouched by the Destroyer—standing high above them all! In contemplating these worn-down, and subdued, relics of ancient power,

> "A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,
> Fell suddenly upon our spirit—cast
> From the dread bosom of the unknown past."

We are first introduced to the ruins, within about a mile of "the city," on the road from Laragh bridge, but on the opposite side of the river; the remains are those of a church, which the peasantry call the "monastery;" but to which Ledwich refers as "the Priory of St. Saviour," and which is so marked in the Ordnance map. It seems to have escaped the notice of travellers, although, beyond doubt, the most elaborately finished of the structures; two of its round pillars still endure in a good state, one of them being nearly perfect, and containing several sculptured ornaments; — that which originated the legend of the "dog and serpent" being very prominent. The ruin is overgrown with brambles, and a flourishing mountain-ash has forced its way through a crevice of the wall. Mr. Nicholl, who searched the ruins with exceeding care and perseverance, informs us there is scarcely a stone in the vicinity that did not afford some subject for his pencil, although they were nearly all broken, and scattered without the smallest regard to

their preservation. A mass of the most valuable had been formed into a kind of rude chair; the carved portions being thrust into it according to the whim of the mason who raised the shapeless mass. The remains of another church—"the Trinity"—are also to be inspected before entering "the city."

The "city of Glendalough," a name which signifies "the glen of the two lakes," owes its origin to St. Kevin, by whom the abbey was founded early in the sixth century, and where he is believed to have died on the 3rd of June, A.D. 619, the anniversary of which is still commemorated by the peasantry, who, until very recently, honoured the memory of the patron saint by assembling in the churchyard to drink and fight; a custom put an end to by the parish-priest, who, a few days before one of our visits, had actually turned the whiskey into the stream, gathered the shillalahs into a huge bonfire, and made wrathful and brutal men, who had been enemies for centuries, embrace each other, in peace and good-will, over Kevin's grave*.

Here, in this solitude, the saint laid the foundation of his monastic establishment; it grew rapidly—became a crowded city, a school for learning, a college for religion, a receptacle for holy men, a sanctuary for the oppressed, an asylum for the poor, a hospital for the sick†—and here he lived to super-

* A widow who keeps the small inn that adjoins the ruins, described the scene to us with a rueful countenance, and a sigh for "the days that were gone." "In ould times," out of the annual meeting of the factions, she obtained profit enough to pay her rent; but during the last two or three years, her sales of whiskey, on the 3rd of June—the Patron day—averaged three quarts. She made, however, something by supplying "the voteens" with "smacks," a beverage to which we were here introduced for the first time, in consequence of our guide being "pledged," and declining to drink a stronger draught. "Smacks" is composed of ginger, sugar, milk, and an egg, all beaten up together. To Luggelaw, by the way, we were accompanied by a guide, whom we picked up by chance at Enniskerry, and who, although the day was cold and wet, refused to receive "a drop of the cratur;" while he admitted that a little would do him good, "if he had the grace to know when he had taken enough." His description of the change wrought in his condition by Temperance was very striking and encouraging. In order to test his fidelity, we had pressed him to take some spirits. "Does yer honour see this coat?" he said, "it's the worst of four that I'm the owner of, and one of them is a top coat; if yer honour had given me time, I'd have been dressed as dacently as e'er a boy in the barony, and I wouldn't be ashamed to show you my little cabin. Two years ago, I had nothing of my own but what I stood in, and glad to stretch in a neighbour's barn. It was drink all day with me, and all night when I wasn't stupid. The quality that knew me would trust their ating with me, but always take the bottle with themselves; and every shilling I airned went for the whiskey. I was a ruined man—for I couldn't climb a dawshy hill without breathing as if my heart would break; and now—say the word, and I'll bring ye a pebble from Lough Dan, that's a mile down and a mile up the mountain, in less than twenty minutes. So, after that, I'll lave it to yer honour whether ye'll give me the sup of poison, or keep it from me." It is scarcely necessary to add, that we applauded his enduring constancy, and did not again hand him the bottle.

† The virtues and sanctity of the holy man drew, according to the author of the "Monasticon Hibernicum," multitudes from towns and cities, from ease and affluence, from the cares and avocations of civil life, and from the comforts and joys of society, to be spectators of his pious acts and sharers in his merits; and, with him, to encounter every severity of climate and condition. "This influence extended even to Britain, and induced St. Mochuorog to convey himself hither, who fixed his residence in a cell on the east side of Glendalough, where a city soon sprung up, and a seminary was founded, from whence were sent forth many saints and

intend it for nearly a century, having, according to Usher, "completed the uncommon and venerable age of one hundred and twenty years," before he was, in the language of the Ritual, "born to the blessings of another state." The city is now desolate—the voice of prayer, except when some wearied peasant is laid beneath the turf, is never heard within its precincts—year after year the ruins fall nearer to the earth, the relics of its grandeur are trodden under foot, and another generation may search even for their foundations in vain. It is impossible to look upon the scene without "waking some thoughts divine," receiving a lesson upon the mutability of the works of man, and feeling as if a fearful prophecy had been fulfilled:—

> "The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
> And, mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
> The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;
> The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;
> And the green lizard and the gilded newt
> Lead unmolested lives, and die of age."

The ruins are stated by "the authorities" to consist of the Priory, the Cathedral, St. Kevin's kitchen, Teampull-na-skellig, Our Lady's church, the Rhefeart church, and the Ivy church, making the mystical number of seven; the other sacred edifices "appearing to be later constructions*."

exemplary men, whose sanctity and learning diffused around the Western world that universal light of letters and religion, which, in the earlier ages, shone so resplendent throughout this remote and at that time tranquil isle, and were almost exclusively confined to it." The see of Glendalough was united with that of Dublin in the reign of King John; but the mandate of the sovereign was disputed by the O'Tooles, in whose territory it stood; and although the territories were estranged, they continued to fill the see for a long period afterwards—the last of the nominal prelates, Friar Dennis White, surrendering the possession in 1497. Long before that period, however, the city had vastly declined in importance; having become—we quote from Ware—"waste and desolate, a den and nest for thieves and robbers; so that more murders are committed in that valley than in any other place in Ireland, occasioned by the vast desert solitude thereof." "From what can now be discovered of the ancient city," writes Dr. Ledwich, "by its walls above, and foundations below the surface of the earth, it probably extended from the Rhefeart church to the Ivy church, on both sides of the river. The only street appearing, is the road leading from the market-place into the county of Kildare; it is in good preservation, being paved with stones placed edgewise, and ten feet in breadth." These stones have now all vanished—at least we looked for them in vain; except adjacent to the entrance.

* Upon this subject we quote Dr. Ledwich. "The number seven was mystical and sacred, and early consecrated to religion. It began with the creation of the world, and all the Jewish rites were accommodated to it. It is found among the Brachmans and Egyptians. The Greek fathers extol its power and efficacy, and the Latin, as usual, apply it to superstitious purposes. The church formed various septenaries. The following is extracted from Archbishop Peckham's Constitutions, made at Lambeth, A.D. 1281:—'The Most High hath created a medicine for the body of man, reposited in seven vessels, that is, the seven sacraments of the church. There are seven articles of faith belonging to the mystery of the Trinity; seven articles belonging to Christ's humanity. There are seven commandments respecting man; seven capital sins; and seven principal virtues.' The Irish entertained a similar veneration for this number; witness the seven churches at Glendaloch, Clonmacnois, Inniscathy, Inch Derrin, Inniskealtra, and the seven altars at Clonfert and Holy Cross." This superstitious veneration for the number, still maintains its influence over the minds of the peasantry. The

We had scarcely arrived within sight of the "holy ground,"—our minds sobered by observing its solemn grandeur, and prompted almost "to take the shoes from off our feet"—when our car was surrounded by a most vociferous group, of all ages and sizes, each eagerly laying claim to "the honour and glory" of being our guide. A brief scrutiny and a short examination ended in our retaining the services of George Wynder*, a wild and picturesque-looking fellow, with loose drapery and a long beard, and whom we at once ascertained to be "a wit;" for on our asking him how he could accompany us with bare feet, he replied, "Ah! these are the soles that never wear out, and one set of nails lasts for a life." A further inquiry as to whether they were his Sunday shoes, led to the answer, "Be dad, they're the shoes I wear every day." So we engaged him; and a capital companion he was, and is; for he has infinite humour, an exhaustless store of stories, is a poet in his way, and although he makes it his boast—but not openly—that he "can coin laagends enough over-

affection certain nations have to particular numbers is remarkable. In England, three is the favourite; in India, four; in China, three times three: but seven appears to be the most universal, and has a wonderful propriety, when regarded in a sacred or superstitious point of view, for it neither begets nor is begotten by any number within the ten. It has therefore been compared to the Ruler and Governor of all things, who neither moves nor is moved. In the Roman Catholic ritual, we have the seven sacraments, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, the seven capital sins, the seven corporal works of mercy, the seven spiritual works of mercy, &c.

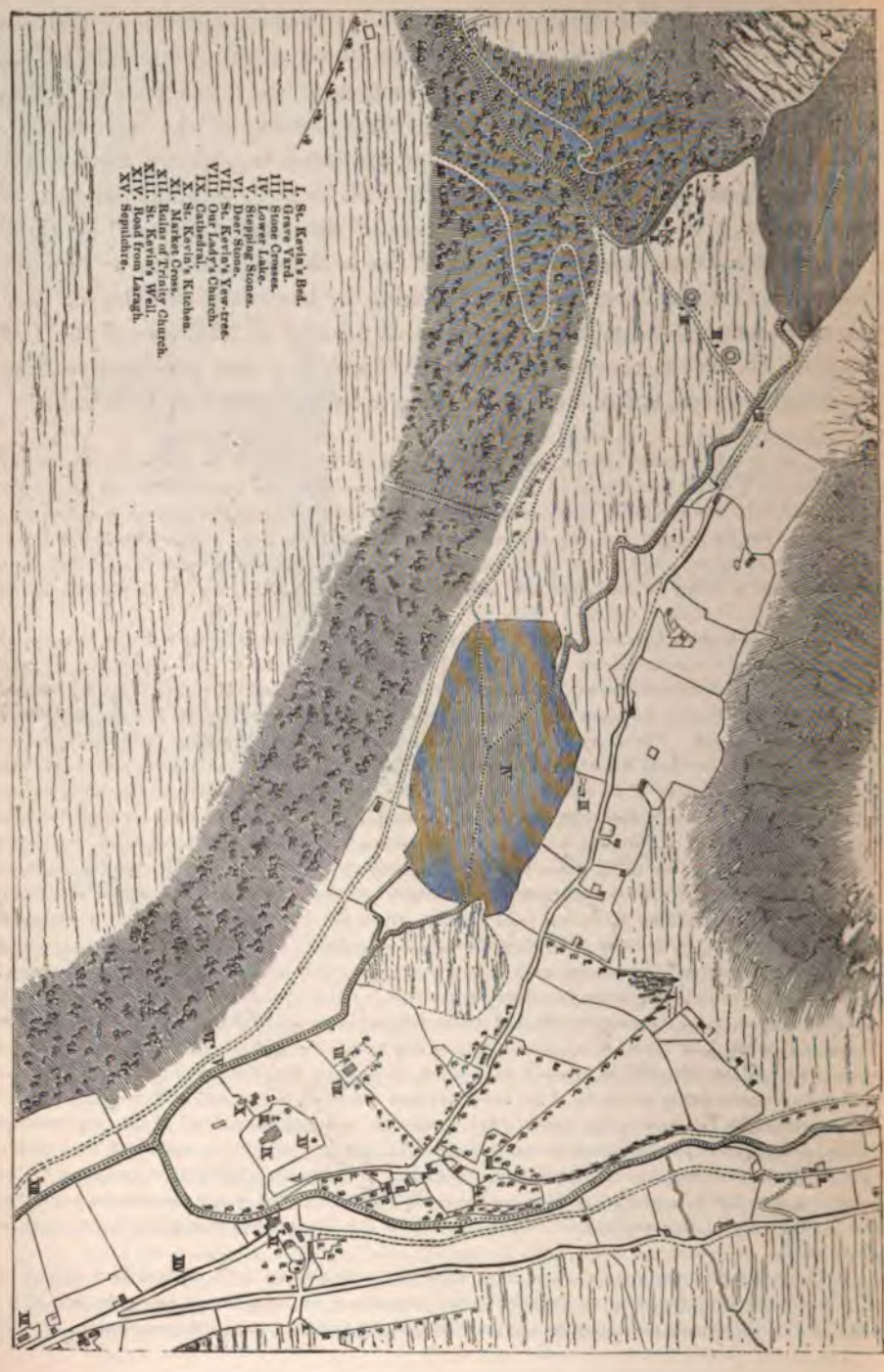
* "The mantle of Joe Irwin—very celebrated in his day—has fallen upon the shoulders of George Wynder. Joe, in his turn, had received it from Darby Gallahoo, who was guide before him, beyond man's memory, and died laving all his knowledge to Joe, when he, the said Darby, was 107 years ould and better." Joe's great recommendation—which he never failed to urge—was that he was "the man that was down in the book." The Rev. Cæsar Otway records the following anecdote of Joe's introduction to a duchess:—"It was just at this hill where we now stand, that the Duchess ordered her coachman to draw up, and the darling lady looked out amongst us all, as we stood around, and a posy she was, with her cheeks as red as poppies among the corn; a proper woman too, as to size, as becomes a Duchess—so my dear life, out she drew her book, and then she axed 'where is the guide that is down in *this book*, for no other will my *Grease* have,'

night to entertain the quality all day," he "lies like truth;" and his marvels are just as natural and rational as those of the learned historian, Giraldus Cambrensis. As second in command, we commissioned James Brough, an infinitely more sober and sedate personage, who will do very well when Wynder is away; for he has contrived to pick up most of his "laagends," and is cherishing the growth of his locks in humble imitation of his superior. We set out on our voyage of discovery "guided" by these two, but with a concourse of "followers;" for as there chanced to be no other visitors on that day, they could lose nothing by becoming volunteers; each and all had something to exhibit—a "bit of mine*," or a splinter of the yew tree that St. Kevin planted with his own hands †, a sure preservative from fire and shipwreck, and of inestimable value to ladies "who love their lords."

says she; so says I to myself, 'Now's your time, Joe Irwin, to step forward, for you're the *boy* for her money;' so out I started from among the poor crathers who were about the coach, for they all knew, sure enough, that I was the man in the book; so taking off my hat, and not forgetting to make a bow and a scrape of the heel, 'I'm the boy you want, my *Grease*,' says I; 'Come along then,' says my Duchess, 'you're the man for my money; and so let all the other spalpeens sneak off, for not a mother's sowl shall be a follower or get a penny of mine, but the man that's down in the book, and that's yourself, honest Joe Irwin.'"

* About a mile above Glendalough are the lead-mines of Luganure, worked by the "Mining Company of Ireland," under the superintendence of Captain Richards, a Cornish miner of great experience, and who possesses considerable scientific knowledge and skill. He accompanied us over the works; they are at present comparatively limited; but the mines are very encouraging; and Captain Richards speaks with confidence of the prospects they hold out. The Company's "Report" for the half-year ending December 1840, thus describes them:—"The Luganure Lead Mines have been profitably worked in the past half-year, yielding £1101. 18*s.* 2*d.* in that period; the quantity of ore obtained, 526 tons. The men employed in search at the surface on this extensive Royalty have lately discovered, in the glen near old Luganure Mine, a strong and favourably circumstanced vein, containing lead ore, and the prospect at the opening made is considered favourable." An earlier Report of the Company in 1836, states that "The Glendalough Royalty, in which is included Luganure and Hero Lead Mines, is also an important mineral district, extending over sixty square miles of the county of Wicklow, held on lease for thirty-one years from his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, at a commuted rent of £92. 6*s.* 2*d.* per annum. The Ores obtained in this district (principally cubical galena, yielding seventy per cent. of lead) are removed when dressed to the Company's smelting-works at Ballyurus, where, by means of a water-wheel, thirty feet diameter, the lead is rolled into sheets or drawn into pipes, or is converted into shot, as occasion requires, and is then disposed of at the Company's warehouse in Dublin. The operations at these mines, where sixteen good houses have been built for the accommodation of the persons employed, are performed by means of water power, aided by an adit driven three hundred fathoms into the Luganure mountain, by which one of the Lodes has been unwatered to the depth of forty-eight fathoms." The Report for the half-year ending June 1, 1841, states that, "at *Luganure Lead Mines*, the workings in Ore having been in part suspended for some time, for the purpose of opening an additional level, with a view of obtaining increased returns expected to be realised in the current half-year, the quantity of Ore obtained is only 258 tons, yielding profit amounting to £325. 4*s.* 1*d.* The present prospects are favourable, and the quantity of Ore obtained in the first month of the current half-year shows an increase of one-third."

† The long-famed yew tree—which tradition states, and probably with truth, to have been planted by St. Kevin 1200 years ago—is now entirely exhausted; the morsel we obtained was nearly the last of it: during a visit subsequent to the one we are more particularly describing, we could procure none.


I. St. Kevin's Bed.
II. Grave Yard.
III. Stone Crosses.
IV. Lower Lake.
V. Stepping Stones.
VI. Deer Stone.
VII. St. Kevin's Yew-tree.
VIII. Cathedral Church.
IX. Cathedral.
X. St. Kevin's Kitchen.
XI. Market Cross.
XII. Ruins of Trinity Church.
XIII. St. Kevin's Well.
XIV. Road from Laragh.
XV. Sepulchre.

In order that the reader may have a more accurate idea of the congregated ruins, we have copied for his guidance and information part of the map of the Ordnance Survey; we have not reduced the scale, which is six inches to one statute mile.

We were first conducted over a bridge of planks, laid upon gigantic "pebbles," that crosses the Avonmore, the beautiful river whose source is in this lake, and which running, or rather rushing, through "a fair country as eye can look upon," meets "the waters" in the vale of Avoca, and joins the sea at Arklow. The entrance to the city is through two Saxon arches, kept together by the embraces of ivy—up a steep and narrow paved pathway—a wall at either side, enclosing the whole of the area in which the chief ruins are contained. We were led at once to "St. Kevin's kitchen" (its ancient name is lost),—the most perfect of the churches,—with its stone roof, and its steeple, a round tower, in miniature, the conical cap being uninjured; near it is the great round tower,—with the unusual number of seven windows, its height being one hundred and ten feet; the cap fell to the ground in the year 1804. The cathedral, the abbey or the church of St. Peter and Paul, our Lady's chapel, and the ivy church, are also within this enclosure *. The churches of Rhefeart and Teampull-na-skellig are at some distance on the borders of the Upper Lake. With the exception of the kitchen, "decay's defacing fingers" have been very busy with them; traces

* The river Avonmore runs round it; and is joined at the east by the Glendasan river, which flows previously through the vale of Glendasan, having its source in Lough Mahanagar: a river from Lugduff also supplies the lower lake. The Avonmore, before it passes through Glendalough, is called the River Glenealo. Its fall into the lake is highly picturesque. Among the superstitions of the churchyard, is one common to other places,—that any person buried here will be inevitably saved at the day of judgment; Saint Kevin having prayed that this privilege might be accorded to his favourite church. We were shown here the base of a cross, weight about 3 cwt.; those who contrive to carry it between their teeth thrice round the ground without pausing to take breath, will never afterwards have the toothache—one of Mr. Wynder's stories, to which we may, at least, attach credit.

of their architectural beauty are nearly all lost; that of Rhefeart is a heap of stones, and that of Teampull-na-skellig can scarcely be distinguished from the rocks that surround it. The entrance to "Our Lady's church" is composed of stones of immense size. "The door," writes Mr. Archdall, "consists of only three courses; the lintel is four feet six inches in length, and fourteen inches and a half in depth. The door is six feet four in height, two feet six in width at top, and two feet ten at bottom. A kind of architrave is worked round the door six inches broad; and in the bottom of the lintel an ornament is wrought in a cross, resembling the flyer of a stamping-press. The walls are carried up with hewn stone, in general of a large size, to about the height of the door, and the remainder are of the rude mountain rag-stone, but laid incomparably well." In the church-yard there are none of the finely-sculptured crosses such as we have met with elsewhere; that of which we preserve a copy is the only one of magnitude, and entirely without ornament, although the broken fragments of several smaller ones are scattered about, as head-stones to the graves.

Our next duty was to visit the famous "Bed" of St. Kevin; it is on the south side of the lake, and, as it is far more easy to climb up, than down, to it, a boat is always at hand to convey the curious to this especial object of curiosity. When comfortably seated and the boatman had taken the oars, we had leisure, and certainly, inclination, to listen to the "laagends" of our guide Wynder. Some of the most original of them, as well as a few that are to be found in "veritable histories," we preserved for our readers. First was the story told by Cambrensis to illustrate the piety and humanity of the saint:—

how, "when he retired to keep the forty days of Lent in fasting, meditation, and prayer, as he held his hand out of the window, a blackbird came and laid her four eggs in it; and the saint pitying the bird and unwilling to disturb her, never drew in his hand, but kept it stretched out, until she brought forth her young and they were fully fledged, and flew off with a chirping quartette of thanks to the holy man, for his convayniance." Next, how "the stone—called the deer stone (he had previously pointed it out to us adjacent to 'the kitchen')—was turned into a dairy by the saint. A poor widow-man was left with a baby; and what to do with it, he didn't know in the wide world; so he went to his holiness, and his holiness says, says he, 'Did ye never hear tell of the lilies of the field,' says he, 'and who clothes them? Come to this stone, my good man, every morning after airly mass,' says he, 'and I'll go bail ye'll get a drop for the babby;' and sure enough at day-break the poor fellow saw a deer come, and lave a quart o' new milk in the stone, and that fed the cratur till he grew big enough and learned enough to be the saint's coadjutor; but the stone is there to spake to the miracle this day." (And here, good reader, is a copy of it, to put the fact beyond dispute.) How "one day in spring, before the blossoms were on the trees, a young man, grievously afflicted with the falling sickness, fancied that an apple would cure him; and the dickons an apple-tree, at all at all, was about the place; but what mattered that to the saint! he ordhered a score of fine yellow pippins to grow upon a willow; and the boy gathered, and ate, and was cured*." How "the saint was one day going up Derrybawn, and he meets a woman that carried five loaves in her apron. 'What have ye there, good woman?' says the saint. 'I have five stones,' says she. 'If they are stones,' says he, 'I pray that they may be bread; and if they are bread,' says he, 'I pray that they may be stones!' So, with that the woman lets

* A version of this story is quoted by Dr. Ledwich, from "an Icelandic MS.;" which adds, that "the tree seemed to rejoice in this gift of God, and bears every year a fruit like an apple, which from that time have been called St. Kevin's apples, and are carried over all Ireland, that those labouring under any disease may eat them; and it is notorious, from various relations, that they are the most wholesome medicine against all disorders to which mankind are liable: and it must be observed, that it is not so much for the sweetness of their flavour, as their efficacy in medicine, for which they are esteemed, and for which they are sought."

'em fall; and sure enough stones they were, and are to this day*." How "a vagabone from Connaught stole the saint's mare and her fole, and the saint overtuck him and shtruck him dead upon the spot, wid a look he gav him; and immadiately he ris a cross in the place as a warning to all marrauders; and the cross stands there now, with the marks of the mare's feet on the one side, and the fole's feet on the other†!" (And so it does, for here is a copy of it.) How "the saint banished the larks; not, as the foolish imagine, because they disturbed his orisons, but because the workmen who built his churches 'struck,' complaining that the larks woke them too airly; so says the saint, 'Do yer duty for this day,' says he, 'and they shall trouble you no more;' and ever since no lark floats above the holy waters." Of other "haros" besides Saint Kevin, our guide had a store of tales. Of Fin Mac Cool's Cut—a singular gap in the mountain—he told us that "Fin one day met a countryman and axed what news of the battle. 'Bad,' says he; 'we're bet into smithereens.' 'Och! murder,' says Fin, 'why wasn't I there! I'll show ye what I'd have done;' so he makes a blow with his soord, and cut a piece out of the hill. We call it the giaunt's cut; himself and another giaunt used to shake hands across the lake." Of course, the "laagends" of King O'Toole are many and various; we have space but for one: how "the saint managed to get from the king a grant of the land upon which he built his churches. The king was ould and

* Ledwich says, "these stones were kept as sacred reliques for many years in the Rhefeart church, but are now in the valley, at a considerable distance from it; they weigh about twenty-eight pounds each, are shaped like loaves, with the marks of their juncture in the oven." They are still to be seen.

† The following is Mr. Otway's version of this story, as told by Joe Irwin. "This, sir," said he, "is the tomb of Garadh Duff, or Black and Yellow, the horse-stealer, whom St. Kevin killed for telling him a lie. It happened as follows: Black and Yellow one day was coming over the ford, there above, not far from Lough-na-peche, riding a fine black mare with a foal at her foot; and meeting the saint, blessed Kevin asked him, 'Where, Garadh, did you get that fine baste?' 'Oh, I bought her from one of the Byrnes.' 'That's a lie, I know by your face, you thief.' 'Oh, by all the books in Rome,' says Garadh, 'what I say is true.' 'Dare you tell me so—now, in order to make a liar and a thief and a holy-show of you to the world's end,—I'll fix your foal and mare, there in that rock, and the print of their hoofs shall remain for ever, and you yourself must die and go to purgatory.' 'Well, if I must die,' says the thief, 'plase me, holy father, in one thing, bury me in your own church-yard, and lave a hole in my tombstone, so that if any stray horse or cow should pass by, I may just push up my arm and make a snap at their leg, if it was nothing else but to mind me of my humour, and that I may keep my temper during the long day of the grave."

wake in himself, and took a mighty liking to a goose, a live goose; and in coorse o' time the goose was like the master, ould and wake. So O'Toole sent for his holiness; and his holiness went to see what would the Pagan—for King O'Toole was a hathen—want wid him. 'God save ye,' says the saint. 'God save ye kindly,' says the king. 'A better answer than I expected,' says the saint. 'Will ye make my goose young?' says the king. 'What'll ye gi' me?' says the saint. 'What'll ye ax?' says the king. 'All I'll ax will be as much of the valley as he'll fly over,' says the saint. 'Done,' says the king. So wid that Saint Kevin stoops down, takes up the goose, and flings him up, and away he goes over the lake and all round the glin; which in coorse was the saint's hereditary property from that day out." How "the saint got rid o' the last of the sarpints: Ye see, yer honours, he was the ould sarpint that was 'cute enough to bother St. Patrick, when he druv out of Ireland the whole of his seed, breed, and generation. My gentleman walks off to Loch-na-Peche; and soon after St. Kevin comes to make his bed and build his churches; and the sarpint couldn't forget his ould tricks, having a dale o' spite agin the clargy. And the saint was, in coorse, intirely bothered, when, as fast as he ris the tower, down it came agin, so he set his dog Lupus to watch, and the dog brought him word that his innemy was curled up in the sinter of the loch, all day; but when his reverence went to bed, mee blackguard comes out, and does the world and all o' mischief. 'Och! what'll I do!' says the saint; 'is it to be nonplushed by a thief like this, that I'm after sleeping in a hole,' says he, 'and giving up the best o' good living,' says he, 'to say nothing of the ladies,' says he. Well, yer honours, the saint was only a soggarth in them times; and, in coorse, his prayers hadn't the strength they had afterwards; and all he could get by them was, that if he'd walk to the top of Kamaderry before the dew was off the grass, he'd see something. Now Kamaderry was a grate wood in them days, and it wasn't asy travelling. But the saint wasn't to be daunted; so he axes a lark to wake him (for this was before he made 'em quit the place), and he puts on his new ponticalibeys, and away wid him up the hill. Well, when he gets to the top, what would he hear but the sarpint snoring! and the saint was mighty unasy, till Lupus wint up to him and 'Whisper, yer rev'rence,' says the dog; and the baste tould him a sacret, and slips something into his hand. 'Bathershin,' says the saint, 'I understand,' says he. So wid that he takes out his braviary, and sthreels along, pertending to be at his matins; but he had one eye off the book, watching. 'Good morrow, Saint Kevin,' says the sarpint. 'Good morrow, kindly sir,' says the saint. 'You're up airly, I'm thinking, yer reverence,' says the sarpint. 'But

faiks, you're afoot before me,' says the saint. 'The pleasure of your company for a walk would be agreeable, Saint Kevin,' says the sarpint. 'Wid all the pleasure in life,' says the saint. So the two went sthreeling, arm in arm, through the wood; but when they came to the end of it, what would they see but a grate hair trunk! 'What's that?' says the sarpint. 'Bad luck to the bit o' me knows!' says the saint. 'I'm thinking it's a trunk,' says the sarpint. 'So it is,' says the saint; 'and I never see a bigger.' 'Och! then many's the one I have,' says the sarpint, 'in Bully's-acre; and that's in the city Develin,' says he. Develin, ye see, was the ould ancient name o' Dublin. 'Pho,' says he, in con-tinuation, 'it isn't big enough to hould me.' 'Och! honour bright,' says the saint; 'it 'ud hould two o' the likes o' ye.' 'I'll bet ye a gallon o' sperits it won't,' says the sarpint. 'Done,' says the saint; and 'Done,' says the sarpint. So wid that the omathawn crawls into the trunk, laving the ind of his tail outside. 'And now ye see, St. Kevin,' says he, 'it isn't big enough to hould me;' and so I've won the wager.' 'Let me have occular da-monstration,' says the saint. So, like a flash o' lightning, he slaps down the cover; the sarpint pulls in his tail—not to have it cut off; the saint takes the kay out of his pocket, and locks my gay fellow up, in a jiffy. 'I have ye now,' Mister Sarpint, says he, ''cute as ye think yerself.' 'I own myself bet,' says the sarpint; 'let me out, Saint Kevin,' says he, 'and I'll pay ye yer gallon like a gentleman,' says he. Oh! yah! the holy man wasn't to be done that way; so he tuck the trunk upon his showlders, and carried it all the way to Croagh Phadrig, and threw it off the top of a big hill into the say. And every now and agin, when the winds are roaring and the waves lashing along the shore—that's the sarpint twisting and twirling his tail round about in the trunk, and screaching out, betwixt the pauses o' the storm, 'Let me out St. Kevin, and I'll pay ye yer gallon o' sperits like a gentleman.' And so, yer honours, that was the way Saint Kevin got rid o' the last o' the sarpints*.

"Will I tell yer honours about the Holy Saint and Molche, that's Mogue Murphy's wife?" Our answer, of course, led to her story. "You see it was a brilin' day, sitch a day that if the red herrins cum up to the top of the wather they'd be done of thimselves. It was a brilin' day intirely, and a fine, gay-looking, hearty, elderly travellin' man cum into Mogue Murphy's house,

* The ordinary reading of this legend is, that St. Kevin employed his dog Lupus to kill the serpent; in commemoration of which feat, under the east window of the tower he fixed a stone, with a carving upon it of a dog devouring a serpent. This stone, which Ledwich describes, was stolen on the 20th of August, 1839, by a person in the garb of a gentleman.

though it wasn't himself was in it, but his wife,—'God save all here,' says he, not seeing the pusheen cat that was sitting under the settle. 'Barrin' the cat,' says Molche, Mogue's wife. 'How do you know but I said that to meeself,' says Saint Kevin, with great consideration,—'how do you know but I said that inside to meeself, for where was the use of hurting the cat's feelins?' Now that might have tould Molche, Mogue's wife, if she had any sinse in her, that the con-sideration showed the gintleman; but she was a proud struchawn of a woman, without understanding, and didn't care a traneen for the feelins of anything. 'Good 'ooman,' says the saint, 'gi' me a drink of wather, for I'm chokin' alive wid the druth!' 'Choke away,' she says; 'choke away, good man, we've no time here to be tendin' the likes o' yez; if ye want a drink, go dhraw it for yerself.' Well, the patience of the holy saint wid Molche, Mogue's wife, bates all I ever heerd tell of: instead of striking her dead wid the lightning of his two good-looking eyes at once—'May I take a noggin,' he says, 'to draw it in?' he says. 'Don't bother me,' says Molche, Mogue's wife. Now wasn't that agravatin'? but *he* makes no answer, only says nothin'; but whips off his big coat, which he always wore about him, God bless it—the same as any other man—*whips it off, and hangs it on a sunbame* that came in through a hole in the thatch, and goes out to draw the wather. 'Ye'r not so druthy, I'm thinkin',' says the baste of a 'ooman whin she turned round, and seen the coat hanging on the sunbame; 'ye'r not so druthy, or ye'd ha' gone before.' Now didn't that show what an ignorant craythur she was, not to know the differ betwixt a man, and a man's coat? Well, she'd no sooner spoke the word, than the cat says—'What a fool you are!' And she went up to it; and as she did, she saw the coat hanging on the sunbame, and it struck her then what a holy man she had in the house wid her; and she fell on her knees as Saint Kevin cum in, and lift up her hands—'Och, I know ye now,' she says, 'holy saint; can ye forgive me?' And he agreed to forgive her, if she'd draw wather seven hours a day, for seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven years, in purgatory, for the souls that war thirsty. And sure enough she took the penance, and died a continted woman on her bed afther all."

But all the legends of Glendalough sink into insignificance compared to that which the genius of Moore has immortalised—the legend of the Saint and Kathleen! When the saint was young and beautiful—our guide is the authority for fixing the event, in the twentieth year of his age—he retired to this solitude, and manifested a singular taste, for so young a man, by selecting, as his bed, a hollow in the rock, scooped—we again trust to Mr. Wynder—with no other chisel than his nails. He was striving

to hide himself from the eyes of Kathleen, "eyes of most unholy blue;" and so—

> "Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
> Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep;
> 'Here, at least,' he calmly said,
> 'Woman ne'er shall find my bed.'"

Yet the saint was mistaken; for when the lark, not yet banished, roused him from his "bed," what should he see but Kathleen bending over him! The angry saint, according to Mr. Wynder, "put his two feet agin her breast, and kicked her into the lake." But if we may credit Mr. Moore—

> "Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
> Sternly from his bed he starts,
> And, with rude repulsive shock,
> Hurls her from the beetling rock."

Both authorities, however, agree that the saint "drownded" the lady—a wicked deed, for which the poet offers no excuse, although the guide ingeniously accounted for it by affirming that "Kathleen wasn't Kathleen, but Satan in the disguise of a woman;" for that "no Irishman, born and reared, could do such a thing at all, at all."

As we neared "the bed," we noticed a female form high above it, and presently saw it skipping down the cliffs. "There's Kathleen!" exclaimed the guide; and, for a moment, we looked to hear her "light foot nigh," and gaze upon "the smile that haunted the young saint." The Kathleen of the nineteenth is, however, we may presume, the very opposite to her of the sixth century; or the "good saint" might not have been so cruel, after all. We shall draw her portrait presently, but must first describe "the bed." It is a hole in a rock, on the side of the mountain of Lugduff, about thirty feet from the surface of the lake. The artist has assisted us to picture it. The ascent is exceedingly difficult, and somewhat

dangerous; for a slip would inevitably precipitate the adventurer into the lake below: yet the peril is scarcely sufficient to justify the character given of it by Dr. Ledwich; "nothing," he says, "can be more frightful than a pilgrimage to the Bed*." We confess, nevertheless, that we picked our steps carefully, both up and down, and had little hesitation in taking the advice of Kathleen and the hand of Wynder. The bed is about four feet square, and the saint must have slept in a very uncomfortable position; at one end of it is a large, though shallow, cavity, "big enough," quoth our guide, "for the saint's head if it was a thousand times bigger than his heart," which it surely was if he murdered his "lady-love." The bottom, top, and sides are literally tattooed with names and initials of daring pilgrims who have ventured there; among the rest is the venerated signature of Walter Scott (W. S.) carved by his son, when the great magician of the mind visited Glendalough in 1825, in company with an associate scarcely second in the world's honour, esteem, and love—Maria Edgeworth†. Midway up the cliff is a small jutting rock, called St. Kevin's Chair, where the wayfarer may take rest.

* The Rev. Cæsar Otway, whose eloquent descriptions of Irish scenery and character are unsurpassed, relates a sad incident in connexion with the spot. Writing of the cave in the rock, he says, "But let it be contrived by monk or marauder, it has been, and I fear will continue to be, a scene of much folly, fanaticism, and misery, as one of the principal stations where rounds and prayers are to be performed on patron-days. It is on such occasions greatly resorted to, and particularly so by females, who are impressed with the conviction, that whosoever passes into it, and, in faith, repeats a certain number of paters and aves, will not die in child-birth. Not long ago, as some of our party informed me, a sad event took place in consequence of this superstition. A lovely young woman, the pride of the vale in which she lived, and not a year married to a youth, every way worthy of her, came to the patron, attended by her mother and only sister, and large with her first child: after going the usual rounds about the churches, she was led by her mother towards the bed; and though she and her sister expressed strong repugnance towards the *duty*, the superstitious old crone urged them forward, and actually pushed them on to the enterprise. Though midsummer, the day, as frequently happens in these mountains, was dark and blustery; storm-clouds enveloped Lugduff, and the waves of the wind-lashed lake sent their spray even up to the level of the Bed; and from the cliffs and fissures of the precipices around, fitful sounds, as it were wailings of grief and agony, came down. On such a day there could be no approach to the Bed by water, and they must take the path overhead, unsheltered, steep, and slippery: perhaps the young woman's peculiar situation unnerved her—but she felt dizzy, and trembled exceedingly; still the old voteen goaded her on, and just as they gained the point of the path, over the Bed, a gust from the mountain swept against them, and the eldest lost her presence of mind and footing; with a shriek she went down, dragging her sister after her into the depths of the lake: for a moment they rose, and their white garments were seen mixing with the foam—and then sunk for ever!"

† The visit of another remarkable personage, Lord Norbury, the judge, facetious *par excellence*, is thus recorded for us, by our friend Crofton Croker.—"'Well,' said Lord Norbury to his guide, 'where is this bed?' 'Plase your honour's worship, my lord, 'tis that hole in the rock there.' 'Oh! I see. The saint was a holy man; fond of being rocked to sleep. Eh?' 'I have hard (*heard*) so, my lord.' 'Hard lying, no doubt,' was Lord Norbury's comment; 'just the den for a Rockite.' 'Indeed, then, your lordship, before Captain Rock's time, the rebel Dwyer used to shelter himself in the bed—General O'Dwyer, I mean; and mighty proud he was of that same great O. Shure he would write it before his name so large that it looked among the other letters just like a turkey's egg in a hen's nest.' 'Very strange retreat for a rebel, with so much Orange liking (*lichen*) about the cliff?' ''Tis true for you, my right honourable lord—and the Orange-men were near taking Dwyer.' 'Ay, near making a D'oyer and Terminer business of it.' 'But

Teampull-na-skellig is a ruin on the edge of the lake, close to the bed; so little of it now remains that a sturdy labourer might carry the whole of it away upon his shoulders. At the extreme end of the lake, and seen to great advantage from this spot, is a fine and graceful waterfall, that carries into it the collected streams of the adjacent mountain, which are again poured out, at the eastern extremity, into the lovely river Avonmore. There is another waterfall—the Pollanass—of considerable extent, but hidden among shrubs and trees between the mountains of Derrybawn and Lugduff, a little above the church of Rhefeart*. And this church of Rhefeart—or, as it is usually called, "the sepulchre of the kings"—in which lie interred generations of the O'Tooles, to whose history we have referred elsewhere, is perhaps the most striking and interesting of the ancient remains; although Time has left barely enough of it to indicate the extent of its consecrated ground. It stands south of the glen that separates the two lakes, and bears token of very remote antiquity. The interior is thronged with briars and underwood, that, in many instances, completely conceal the graves of which it is full. On one of the most remarkable—an oblong slab, much broken—may

please your lordship, Dwyer leaped into the water like a fairy.' 'A complete Lep-rechaun that rascal.' 'And a party of soldiers, my lord, on the top of the cliff,'— 'What—High-landers?' 'They were so, please your lordship; and when they fired at Dwyer, he dived like a duck.' 'Yes; ducked, and so got off Scot free?' 'Oh! 'twas all right enough with him; he was up again, winking his eye at the smoke.' 'Smoked them, did he? Did not like their invitation to a Caledonian ball?—There are divers other stories about your lake, no doubt?' 'Plenty, my lord; there's one by Moore.' 'No more, at present—that will do. Moore's songs haunt me as if I had murdered them in singing.'"

* The fall is very narrow, and a person may easily step across it; the rush of waters, however, and the scattered spray, are apt to make the head dizzy. Not long ago, a young bride and bridegroom, spending the honey-moon in the vicinity, were very near meeting a watery grave in one of the deep basins of the rock into which the cataract falls. The lady slipped and fell in; and her husband, in attempting her rescue, followed her: they were carried down a considerable extent by the descending waters, when the two guides (luckily they had two) Wynder and Brough, with admirable presence of mind, rushed down the valley, met them where the passage narrowed, and drew them both out, without injury except from bruises. They were handsomely rewarded; each receiving a new coat, the pockets of which were well lined.

still be traced the letters which indicate that it once bore this inscription, in Irish characters:—

Jesus Christ.
Mile Deach feuch corp re Mac Mthuil.

(Behold the resting-place of the body of King Mac Toole, who died in Jesus Christ, 1010 *

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* The race of the O'Tooles, notwithstanding the attempts to extirpate them, are not even now extinct. Some direct descendants of "the Kings" still live in the county of Wexford. In our early youth it was our lot to be acquainted with one of them—the immediate representative of the brave but intractable sept. We used to anticipate his visit to our house as one of the greatest treats we could enjoy. His presence was princely, but not austere; his tall slight figure, silver-mounted hunting-horn and fowling-piece, noble horse, and perfect dogs, bespoke the gentleman; but when his head was uncovered, and his long silver hair flowed over his shirt-collar, and you observed the extraordinary brilliancy of his eyes and the exquisite proportions of his features, you could not fail to inquire who he was, and to pay involuntary homage to manly beauty and polished demeanour. His very dogs were courtly; Bran had the credit of being a genuine Irish wolf-dog; and certainly was the only animal we ever saw that answered the description of the noble breed. He was, indeed, a

"Rough fellow, stout fellow, brave-hearted and true"—

a most sagacious, and, as we have said, a courtly, brute, for he would never precede a lady when entering a room. His master would not under any circumstances endure to be styled *Mr.* O'Toole, holding *Mr.* as an unworthy designation, but would be called simply O'Toole. Meeting Lord Arne one day in Sackville Street, he bowed (his bow was perfection) and said, "O'Toole salutes Arne." But though proud on points of etiquette, he was the humblest of the humble to the poor: he would watch beside the bed of a sick dependant, and enter with exquisite feeling into sorrows which he lived to alleviate. As long as a coin remained in his pocket, no one ever solicited his aid in vain; and his family would often restrain his liberality, not by argument, for that would be very ineffectual, but by lessening the contents of his purse, while he remained unconscious of the friendly robbery. His peculiarities were many, but none of them were evil. It is impossible to imagine a love more chivalrous or devoted than that he cherished for his native country; his acquaintance with foreign lands had increased his affection for his own, and it was no uncommon thing to hint at something disparaging to Ireland for the purpose of rousing O'Toole's energies. Then, indeed, his eyes would flash, his fine musical voice acquire new tones from the intensity of his feelings; even Bran would rouse him from his lair, and place his head upon the table, looking with inquiring eyes into his face. With him Ireland was the alpha and omega of the world. Her history, real or imaginary, formed his political creed. He would assure you that no Chinese tea was equal to that which could be made by an infusion of the sloe, with a few leaves of bog myrtle. His shirt-buttons were of Irish diamonds set in pure Wicklow gold. Fond, like all gentlemen of the old *régime*, of jewels, he wore none that were not Irish. His snuff-box of Wicklow pebble was set with Irish pearls, his fingers glittered with Irish amethysts, the chimney-pieces in his house were of Irish marble—everything about him of Irish manufacture, and his hunting-coat of "Lincoln green" was grown, shorn, dyed, wove, and made on his own estate. When we doubted the truth of any statement—hinting, for instance, that he had been misinformed—he would promise ocular demonstration; start at break of day with his faithful servant, who always carried the results of his master's geological speculations (no light weight either) and return to the breakfast-table, eager to prove that what you believed to be yellow clay was gold-dust, and that every stone on the Irish coast was a jewel. Upon this one point the mind of our noble friend wandered; and upon that it was dangerous to contradict him. He would brew the most noxious decoctions and swallow them down with goût, because they were made from Irish herbs. He had his gooseberry and currant vintage, and always declared that the word *Nectar* signified Poteen. Regardless of the state of the weather, he might have been often seen, preceded by his dogs, followed by his trusty squire, wading through bogs in the hope of discovering some new Irish specimen of root or flower; or climbing the crags to collect mineralogical specimens to bear out his theory, "that everything necessary for the life, the health, the happiness, and the adornment, of man was to be found in Ireland." The very corn-birds he asserted to be the same as the ortolans of Italy. One of our childish delights was to climb to his knee (and a good long climb it was) and in the grey, dim twilight of evening coax him to repeat

Near to the Rhefeart church is another piece of ruin—a circle of stones; but the most singular relic of this description is just above the waterfall of Pollanass and nearly between the two mountains of Lugduff and Derrybawn. It is known as St. Kevin's cell, and consists of masses of flat stones, heaped one above another, and forming a circle, in the centre of which is a rude cross—or rather the relics of it, for time has mouldered it almost to a shapeless mass. And from this point there is a magnificent view of the valley; it is situated in a rock, which juts forward, and exhibits to great advantage the whole of the surrounding scenery in all directions.

From this part of the lake, too, we have a splendid view of the overhanging mountains; Derrybawn, Lugduff, Comaderry, and Broccagh. The two lakes are divided by a rich meadow *.

Ossian, or some *real* Old Irish ballad. His memory was wonderful, and he would take as much pains to please a wayward child as if an audience waited on his words. Nothing could exceed the beauty of his recitation, except perhaps his method of reading the Old Testament; it was, indeed, repeating rather than reading. We can bring him before our mind's eye at this moment,—his dogs grouped at his feet, the old family Bible on a reading-stand before him, his hands clasped fervently upon the holy book, his head thrown back, his eyes half closed, while chaunting the Psalms, or wailing forth the lamentations of Jeremiah. It was only upon the one subject that his intellect wandered; upon every other it was bright, clear, and overflowing. It seems to us, after the lapse of so many stormy years, a privilege to have known such a man—the chief of such a race. Long, long ago, the grass was green upon his grave, and people say when they look upon it, "There are no such men now." He was like Bayard, "sans peur et sans reproche." Little did the kindly and excellent and venerable gentleman imagine when talking to us of Old Ireland, as we sate upon his knee, that he was planting seed for a future harvest; still less did he fancy it would be, in after-time, our pleasant duty to revive, for respect and affection, the memory of another of the race of the O'Tooles.

* Glendalough is situated in the barony of Ballynacor, twenty-two Irish miles (by the direct road) from Dublin, and five from Roundwood; where a car is generally hired by tourists, who usually return to Roundwood to pass the night; for a visit to the holy lake and ruined city, although they may be examined in a couple of hours, ought to occupy a day. For those who are not over particular about creature-comforts, however, there is a tolerable inn at Glendalough, with very decent rooms and beds, a landlady exceedingly civil and attentive, and accommodation for horses. The journey to Glendalough from Dublin may be easily made between sunrise and sunset, visiting all the objects of attraction in the way; we recommend, therefore, the passing of a night at the inn of Glendalough—especially as the scene is infinitely more impres-

Before we leave Glendalough, we must offer a few additional remarks concerning "the guides." For ourselves, we confess a strong desire to sink the whole tribe, male and female, into the deepest pit of the deep lake. They are amusing enough to those who would study human character, and care little for the character of the scene. But, after the Eagle's Nest at Killarney, the beauty and sublimity of which should be free from human intrusion, and the Giant's Causeway, where the wonders of creation press so strongly upon the mind as to demand silence from all things, except the ocean—after these, we would wish to be alone at Glendalough. It is in vain you tell the people, old and young, that you will double their pay if they will quietly wait your return; that particular batch may do so, even though they assure you that your honour will "see nothing unless it's shown ye." You pass over this affront to your habits of observation, and congratulate yourself upon being what you may call alone, that is, having only one guide, and "Kathleen, yer honour, the *rale* Kathleen of Saint Kavin's bed; no one could understand the seven churches without her, to show yer honour how she climbed the rock to him, and the tratement she received—God help her." Kathleen and the guide promise not to speak but when spoken to, and Kathleen, to prove her sincerity, smooths down the floating borders of her cap, and takes "to the needles" (i. e. knitting), while the guide puts a particularly snake-like piece of tobacco into his pipe; and you, in the innocence of inexperience, believe you have secured the peacefulness of your paths. You have passed the stepping-stones in safety, and stand with a ready pencil to mark down a thought, or run over an outline, when suddenly, planté before you, stands a thick, dwarfish boy (one of a fresh legion), who, with the most expressive good humour, "hopes yer honour will make a table of his head, and depind upon his standing steady." You give up all thought of quiet, in despair. Guides of all degrees start from beneath the bushes, and from amid the crags —we had almost written, from out the lake—and "they will do anything in the wide world to serve and obleege yer honours," except leave you to yourselves.—"Is it let the likes of you alone, plase yer honour?" said a razor-faced youth. "Be the dads! we've better manners than that anyhow, to lave the quality alone by themselves in such a lonesome place; and sure the lady won't forget the dawshy dancing sixpence among us, just as a compliment for our company!" If you get angry with them, their civility

sive in the twilight than at morning or mid-day. But those who pay it an evening visit, should beware of the guides, who completely mar the solemn harmony of the surrounding objects; remunerating the crowd of men, women, and children, to keep carefully out of sight and hearing; and retaining their services for the next day, when the repose of thought will be less desirable.

increases, and the end of it is, that you submit with the air of a martyr, while Kathleen and the selected guide, seeing that you are really in earnest and wish to be alone, keep the mob at a distance, who then follow in the wake. Our only astonishment, on such occasions, is that such crowds are so well-behaved. Luxury and wealth are continually before them, while neither their work nor their solicitations can procure them the commonest necessaries of life. And yet how honest they are! They carry your cloaks, umbrellas, books, and you never lose anything: they are not unkind to each other either, and will frequently bless the trifle you bestow on others. —"Well, God bless you, we want it bad enough ourselves, but she wanted it as bad; God help the widow and the fatherless!"

As we were returning from "the Bed"—where we had, of course, "left our names"—and where Kathleen had, according to custom and duty "hung over us," though she did not like her prototype, "weep," when she gave "the good-morrow kindly" to a poor woman who curtsied as we passed, and her pale cheek and the remains of beauty made us inquire who she was.—"That, madam, that poor woman is *me*, when I'm not in it." This we did not comprehend, so Kathleen spoke again. "When the *rale* Kathleen 's not in it, that poor, heart-broken, God-fearing, woman acts Kathleen for Saint Kavin. The saint, ma'am, ye understand, would be nothing without Kathleen." "And how long have you been Kathleen?" we naturally inquired, glancing at the weather-beaten and not juvenile features of our guide, a short, thick-set, bustling little body, whose white cap boasted a multiplicity of deep, full borders, which contrasted with her sunburnt complexion. "Ever since I left soldiering on the Peninsular and the Western Ingees, and got upon the pace establishment," she smilingly replied. "I've been tramping all my days, and shall until, maybe, I'll grow wake in myself, and tumble off the rock like the rale Kathleen." We of course "hoped" this might not be the case. "Ah, lady! what does it signify? water and land are all the same to an ould soldier—it's all luck, as I have good right to know, and the worst of luck has been hunting me, as the hounds hunt the hare, the whole of this summer." The woman spoke this with deep feeling, and tears gathered in her eyes. It was only kind to inquire what ill luck "had followed her." "Ah, sure, wasn't Mrs. Putland herself here, with ever so many fine ladies and gentlemen, only last week; and when she, who never forgets the poor or distressed—let alone those who live over her own land—asked for 'her poor Kathleen,' I wasn't in it, and that was as good as a pound-note out of my pocket." "And is that all your ill luck?" "No, indeed, that's throuble, but not heart-throuble—only I don't like to be making ye dull, and you out

pleasuring. Sure the quality have mighty quare notions of pleasuring, and it's well for us who live here they have. If I was a lady," she continued, and the spirit of the soldier's wife roused within her, "I'd take pleasure in the sunny country of Portingale, or the gay town of Paris, and not among ould walls and—but it's a wonderful holy place, that's for certain, and so any one may tell. The heart-trouble I had and have is about my son! My boy! my own boy! that I carried for scores of miles in an ould drum strapped on my back. Oh, sure the more trouble we have with a thing, the more we love it. Oh my! to think of *his* being in jail, *he* that was like a young eagle in the sun! my brave, handsome boy!" Poor Kathleen burst into tears, and sobbed so bitterly that our distant followers heard her, and set up a sympathising murmur of "God look down upon ye, Kathleen! poor craythur! Holy Mary comfort her!—hear to that now!—Och hone!" At last she rolled her stocking round the needles, put them into her pocket, dried her eyes with her apron, and proceeded with her story in right earnest.

"My boy grew up—it isn't that I say it because I'm his mother—but every one admired him; as a child he had as many divartin tricks as a monkey, and they grew with him, until no sport of any kind went on through the place as it ought without him. I'd have got him a trade, but somehow he never seemed to take to anything but being a soldier, like his father, and people thought it was owing to my having carried him in the drum that he had such a wonderful taste for music. I wanted to get him a bugle, which would be a trate to the quality on the lake and in the mountains. Ah! he fancied nothing but the red coat. Now, when he had so much war in his head, I at last made up my mind to lose him the first time a recruiting sergint came in his way; when one day—'Mother,' he says, 'there's something weighs heavy on my heart.' 'What is it, darlin'?' I says, and taking a thought, started up on my feet, and had hardly breath to say, 'you 're listed!' 'For life,' he says, growing scarlet in the face, 'for life, mother, and my commanding-officer is little Ally of Roundwood.' Well, the first thought I had was to knock him down with a spade-handle, a boy not nineteen, and the purty innocent child he had brought into trouble not fifteen years of age; but I couldn't touch him —*he looked so like his father*. 'It's done now, mother,' he says, 'and when I see you and the house full of brothers and sisters, my heart 's like to burst; but I'll list, mother, at once, and then I'll be able to support her, as my father did you. 'God help you,' I says to him, 'your father was one of those who'd spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day.' His poor father, ma'am, kept himself, and I had to keep myself and the children, ever and always. Yet on parade he was as fine a picture as ever you saw, and when I looked at him I

forgot all but the pride I took in his beauty—But to my trouble. When it begins, one keeps following the other, and the end of it was that her people had turned little Ally out, and she was shivering with the could under the hedge, and what could I do, when my passion was over, but bring her in and let her stay as my own? When I looked at the two, sleeping upon a wisp of straw, with a log of wood for *his* pillow, and *his* arm for *hers*, and saw the young, innocent, handsome faces, *hers* the gentlest I ever blessed, I thought I'd have broken my heart; for what was before them but starvation, and trouble, and early death? She would work, if there was work to be had; but there was not; and the trouble he had fastened on us all struck him so deep, that he listed in earnest, and sent us the bounty. Poor Ally! she grew ill, so ill that before I came down to the Churches to be ready for the quality every morning, I used to lift her into the sun at the door, and leave a child to watch her as I would an infant. At last, poor thing! her time came. I never thought she'd live to be a mother, and knowing that *he* was in Wexford, like a fool as I was, I sent to him to get leave, and come and see if his wife was living or dead. Oh my! I might have known the deep love of his heart; he could not get leave; he took it; he deserted. The first cry was hardly out of his child's lips, when he stood forenint me, as white as chalk, and the next instant he was on his knees by her side, poor thing! and she to be a mother, not sixteen till Martinmas! You might have knocked me down with a feather, I grew so wake, and didn't dare ask him if he had leave. But I wasn't long till I knew how it was without the asking, for at every step that came nigh the door he changed colour. Oh! the panting struggle that was in me, between love for my boy and shame that one I nursed at my breast, who woke with the reveille and went to sleep with the last roll of the drum, should disgrace his colours. He staid with us all that night, but at the dawn of day one of the neighbours told me that my poor fellow was 'set;' so all I had for it was to put him on his guard. Oh! how I prayed of him to go to head-quarters, deliver himself up and tell the truth, tell about his young wife, and his foolish mother!—but no, he would not. All I could say or do, he could not bring himself to that, but went out and hid in the mountains all day, and would steal in some time in the night to get a look at the wife, until he found himself close watched, and then he couldn't come near us at all; and for six weeks he was hunted about like a wild animal, not daring to set foot in a house, in rain, hail, or sunshine, and would have been starved to death but for his sisters and the neighbours, who, God bless them! would leave a bit of food, a couple of potatoes, or half a cake, where he'd be likely to get them. But they took him—they took him at last, and he asleep under a rock just beyant. Oh, the

disgrace of that bitter day! My fine boy handcuffed like a common thief, and all from love of his wife, and minding a foolish mother. I thought poor Ally would have died; but she went with me to the officer—all the way to Wexford town—a long and weary way; and then it was that Lady Putland came, and I not in it; and we waylaid the officer when he was walking with his wife and children. 'That's our time,' says I to Alice, 'when his heart is soft with his own children;' and I did my best to wind her up, but she *had no heart* to speak, only fell trembling like a leaf on her knees before his lady, holding up her innocent babby, as if it could speak for her, while I beat up my best.—'Noble commander,' I says, and I flattered him, and spoke of my husband's service and my own with a firm voice, and held on wonderful until I came to tell him of my poor boy, and his fault, and its cause, and then I failed intirely, and was forced to surrender, and fall on my knees for mercy. The lady cried like a child herself, and slipt a crown-piece, God bless her! to Ally; and the officer got into a passion with us all three; but I saw his heart was tender, and then he gave us leave to see him, and every one pitied the two young craythurs, and nothing could draw Ally from the prison-gate when the time was up. 'Leave me here, mother, jewel,' she says, 'I'm among Christians, who won't see me want a bit of food, and go you back to Saint Kavin, and maybe some of your grand quality friends will ask to have his pardon. He'll make none the worse soldier for her Majesty, God bless her! if she'll forgive him. She's young herself, with a husband and a child,' she says, 'and though I know the grate differ, yet I don't think the Queen of England could love her husband and child more than I love mine.' Ally 's a sweet-spoken girl, and *well reared*," quoth poor Kathleen; "and sure if ye have any friends in the army, you'll mind and say a good word for poor Kathleen's son."

We cannot doubt that the poor boy's first error, originating in such a cause, was lightly punished; and we may readily believe that the son of an old soldier, and an old soldier's wife, will not repeat it. Some visitors to Glendalough, however—and all visitors will be sure to encounter Katty Haly—may question her on the subject; and if her story touches them as it touched us, we shall have been the means of putting many an extra shilling into her pocket; and, verily, we think it will be well bestowed; for a kinder, more attentive, or more affectionate-hearted woman we have rarely met, although two-thirds of her life have been passed in the unsoftening school of the camp, and her hard features may be very different from those of the hapless lady whose name she assumes; for we may, without offence, repeat her own words, and say, "Bedad, it's a queer Kathleen I am, sure enough!"

A still wilder part of this district is Glenmalure—through which runs the

military road, to the vale of Avoca, by the side of the Avonbeg. The more picturesque road, however, is to the east; passing through the vale of Clara, the town of Rathdrum, and the valley of Avondale. We may proceed rapidly over this ground; for its leading features are common to the county—wild and barren grandeur, relieved by touches of gentle beauty. But the tourist will travel more leisurely; and, verging from the beaten track, plunge into a deep dell, or climb a steep hill,—receiving for his toil

"An over-payment of delight."

"The meeting of the waters" commences the vale of Avoca; which extends, a distance of about seven miles, almost into Arklow. The genius of Moore has immortalised the spot; but those who approach it with imaginations excited by the graceful and touching verses of the poet, will be inevitably disappointed; unless they bear in mind that

"'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill"

which gave "enchantment" to the scene, so much as "the friends of his bosom," who were "near;" where Nature was "charming," chiefly because her charms had been

"Reflected from looks that we love;"

—spells that might convert a desert into a paradise. Not that the place of meeting is without beauty; far from it; but its attractions are small in comparison with those of other places in its immediate neighbourhood*. It is, how-

* We are indebted to our friend Mr. Crofton Croker for the accompanying map of this celebrated spot, the interest attached to which will continue with the language in which it has been rendered famous. A is the town of Rathdrum; and B the town of Arklow; C the point at which the waters meet; the river from A to C is the Avonmore, crossed by a bridge; the river from D to C is the Avonbeg, crossed by a bridge also, close to the junction; from the junction of the Avonmore and the Avonbeg, at C, to the town of Arklow D, the river receives the name of the Avoca. The river marked E is the Augrim (as descending from a mountain village so called) or the Derry, and sometimes the Avon-buc, or yellow river, from being joined by a brook H, out of the gold-mine district; and which together fall into the Avoca at F. The locality where it is said the poet composed his verses—and where a cottage stands, upon the sloping bank of which they are supposed to have been written—is marked G. But as there are two meetings of the waters—at C and at F—the question has been which "meeting" is entitled to the honour—a difficulty which Mr. Moore is himself said to have settled by according it to C. Mr. Croker adds, however, and upon the safest authority, "no one can doubt, from the internal evidence, as well as the external polish, of the verses in question, that although the ideas they contain may have occurred to the poet's mind in the vale of Avoca, they were the product of a subsequent period, when the memory of a happy visit came mellowed upon the heart; and must have proceeded from a recollection of the general effect of the whole valley, rather than a vivid sensation excited by any particular spot." And this is the true reading; for taking, in the whole scene,

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

Mr. Moore, in a note to the poem—one of the "Irish Melodies"—states, that the verses were "suggested by

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

WICKLOW.

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ever, the opening to a scene of exceeding loveliness; "a valley so sweet," as scarcely to require the poet's aid to induce a belief that nothing in "the wide world" can surpass it in grandeur and beauty. The visitor will pause a while, at the pretty and picturesque bridge, under which roll the blended waters of the Avonmore and the Avonbeg; forming here a placid lake (in the centre of which is a small island, covered with underwood) as if the rivers lingered for a first and last embrace, before they ceased their separate existence, and under a new name, the Avoca, rushed together to the sea. Upon their calm and quiet "meeting," the mountains look down—one, in the distance, bleak and barren; the other immediately above them, mixing the dark hues of the fir with the light tints of the ash—"the brightest of green"—and flinging its subdued and gentle shadow, as if in sympathy, upon the tranquil union of a thousand torrents, here met, and "mingled in peace."

The road leads along the west bank of the Avoca; on both sides the hill-steeps are clad with forest trees; the opposite being especially rich. From above their thick foliage, peep, occasionally, the turrets of some stately mansion; beneath which the eye detects "clearings" skilfully formed, so that the best points of view may be obtained; and, as the river takes a winding course, the means of amply examining the grace and splendour of the scenery are very frequent. Nearly midway in the valley, are the copper-mines of Cronbane and Ballymurtagh—the former to the left, and the latter to the right, at opposite sides of the river*. A prettily situated inn, "the

a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807." It is singular that in the latest edition of his works (1841) he should have perpetuated the error of stating that the waters which "meet" here, are "the rivers Avon and Avoca;" the rivers being, as we have shown, the Avonmore and the Avonbeg, which take the name of the Avoca after their junction.

* Our space, in this Part, will not permit us to enter at any length into the subject of Irish mines—a subject of very vital importance. There is, however, one branch of it, at present exclusively connected with Wicklow—the production of sulphur ore. It is only very recently that this ore has been raised and sold at a remunerating price. The disagreement between England and the king of Naples led to a considerable rise in the value of sulphur; in consequence of which the Irish miners were enabled to enter the market; and we earnestly hope they have been permitted to retain possession of it. We spent the greater part of a day at Cronbane, in the month of June; and learned that during the previous month—a miner's month of five weeks—2,300 tons of ore had been raised in this mine alone; in 1840, the quantity raised was 6,457 tons; in 1841, 7,195 tons; and probably an equal quantity at the mine of Ballymurtagh. This is shipped, chiefly, at the harbour of Wicklow, for the smelting-houses of Swansea. The company get for it 25s. a ton on the quay of Wicklow; the miners receive 4*s.* 6*d.* a ton for raising it; and the cartage to Wicklow is 5*s.* per ton; but as the distance is eleven Irish miles, and one horse can convey but half a ton, this is "poor pay," as the "job" occupies a man and horse the whole day. Still it is better than no employment. On the subject of sulphur, we borrow a passage from 'The Mining Journal.'

"With more immediate reference to the sulphur trade, and as an evidence of the effect produced on our foreign relations, as regards supply, it may be observed, that the annual import from Sicily for the five years previous to the monopoly averaged 33,000 tons. If we then take the Wicklow district alone, contributing

Avoca Hotel," is upon its margin. Scenery similar in character, yet perpetually varied, as new breaks present themselves, continues until the "second meeting" is reached; where the river is crossed by a handsome bridge, of stone, although the locality is still recognised by its ancient cognomen, "the Wooden Bridge." (The annexed view was taken by Mr. Nicholl, from the height immediately above it, close to the church of Ballintemple). And here is another inn, at the base of a hill, which the tourist will do well to ascend; for nowhere is the valley seen to so much advantage. A winding path, arched by the branches of finely grown trees, and bordered with myriads of wild flowers, conducts to the summit—and what a view! Our readers may form some idea of it; for here all we have been describing is taken in at a glance *.

From the wooden bridge to Arklow, the river narrows and deepens; and the trees being more directly over it, a darker shadow is thrown along the

sulphur ores, it will be seen (calculating on the produce of the past three months) that the annual quantity may be taken at upwards of 60,000 tons, and, allowing a yield of thirty-three per cent., would give 20,000 tons, or nearly two-thirds the quantity formerly imported, while it affords us much satisfaction to be able to state, from personal inquiry and observation, that, instead of any diminution of produce, the mines may be expected to yield, in the next twelve months, a further increase supply of from 40 to 50 per cent. on the quantity now raised." The Cronbane mine is, at present, leased by the Messrs. Williams, of Cornwall, from the "Associated Mining Company." Ballymurtagh is worked by the "Wicklow Mining Company," by lease from the "Hibernia Mining Company."

* This exquisite spot is the property of Mr. Putland, who has planted the adjacent hills. We ventured to suggest to him and his lady, that they were growing too luxuriantly; threatening to fling their branches so far forward, as to shut out an essential and valuable part of the prospect. Between our first and our second visit, indeed, their growth had undoubtedly impaired it; we were assured that the evil should be remedied, and have no doubt that it either has been, or will be. "The Wooden Bridge Inn" is exceedingly comfortable; and the charges for "entertainment" remarkably moderate. Two coaches pass by it, to and from Wexford, every day. The hotel, however, is generally so crowded with visitors in "the season," that it will be necessary for those who design to locate there, to order rooms, by letter, a few days before their arrival. It is thirty-six miles from Dublin. Cars are, of course, to be had in abundance.

ARKLOW.

waters. The woods of Glenart, the seat of Lord Carysfort, are to the right; on the other side of the Avoca, is Shelton Abbey, the mansion of the Earl of Wicklow *. It is a very elegant structure, situated almost on the margin of the river. But the district through which we are now passing, although a continuation of the vale of Avoca, is properly the vale of Arklow; and it leads almost into the town, where we are again introduced to the arid and coarse features of the county, which continue until its borders are reached and we enter the County of Wexford. Arklow has the aspect of a thriving town; but, like all the harbours between Dublin and Waterford, it has the disadvantage of a bar. The remains of an ancient castle still exist; but of its once famous abbey there are now scarcely the traces left †; and here the Avoca passes under a bridge of thirteen arches.

We must retrace our steps through the valley; and proceed up the mountains—the Croghan mountains—a chain that separates Wicklow from Wexford—for about four miles, from the "wooden bridge." Passing a chapel prettily situated on the side of a hill, and looking down upon one of the loveliest of all the valleys, thronged with forest trees, and skirted on one side by the beautiful demesne of Lord Carysfort—we enter a remarkably wild district, in which are situated the "Wicklow gold mines." Until the period of our visit, we confess we had considered the stories in circula-

* Shelton Abbey is to be approached only by proceeding through Arklow, or over the bridge, at the "meeting of the waters," although the river here is narrow, and a light and graceful bridge, connecting the two banks, would add greatly to the picturesque character of the river. We learned with regret, that this desirable object cannot be attained, in consequence of the ungenerous refusal of the "lord of the soil," on the bank opposite the Earl's mansion, to grant the earl a right of way through a small and useless field that intervenes between the road and the water-side.

† The castle was built and the abbey founded by Theobald Fitzwalter, fourth Lord Butler of Ireland. The castle repeatedly changed masters—according as the Irish or English had sufficient strength to take and retain it. It was "ruinated" by Oliver Cromwell, in 1649.

tion, concerning the discoveries here, as little less than seductive fictions, and fancied that only in the poet's verse we should find

——— "our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine."

We were, as our readers will learn, greatly mistaken; for we actually saw "gold—yellow, glittering, precious gold," dug from the bowels of the earth; weighed it in our palm, and were satisfied of its veritable existence*; readily confiding in the truth of statements, that gold, to the value of many thousands of pounds, has been, from time to time, collected by the peasantry; and that, within two months after the discovery, they made, by the sale of what they had gathered, no less than £10,000†.

Upon this subject a few facts cannot fail to interest our readers.

* That gold must have been obtained in considerable quantities by the ancient Irish, is a fact beyond controversy. The spade of the peasant is continually delving up some precious relic of old times—crowns, corslets, bridles, chains, rings, torques, fibulæ, bracelets; and there is scarcely a private collection of antiquities in the kingdom that does not contain several specimens. Some of them are of considerable weight; Sir William Betham refers to one that weighed 36 oz., and Mr. Petrie to another that weighed 27 oz. 9 dr. In Harris's edition of Ware, an engraving of a gold ornament is given, with the following romantic history of its discovery, as published by Bishop Gibson in his edition of Camden's Britannia (1772). "Near *Bellishannon* (Ballyshannon) were, not many years ago, dug up two pieces of gold, discovered by a method very remarkable. The Bishop of Derry happening to be at dinner, there came in an Irish harper, and sung an old song to his harp. His lordship, not understanding Irish, was at a loss to know the meaning of the song; but, upon inquiry, he found the substance of it to be this, that in such a place, naming the very spot, a man of a gigantic stature lay buried, and that over his breast and back were plates of pure gold, and on his fingers rings of gold so large, that an ordinary man might creep through them. The place was so exactly described, that two persons there present were tempted to go in quest of the golden prize which the harper's song had pointed out to them. After they had dug for some time, they found two thin pieces of gold, exactly of the form and bigness of the cut represented. This discovery encouraged them next morning to seek for the remainder; but they could meet with nothing more. The passage is the more remarkable, because it comes pretty near the manner of discovering King Arthur's body by the directions of a British bard (in the reign of King Henry the Second). The two holes in the middle of the piece seem to be made for the more convenient tying it to the arm, or some part of the body."

† This estimate is given on the authority of Mr. Fraser, author of a statistical survey of the county (1801). He says, "Mr. Graham (a gentleman who resided close to the spot), who was present all the time, and purchased a considerable quantity of the gold, to the amount of above £700, from the country people, told me that, according to the best calculation, there was upwards of £10,000 Irish given for the gold found and sold on the spot; the average price paid for which was £3. 15*s.* an ounce, which makes it that 2,666 ounces were found in that short space of time [from 24th August to 15th October]." The gold found was of all forms and sizes, from the smallest perceptible atoms (which the gatherers used to preserve in quills) to a piece of the extraordinary weight of 22 ounces, which sold for about 80 guineas! This piece was irregularly formed; it measured four inches in its greatest length, and three in breadth; its thickness varied from half an inch to an inch; and a cast of it, gilt, has been deposited in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. So pure was the gold generally found, that it was the custom of the Dublin goldsmiths to put gold coin into the opposite scale to it, and to give weight for weight. "Stanesly Alchorne, Esq., his Majesty's Assay-master at the Tower of London, assayed two specimens of this native gold. The first appeared to contain, in 24 carats, 21·75 of fine gold; 1·875 of fine silver; ·375 of alloy, which seemed to be copper tinged with a little iron. The second specimen differed only in holding 21·625 instead of 21·75 of fine gold."

The origin of the discovery of gold is variously told. Tradition attributes it to a schoolmaster who, in consequence of his perpetually wandering about the adjacent streams, was considered by his neighbours to be insane. He grew gradually rich, however; but at length the secret of his wealth became known, and a similar madness seized upon the whole population for many miles around the place where nature had deposited her treasure *.

* Respecting the first discovery of gold in Wicklow, Mr. Lloyd, in his communication to Sir Joseph Banks, says:—"I learned, from some gentlemen who resided in the vicinity, that about twenty-five years ago (1770), or more, one Dunaghoo, a schoolmaster, resident near the place, used frequently to entertain them with accounts of the richness of the valley in gold; and that this man used to go in the night, and at break of day, to search for the treasure; and these gentlemen, with their schoolfellows, used to watch the old man in his excursions to the hill, in order to frighten him, deeming him to be deranged in his intellects: however, the idea of this treasure did at last actually derange him." Another account states that "the schoolmaster is supposed to have preserved the secret for upwards of twenty years; but marrying a young wife, he imprudently confided his discovery to her, and she believing her husband to be mad, immediately revealed the circumstance to her relations, through whose means it was soon made public." We gathered the following "bit of legendary lore" from an aged man with whom we conversed on the subject. "There dwelt near the wooden bridge a schoolmaster, possessed, as many thought, of more knowledge than altogether befitted a Christian. When his school was over, and his boys were sent to their homes, instead of enjoying the luxury of his 'tumbler,' and reading the news to those who couldn't read for themselves, he would climb the hills and watch the stars, and then, perhaps, descend and count their numbers in the waters of the Avonmore or the Avonbeg; at first he was lean, and his coat threadbare; his tall, thin figure, pale, broad, high brow, and the brilliant expression of his sunken eyes, having altogether a 'hungry look.' He blessed his neighbours in an unknown tongue, which the priest declared was *not* Latin; he put stones into the iron-pot when it would have been more seemly to have put potatoes therein; and watched their boiling (so said the people), until there was a noise and a crackling that made many tremble. Although his reputation for learning increased, his pupils diminished. He was too kind and gentle to give offence, but he was also too wise not to be suspected of something wrong; and one evening he intimated to his pupils that they need not return on the morrow as he would not be there. Some of the children rejoiced, but others, especially the very young, whom he used to fondle on his knee, wept bitterly. The next day Donaghoo was gone; the one room was as usual; the long chopped form, the stones that served for seats, the broken slates, the tattered copy-books, quills cut to the very stumps, the three-legged table; the iron-pot hung from its crook, and there was a strange filmy chalky quantity of ashes in the bottom thereof. The door was still on the latch; one urchin after another peeped in, and one or two boldly stood before the master's desk, but there was silence and solitude around them, which drove them quickly forth into the sun and light. In less than a month 'the master' returned, his threadbare coat replaced by one of stout and shining cloth, his cheeks had come forth, and his eyes, having lost their haggard expression, retained only that restless and out-looking one—the sure index to either insanity or genius. Here was a wonder—the poor half-starved schoolmaster goes up to Dublin like a pauper and returns like a prince! Some whispered that the fame of his learning had reached the Castle, and he had a pension granted him; others that he had acquired the knowledge of precious metals, and government had bought the secret. Some who had read in an ancient book how it always came to pass that the learned and the wise were sure to reap the fruits of their learning and wisdom in this world, imagined, in their total ignorance of things as they are, that the schoolmaster had achieved wealth simply by his talent; and, as if talent could be taught, immediately thought about getting their children instructed by him. Much, however, to their astonishment Donaghoo firmly and steadily declined receiving pupils on any terms, and the reserved manner he adopted mystified his neighbours still more. He would not pull down the single room, which had served him for bedroom and schoolroom, but added thereto three spacious apartments, bought a farm, at first, of four acres, which he soon afterwards greatly augmented; but what added still more to the public perplexity was that he had no servant—no human being to live in his house; those whom he employed slept in an out-house, which, however, was more comfortable than his neighbours' cottages; occasionally he disappeared from among them as he had done

It does not appear that gold was found in any quantity until the autumn of 1796; when "a man crossing a brook found a piece in the stream weighing about half an ounce." The circumstance was noised abroad, and almost immediately every river, stream, and rivulet, for miles round the spot, was thronged by eager searchers after wealth; the news ran, like wild-fire, through every district of the county. Young and old of both sexes, from the bed-ridden to the babe that could scarcely crawl, were to be seen raking the gravel in the waters, or pulling away the clay from the hill-sides, washing it, and peering into it for the "sparkles of golden splendour." Their search was not unsuccessful; during the period that elapsed between its commencement and the occupation of the place by troops stationed there by Government—less than two months—it is conjectured that above 2500 ounces of gold were collected by the peasantry, principally from the mud and sand of "Ballinvalley stream," and disposed of for about £10,000.

On the 15th of October, 1796, two companies of the Kildare Militia took possession of the ground by order of Government; a sum of money having been issued for the purpose of conducting the works, upon scientific principles; "a separate account being kept in the Exchequer of the receipts, in order that it might be given to whoever might be entitled thereto;" but the experiment was comparatively unsuccessful—the produce of the mine during these operations amounting to little more than £3,500; in 1798, they were discontinued, in consequence of the disturbed state of the county; and although partially resumed, in 1800, the result was so unsatisfactory, that the attempt at farther discoveries was relinquished, and the mine was abandoned *.

at first, and then returned as quietly and silently as before. If it were possible, he became fonder than ever of his solitary rambles by the river's brink, and when the winter torrents poured down the hills nothing could keep him within doors. At last a universal belief prevailed that the schoolmaster was mad, a report which he himself appeared anxious should gain ground, for he increased his eccentricities. Destiny, however, who never suffers the tide of good fortune to run too long in the same direction, seemed resolved to puzzle the schoolmaster, as if in revenge for his puzzling others. Instead of perpetually wandering amid rivers and mountains, he used to wander into the cabin of a pretty maiden called Mary Leahy. Mary at first laughed at the quaint efforts of the man who had taught her 'her A-B—abs,' to amuse; but when she found he was smitten by her charms, and a suitor for her hand, she began to look very serious. He was undoubtedly rich; she had an opportunity of making 'a great match,' but the love of her heart was with another. 'If you could,' suggested her woman's wit to her little self, 'if you could only find out how Donaghoo became rich, you might yet be a happy woman.' And she hung her little head and pouted her pretty lip until the schoolmaster disclosed the secret. The mountains he said flung a tribute of gold into the streams, which gold he had gathered, and disposed of in Dublin. And what did Mary? Why she mocked her old master, and imparted to her real lover the knowledge she had thus treacherously acquired. This so exasperated the schoolmaster that, to revenge her perfidy and prevent her reaping any benefit thereby, he published the secret, and the people flocked by thousands to the Wicklow gold mines."

* One of the commissioners, Thomas Weaver, Esq., under whose directions the mountains were explored with exceeding care and minuteness, states that "numerous trials were made by driving and sinking in the veins previously known and subsequently discovered. The mineral substances obtained were subjected to the

Since this abandonment—a period of more than forty years—the peasantry have still, occasionally, found morsels of the precious metal. At first, the pursuit was resumed with exceeding avidity, but the appetite grew less and less strong as the chances of discoveries diminished; and although now and then, very recently, a group might have been noticed raking the débris which the streams had brought from the mountains—or, more frequently, a solitary wanderer detected scraping the edges of the current, and peering with longing eyes into the mud and gravel of the river—the people generally had returned to the more profitable labour of drawing riches from the earth by the spade and plough. Within the last two years, however, a company, formed in London, have taken a lease of the district; and at the period of our visit (July 1841) they had about sixty persons at work, under the superintendence of a practical miner from Cornwall. They are conducting the works upon a small and poor scale; scarcely, indeed, a remove from

the rough process of the peasantry, making no attempt to trace the gold to its source, but contenting themselves with obtaining as much as they can from

operations both of fire and amalgamation, but in no instance was a particle of gold elicited from them, either by the one or the other operation. The result persuaded Government that no gold was to be found, as an inherent ingredient, in the veins which traverse the mountains—and they were induced to abandon the works."

the clay that borders the stream. Yet the scene was one of exceeding interest; of which the accompanying sketch, by Mr. Nicholl, will convey some idea.

The manager of the works very kindly accompanied us through them; explaining the principle upon which he proceeded; and placing in our hands, within an hour of our arrival, several pieces of gold, collected from a barrow-full of clay and small stones, taken, in our presence, from the side of a bank through which the current had been diverted from its natural channel. The gold is obtained only by continual washings; to quote an expression of one of the workmen—miners they can scarcely be called—"the pick, the shovel, and the trowel do it all." Nor is there any great exercise of judgment required to select a spot upon which to labour—the result being almost a matter of chance; although the gold is principally found along the sides of the stream, and sometimes at a depth of many feet under it; supporting a theory that "there is no regular vein in the mountain, and that the fragments had probably existed in a part of the mountain which time had mouldered away, and left its more permanent treasure as the only monument of its ancient existence." A barrow-full of the clay is conveyed to a wooden trough, into which a stream of rapid water is made to run; this clay is constantly raked, the workman occasionally skimming off the top, which he pushes aside out of his way as useless; for if there be any gold in the heap, it will of course sink to the bottom. In this way he labours for perhaps half an hour, until his barrow-full of "stuff" is reduced to a quantity barely sufficient to fill "a buddle," (an iron bowl,) which is taken away by another person (very trustworthy); this bowl he keeps continually shaking, every now and then scraping off the surface with his hand, and throwing it aside, until his quantity is again reduced to as much as will merely cover the bottom of the bowl: this he examines very carefully, detecting the gold by its bright colour, which he places apart until the manager (who, by the way, usually stands by) takes it under his immediate charge. During the time of our visit we saw three washings, each of which yielded from three to nine bits of gold, varying from the size and thickness of a spangle (worth perhaps sixpence) to a small "lump," of about the value of ten shillings. We were given to understand that these yieldings were by no means peculiarly fortunate ones, and that it was rare to obtain a washing without any beneficial result. We apprehend, therefore, that as the works are conducted on a very limited scale, the company are at all events meeting their expenses, and giving employment to a considerable number of persons—the majority of whom are girls.

We, again, retrace our steps—through the vale of Avoca; and, ascending the hill that looks down upon the bridge which crosses "the meeting," enter the road to Rathnew, leaving to the left, about two miles distant, the town of

Wicklow—the capital of the county, but inferior in size and population to both Arklow and Bray.

For several miles round Rathnew the scenery is especially beautiful; it is, however, a poor village, but there are two good inns in its immediate neighbourhood—one at Ashford, and one at Newarth Bridge*.

About two miles from the inn at Newarth Bridge, and one from the village of Ashford, commences the entrance to "the Devil's Glen," or rather to that side of it which is the property of Charles Tottenham, Esq.; for the river divides it; the opposite land belonging to F. Singe, Esq. Mr. Tottenham requires that all visitors shall leave their names at his Lodge, where an order for admission into the glen is given, by the lodge-keeper, a kindly and gossiping dame, in whose company the stranger may spend a few minutes very profitably. A narrow road—but not too narrow for ordinary carriages—shadowed all the way by luxuriant trees, runs, for nearly a mile, to the iron gate that bars the passage of all intruders; but where a call for admission is at once answered. We enter through

* The inn at Newarth Bridge is, according to our experience, the most comfortable inn of the county. The landlord, Mr. Hunter, was for many years butler to Mr. Tottenham; in whose establishment also his wife was housekeeper. They have, therefore, been well-trained in good habits; all matters about their hotel are neat, clean, and well ordered, and nothing can exceed their attention to their guests—a circumstance rare, unhappily, at places of this description. The charges for "entertainment" are remarkably moderate. The inn is nearly a mile from the main road; to some this is an advantage, for it is situated in a most tranquil spot, in the midst of luxuriant foliage, close to beautiful "Rosanna"—the residence of the late Mrs. Tighe; and "the Vartrey," here comparatively gentle, rolls beside the banks of the garden. An inside jaunting-car is always in waiting at the village of Ashford—distant, as we have said, nearly a mile—to convey to the hotel, passengers by either of the public coaches, and the drive of this mile, along the river, is very charming. It is, however, always desirable to bespeak accommodation here, or any where, a day or two prior to arrival. We strongly recommend "Mr. Hunter's inn, Newarth Bridge," as a most pleasant resting place; from which excursions may be made to Wicklow town, Rosanna, Dunran, and, above all, "the Devil's Glen,"—where a day may be well spent. Mr. Hunter is an adept in the mystery of angling, and likes to accompany his guests to the neighbouring streams, or to Lough Dan; which although "away in the mountains," about eleven miles, is reached in a couple of hours. The trout in the Vartrey are numerous but small.

a tunnel; and, as the overhanging foliage has hitherto concealed its character, the scene that at once bursts upon the sight is inconceivably grand and beautiful. We are between two huge mountains, the precipitous sides of the one being covered with the finest forest trees, of innumerable forms and hues, the greater number having been planted by the hand of Nature; but where she had manifested neglect or indifference, Art has acted as a skilful and judicious attendant, and provided a remedy for the omission. The other mountain is rugged and half-naked; huge masses of uncovered stone jutting out over the brawling river, into which they seem ready to fall, and where gigantic rocks have already striven to stay the onward progress of the wrathful current—in vain. How striking and how exquisite is the contrast between the side rich in foliage, and that which still continues bare; for

> "Green leaves were here;
> But 'twas the foliage of the rocks, the birch,
> The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
> With hanging islands of resplendent furze:"

while between both, at a prodigious depth below their summits, rushes the rapid river, brawling so loudly as to drown the music of the birds; now a mass of foam, now subsiding into a calm miniature lake, where the trout find rest, and where the water is so clear that you may count their silver fins beneath it. The glen is little more than a mile in length; and midway a small moss-house has been erected; to our minds, the structure — although exceedingly simple—disturbed the perfect solitude of the place; where the work of the artificer ought not to be recognised. But this evil is insignificant compared to one, of very recent origin, against which we may justly enter our protest—a wide carriage road has been constructed all through the

glen; stolen partly from the river's bed, and partly from the mountain's base! Alas for the sylphs and dryads who have had their dwelling here! Alas for those who love untouched and untainted nature! Let us hope that the river, exasperated beyond control, will avenge itself upon the insolent engineer, who sought to restrain a mountain torrent within "licensed bounds." And this result is, indeed, to be looked for; the waterfall at the head of the glen, that dances so joyously and so "orderly" in summer, must be, in winter, a mighty cataract, full of fury, that no barrier, the work of man, can be expected to withstand.

Nothing in the county of Wicklow astonished us, or gratified us, so much as the Devil's Glen; with its roaring river, its huge precipices, its circuitous paths, and the noble and graceful "fall," that seems as a crown of glory to its head. It is impossible for language to convey a notion of our delight, when we had climbed the mountain steep—by the tangled footway that ascends from the moss-house—and gazed below and around us. It is perhaps the most graceful, if not the most stupendous, of the Wicklow cataracts; it comes rushing and roaring down from the heights above, between rocks, through which it would seem to have worn a channel; then, as elsewhere, pausing awhile as if to gather a sufficient force with which to move onwards; and then dashing aside every impediment that would bar its progress to the sea.

Reader, to reach it is, literally, but A DAY'S JOURNEY from LONDON!

While we stood upon the summit of the mountain, and quoted a passage from one of the full and fertile poems of Barry Cornwall—

> "This spot indeed
> Were worthy some tradition; hast thou none
> Stored in thy memory, to beguile the time
> While the sky burns above us?"

we were suddenly startled by receiving—as from some wandering echo—an answer to our words. "Tradition! troth, I have; a tradition about the

glen? It's I that have, and a good one; and what's more, a true one!" We turned to the direction from whence the words proceeded. "They may call it a glen, if they like," said a crabbed-looking old fellow, who was seated on a rocky recess, close to the spot where we had been giving expression to our feelings of enjoyment. He was as dry and acid a specimen of Irish character as we have seen—just such a face as might be cut with a blunt knife out of an old cork; and truly he was so small, so bent up and doubled either by old age or infirmity, that if he had not spoken, we were so intent on the beauty of the scene, that we should have passed him by unnoticed.

"And what do *you* call it?" we inquired.

"No one but a fool would call it a glen," he replied: "the glen of the Downs may be a glen, and so may be the Dargle, but this is too sudden, too steep, to have such a name; it is a land-gulph, a ravine, but no glen; it looks like what it is—a mountain split by supernatural means; it's no glen—a glen 's a gentle, up and down, undulating, sort of thing."

"Split by supernatural means!" we repeated.

"Ay, you don't believe that, I suppose," he said, and his eyes looked mischievous and sparkling. "You foreyners pass through Ireland, and instead of keeping your eyes and ears open, you want to bring everything—leaping torrents, mountains, hills, and all—down to the level of your own flat country. You believe nothing, and want to understand everything. Instead of letting Paddy's imagination have its fling, you always want to bring him to reason. You English want to *understand* all about Ireland, and yet you never understood an Irishman." Of course we laboured to refute the charge, and our conversation continued half in jest, half in earnest, for some time; it ended by the little brown man telling us by what "supernatural means" the Devil's Glen had been produced.

"You have seen the ruins of the old nunnery, though you could not get to them, for the bridge was swept away by the flood. Well, when that nunnery was built, there was no glen here, but a swelling hill, that sheltered the holy women, and was planted with fine trees; but though the trees, the hill, the whole country were beautiful, their beauty put together was nothing to the beauty of the Lady Eva; who, when she gave out her intention to take the veil, threw the provinces of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught (as they are now called) into deep mourning. Every crow and black-cock in the Island was killed to make into weeping plumes, and there was no crossing from one kingdom to another for the throng of gentlemen going to petition the lovely creature to change her mind; if I'd been their adviser, I'd have told them to petition her *not* to change her mind," said the little man, laughing,

"and then perhaps she would have done so. Now the Lady Eva received them all, thanked them for the interest they took about her, but assured them they sought to persuade her in vain; her determination was fixed, she resolved to dedicate herself to the holy saint who presided over the convent, begged them to depart, and return no more. Well, the flower of the country, finding her resolute, strove, nevertheless, to pay her every homage; they magnified her beauty, drank her health until they did great injury to their own, inscribed her name upon their banners, and agreed not only to canonise her when dead, but to declare her the peerless Queen of Beauty and Virtue, while living. She was therefore proclaimed through the kingdoms, and every one who heard the proclamation was obliged to echo it with cheers. Now it was noticed by one of the young princes who took such especial delight in having due respect paid to the Lady Eva, that a certain ill-favoured, suspicious-looking foreigner heard this, and, instead of cheering, he sneered, and folded his black mantle more closely round him. 'If you don't open your mouth,' says the prince to him, 'and cheer like the rest, I'll cut off your head with one stroke of my skene and make you eat it.' The foreigner only sneered the more. 'Talk of her virtue, indeed,' he says, 'I'll prove to you it's neither proof against gold nor beauty:' and with that he twisted his black mustaches over his yellow face, and whisked something that was under his cloak, so as to make the prince very wrathful; and it took twenty of his gallowglasses to restrain his fury. 'Take it easy, young gentleman,' continued the foreigner, who kept on, never heeding, 'take it easy, I'll prove my words—gold is stronger temptation to a woman than beauty, so I'll try the beauty first. Meet me to-morrow at one, at the convent gate, and if you have any doubt on the subject, you may follow in—if you please—as my page.' His page!—the gallowglasses could stand it no longer, and they all rushed upon the foreigner with drawn skenes and a hideous howl; but behold, he was gone—and when they looked about them, they found they had not only missed their aim, but wounded each other, amid shouts of wild unearthly laughter which proceeded from the four points of the compass. The prince was in great sorrow, for he thought he had brought the noble lady into trouble; and by the dawn of the next morning he sat himself on a stone at the convent gate, as humble as any poor pilgrim; and about twelve at noon, just as the holy lay sisters had finished feeding the poor, he heard such a flourish of outlandish instruments as he had never heard before, and presently came a pair of coal-black horses, bearing a pair of black dwarfs clothed in yellow satin; then two more, with servitors, all black, and clothed in yellow, and many followed; and then

came a band of music, the players black men, and all dressed in the same gaudy colour; and at every beat they gave the drum, it would strike fire, and from out of the trumpets came a blazing flame; then, immediately following the music, came the most exquisite baste of a horse that human eyes ever looked on, with a coat black and shining, and his mane was like floss silk. Upon this creature rode a young man of such perfect beauty that the prince could hardly believe him human; upon looking at him a second time, the prince thought he was rather dark-complexioned, but as he was a fair man himself he was supposed to be no judge. As he passed where the prince was, who with the courtesy of a true-born gentleman rose up to salute a stranger, he paused, and said 'that as he was bound on a mission to the Lady Eva, would he follow him into her presence—as his page?' and then the unfortunate gentleman knew the foreigner's voice, and he shouted out as loud as he could 'Treachery;' but one of the Ethiopians who followed in the deluder's train threw a yellow, glittering powder over him, and behold! he lost the power of speech or motion, and remained fixed to the spot. In about an hour afterwards the procession that had entered, began to return, through the gates, and this time the music was silent, and the attendants hung their heads; and when the young and handsome tempter came out, he again paused, and said, 'The strength of the lovely Eva is greater than I thought; I tempted her to the extent of the power of beauty in vain; but, unbeliever, fail not to meet me on the morrow, and I will prove to you that *she*, the pure, the peerless, will yield to the power of gold.' It was not until the last of the train was out of sight that the loyal prince recovered his presence of mind: he then found that his powers of speech and motion had returned; he had often heard it said that the Devil's livery was black and yellow, and he had no doubt whatever that the mysterious foreigner and his satanic majesty were one. So, he sought comfort from the Cross that had been erected near a little spring that sparkled and murmured through the long grass and broad-leaved weeds. Before this cross he knelt, resolved to pass the remainder of the day and all the night, in prayers for the good of the Lady Eva. He went over and over his rosary; and when the moon had not only risen, but descended into the heavens—and her ladies in waiting, the bright silver stars, were creeping one by one to their blue beds—the poor prince bent his head on his bosom and fell asleep. And while he slept, the murmur of the little trickling spring became a voice, moaning as if in trouble, and it said, 'Let me out, for I am pent up and sore straitened within the bowels of the earth; I am not permitted to overflow the land, but to any who would cause a way to be made for me I would impart great knowledge.' And the prince

awoke and looked for the voice, but he could see nothing save the cross, the fading moon, a few pale sleepy stars, and the little rippling of a brook that was whimpering among the sedges and long grass. Again his head drooped on his bosom; he saw the streamlet rise into the thin shadowy likeness of a beautiful maiden, and she said, 'Let me out; I pant for the freedom of the torrent; I long to sport with my sister breezes, to leap among the rocks, to be wooed by the rainbow, and repose, when I am tired, in silence and in the shadow of towering woods, instead of amid sedges and long grass; and to whoever would hew a path for me—a mountain way, befitting a mountain river, I would impart his heart's desire.' And she looked upon the prince with her pale and watery eyes, and, seeing that he was born of courage, he inquired 'What wouldst thou give to me?' and she said, 'I would secure her thou lovest from the lust of gold.' And he replied, 'False and fair spirit, she is secure against that, and all other lusts, by the purity of her own heart.' And again he awoke, and could see nothing but the Cross, and that dimly, for the moon and stars had passed away; nay, hardly could he see the little brook; and sleep overpowered him a third time; and the streamlet this third time appeared to him again, fairer than before, and she said, 'My trust is in thee, O prince, for there is courage in thy heart to rely upon the power of virtue; rightly didst thou say that she is secure in her heart's purity, but listen, and I will teach thee how to punish the tempter, and trust that then thou wilt remember how I desire to be free.' She placed her cold, chilling lips to his ear, and when the short whisper was finished, he sprang up like a giant from the earth, and would have embraced the vision, but it was gone—and behold! he was alone with the dim cross, the little murmuring rivulet, and the first light of morning. About mid-day, he felt the earth groaning, as it were, beneath the weight of riches that were moving towards the convent to tempt the fair Lady Eva—borne by camels, laden with ingots of gold, and caparisoned with jewels; a black elephant, whose ears and trunk were clustered with diamonds, served the Tempter as a horse. 'Wilt follow as my page, now?' he inquired of the prince. The prince replied not, yet followed, and was unrecognised in the crowd. The disguised Demon entered into the presence of the lady, and expatiated upon his wealth, and the power of wealth; and the prince kept close behind him, but unheeded by the Tempter, who was so wrapt up in his purpose and his eloquence. He displayed before her the treasures of the deep and the treasures of the earth, but they glittered only in her pure eyes as the baubles of a foolish world; and the wicked spirit stood aghast before the right mind of a simple woman; and he was so astonished at it, that—his tail, which had been curled up, behind, under the folds of his robe, fell to the ground, and the

prince, slyly and suddenly, slipt his rosary upon it, so that it caught in the hook at the end; and this caused the Devil so much pain, that, without another word, he flew over the convent, and then fell upon the earth, crawling along it like a great serpent; and, as he crawled, the mountain split from very loathing of its burden; and he crawled and writhed on, and on, until he came to the little spring, and would fain have drunk of its waters, but for the Cross that shadowed them: at last, with a great effort, he arose upon a cloud of evil spirits which had been the riches of temptation, and floated away from the Island; and the little spring leaped into the ravine—a liberated torrent. And the ravine is called 'the Devil's Glen' unto this day."

"And the Lady Eva?" we inquired.

"I have told you all I know," said the little chronicle; "and that is the utmost I can do, the prince no doubt became a monk; but that is only an addition of my own imagination."

We never could make out who that little man was.

As we were leaving the Glen, we encountered a being of a far different order; one of the prettiest little girls we had seen in Ireland was crossing a small brook—an offset, as it were, from the rushing river; but as rapid, and brawling as angrily, as the parent torrent, which it resembled in all save its width. She was completely enveloped in one of the huge cloaks of the country; it had been *flung* on, carelessly and hastily, but it flowed round her form in a manner peculiarly graceful. Her attitude, as she stepped somewhat cautiously over the mountain cascade, was so striking, that we strove to pencil it down; and the valuable aid of an accomplished artist, Mr. Harvey, has rendered our sketch worthy to be laid before our readers.

Dunran—another of the wonders of Wicklow—is but a short distance from the Devil's Glen; a very short distance to those who go on foot. It is a

creation of art rather than of nature; half a century ago, it was almost as barren of verdure as the Scalp; the granite rocks—one of which, of stupendous height, called "the Lady's Rock," Mr. Nicholl has introduced into his picture

—assume occasionally the most fantastic forms. The defile is a narrow pass between lofty hills; in the several interstices of which trees have been planted, where there is, apparently, scarcely soil enough to cover their roots. As Dunran lies upon very high ground, no water flows through it—another variety in the characteristics of the county. The views from this point are most magnificent; let us borrow the poet's aid to describe them:—

"Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And river, now with bushy rock o'erbrowed,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And seats and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
And cots and hamlets, and faint city-spire;
The channel there, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills and shoreless ocean!"

Newtown-Mount-Kennedy, a large village, distant seventeen miles from Dublin, is also surrounded by beautiful scenery; within a mile and a half of it, in the demesne of Altadore, is a small glen called "the Hermitage," for which

nature has done much, and art more. And here is another of the magnificent waterfalls for which the county is so famous. It is but one of many attractions in this delicious spot; the grounds have been laid out with exceeding taste; the walks through it are very varied; and considerable judgment and skill have been exhibited in so planting and "trimming"—the one being even more necessary than the other where the growth is rapid and luxuriant—as to obtain a new and striking view almost at every step. A mile or two farther on is the rich vale of Delgany, seen to great perfection from the main road, where a small bridge passes over a ravine. Delgany is the property of the family La Touche, whose name has been long—and not in this county alone—synonymous with goodness; for to nearly every branch of it may be applied a passage from the epitaph to one of its most distinguished members—"Riches in his hands became a general blessing."

From Delgany to the commencement, or, more correctly, the termination, of the glen of the Downs, the distance is but a mile or two; and the public road runs through it. The glen is formed by two abrupt hills, between twelve and thirteen hundred feet high; clothed with the most luxuriant foliage from the base to the summit of each. To describe the scene would be but to ring the changes on the terms sublime and beautiful; but to no part of the county could they be more justly applied. All along the valley, as elsewhere, we are accompanied by

"The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks."

The glen is of considerable extent; and in leaving it we enter once more a

district comparatively barren; although, as we approach Dublin, the influence of cultivation is more apparent in changing the arid character of the soil, and giving the wild common the aspect of civilisation. As we advance from any of the heights, there is a glorious and cheering prospect of the sea; mansions and cottages are more thickly scattered about the landscape; and the lofty mountains take the eye from every point of view.

Leaving to the left the romantic Dargle, we draw near the northern border of the county,—and before we quit it altogether, visit the town of Bray. Here the scenery assumes a new character:—a few steps from the main road, and we are upon the shore of St. George's Channel.

Bray is the largest town of the county, and, from its proximity to Dublin, is extensively visited by persons in search either of the benefits of sea-air, or the enjoyment to be derived from beautiful scenery; and here, in consequence, is one of the most splendid hotels in the kingdom. A large number of fishermen live in the neighbourhood of Bray; but unfortunately the want of a quay for shelter greatly militates against them—an evil for which, we believe, a remedy will be ere long provided by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Putland, whose charities are so boundless as to have made the name proverbial for good. Their seat, Bray-head, is remarkable, not alone for its natural advantages; judgment and taste have been exercised over large expenditure, to render it, in all respects, beautiful, the grounds and the conservatories are in exquisite "trim," under the superintendence of a Scotch gardener *.

* We were greatly interested, while at Bray-head, by our visit to a very pretty well-managed school, and a cluster of cottages, built by Mr. and Mrs. Putland for the fishermen and their families. Some of the interiors are models of neatness and order. While examining them, our attention was attracted by a cheery-looking woman, so clean, and fitly dressed, that we inquired her name. Her history was remarkable. Her name is Rose Bradly; it appeared she came, some few years ago, on crutches, to Bray-head, to try the effects of the salt-water; and presented herself at Mrs. Putland's gate. She was "from Strabane in the North," she said, as indeed her accent proved, for it was hard and short, wanting the soft, woolly tones, which belong to the South and West. "I don't wish to ask charity if I can help it," she added, "though I am poor and friendless. If God restores me the use of my limbs, as I pray He may, I will work, and show that *in heart* I am no beggar." Like every other poor, or ailing, creature who applies at Bray-head, she was immediately relieved. She lodged in one of the neighbouring cottages, and at the end of a few months was able to throw aside her crutches. Her integrity was at once tested; she first constructed a hut with her own hands, of drift-wood and shingle, on the beach under shelter of a rock, and vacating the kindly lodging given literally for "God's sake," she established herself therein, working hard all day at anything or everything—hawking fish, selling eggs on commission, picking stones, weeding, going messages; nothing came amiss to her bold, bright, honest nature; and moreover, to aid her, she had the northern thrift, teaching the halfpenny how to become a penny. When there was no hay to make, no corn to bind, no potatoes to dig, no cattle to herd, no children to bathe, no messages to run, no fish to hawk, no eggs to sell, no stones to pick, no sick people to nurse, Rose found herself employment in clearing of shingles a small plot of the cliff, and carrying earth and manure to it; until, by patience and labour, she made herself a garden—a very garden—which yielded potatoes and cabbages; nor did she get a "dawshy pig" before she knew where to put it. Her unostentatious industry and clean-

And here we must leave this lovely county of Wicklow; passing unnoticed innumerable objects, in describing any of which we might occupy pages. As we have said, "to picture adequately half its beauties would require a large and full volume." We trust, however, we have written enough, notwithstanding our limited space, to direct towards it the attention of the Tourist—a place so easily within reach from any part of England; and a visit to which necessarily includes one to the Irish metropolis, so abundant in matter of the deepest interest to the antiquary, the man of science, the philanthropist, and, in short, to all who have at heart the welfare of the country, and desire its moral, social, and physical advancement.

The county of Wicklow is bounded on the north by the county of Dublin, on the south by the county of Wexford, on the west by the counties of Kildare and Carlow, and on the east by St. George's Channel. The population in 1821 amounted to 110,767; and in 1831, to 121,557. According to the Ordnance Survey, it comprises 494,704 statute acres, of which above 94,000 are unprofitable mountain and bog. It is divided into the baronies of Arklow, Ballinacor, Newcastle, Half-Rathdown, Shillelagh, Lower Talbotstown and Upper Talbotstown.

liness, while exciting the admiration of her superiors, raised her up a number of enemies; every slatternly fish-wife, every thriftless manager, taunted Rose, and Rose was by no means of the "patient Grizzle" class, but readily retorted. They said "Rose had no people," meaning thereby that Peg's relatives were not known; and Rose replied, "it was better to have no people than to be a disgrace to them, or for one's people to be a disgrace to oneself." They then wondered *who* Rose was, and why she left the "Black North," if she was so fond of its thrifty, unnatural, ways! and to this Rose generally replied by asking them the very simple, but very offensive question, of "What was that to them?" Still by degrees, very slow degrees at first, Rose began to achieve something like popularity; her caps and kerchiefs were always *so* white; how did she wash them! The very caring for this knowledge was an improvement, and Rose imparted what she knew with sterling and sturdy good-humour. If any one was sick, no one "thickened the water with a grain of oatmeal" so quickly as Rose. Rose's "few herrings" were invariably well salted, for with the providence of the ant she spared her summer food, that she might not starve in winter. It was true, she was always ready to find fault, but then she was equally ready to explain how the fault could be mended. When she came to Bray-head, the fishermen dwelt in wretched cottages, but when the new ones were finished, and an addition was making to them, last summer, Mrs. Putland installed Rose in one, of a single room; and there she is at present, and we hope will long remain, for one living example of active industry is worth a hundred sermons. We do not remember ever having met with an instance of a single woman achieving so much, particularly after struggling through an illness which, to a common mind, would have engendered idle habits, at a place of all others where a liberal—perhaps a too liberal—hand, is ever ready to bestow alms upon habitual paupers, as well as aid to the industrious. The hut, the garden stolen from the rock, the craving after independence, and the perpetual exercise of industry, amid the sneers of her associates, who, hating the Northerns, were hard to be reconciled to one whose activity and care was a reproach to their indolence and carelessness, are cheering passages to dwell upon in this poor woman's life. She has had, and still has, her reward, and her rough-toned but fervent gratitude to God, and the "Great Lady," was so well expressed, that we shall not easily forget Rose.

KILDARE.

The county of Kildare, an inland county of the province of Leinster, is bounded on the north by Meath, on the east by Dublin and Wicklow, on the south by Carlow, and on the west by the King's and Queen's Counties. It contains, according to the Ordnance Survey, 392,435 statute acres, of which 66,447—nearly a fifth—are unprofitable mountain and bog. In 1821, the population amounted to 99,065; in 1831, to 108,424. It is divided into the baronies of Carbery, Clane-Connell, Ikeathy and Oughterany, Kilcullen, Kilkea and Moone, East Narragh and Rheban, West Narragh and Rheban, East Ophaly, West Ophaly, North Naas, South Naas, North Salt, and South Salt. The principal towns are Naas, Athy, and Kildare *; the latter, although famous for centuries as a "city renowned for saints," has dwindled into comparative insignificance; some remains of its ancient grandeur, however, still exist; the ruined cathedral retaining marks of its original beauty, extent, and magnificence; and the "round-tower," one of the "tallest" in the kingdom, still attracting the attention of the curious, and the veneration of the antiquary †. The bishopric of Kildare is said to have been founded by St. Conloeth, about the middle of the fifth century. The saint, however, was assisted in his labours by the

* Kildare is, according to Mr. Rawson (Statistical Survey of the County, 1807), a corruption of "Chille-dara, or the wood of oaks. It was also called Kill-dara, from the cell of St. Bridget, first placed under a large oak; also Kill-drag; "also Caelan, or Galen, that is, the woody country, being in the early ages almost one continued wood, the decay of which produced the great bogs, which still cover so much of the county, and by the quantity of timber with which they abound bear incontestable marks of their origin."

† The round tower is said to be 132 feet high; the entrance is fourteen feet from the ground. The cap has been displaced by an unmeaning and out-of-character Gothic battlement. A few years ago, in honour of

famous St. Bridget, who established a nunnery here, A.D. 484. Her nuns were long celebrated as the guardians of an "inextinguishable fire,"—

> "The bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
> And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,"—

so called, "because," according to Giraldus Cambrensis, "the religious women are so careful and diligent in supplying it with fuel that, from the time of St. Bridget, it hath remained always unextinguished through so many successions of years; and though so vast a quantity of wood hath been in such a length of time consumed in it, yet the ashes have never increased*."

Within a short distance of the town is the far-famed Curragh of Kildare, the principal race-ground in Ireland. It is a fine undulating down, about six miles in length and two in breadth, and is unequalled, perhaps, in the world

the Marquis of Kildare's "coming of age," the inhabitants made a huge bonfire on the top; when some daring fellows contrived to climb to the summit. In Harris's edition of Ware we find the following passage: —"The tower of Kildare, having been pointed and repaired within these few years, had then a regular neat battlement raised on it, which before was only an irregular broken wall, as appears by the scheme given thereof by Sir Thomas Molyneux, and which I myself well remember." It is engraved without the battlement in the "Natural History of Ireland, by Dr. Gerard Boate, and (Sir) Thomas Molyneux;" where its height is described as only 107 feet; and where, in consequence of its being "embellished with better work and more hewn stone than others," it is assumed to be of "a more modern date." Dr. Ledwich states it to be 110 feet high. The ruins of the cathedral are kept in remarkably neat order. Various relics of antiquity have been collected and preserved in the walls of the adjoining church, for which, we understood, we have to thank the Rev. Mr. Browne. The sepulchral vault of the Geraldines—the Kildare branch of it, rather—is in this ruin; and among those of his more fortunate and more famous ancestors, are the remains of the gallant enthusiast, Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

* A low and narrow stone cell, in which "the fire" was kept burning, is still pointed out near the round tower. It was extinguished in 1220, by order of Henry de Loundres, archbishop of Dublin; who, no doubt, had his own reasons for "quenching the flame;"—the monks and nuns lived under the same roof, but "separated," writes Archdall, "by walls." The fire was, however, subsequently rekindled; and remained burning until the suppression of monasteries by Henry the Eighth. "Perhaps," says Ware, "the archbishop put out this fire, because, the custom not being used in other places, it might seem to have taken its original from an imitation of the Vestal Virgins, whom Numa Pompilius first instituted, and dedicated to the Holy Mysteries of Vesta, for the preservation of a perpetual fire." St. Bridget was interred at Kildare; but her remains were subsequently removed to Down, and laid beside those of St. Patrick, her master and teacher. She is said to have been the illegitimate daughter of an Irish chieftain, and to have received the veil from the "own hands" of the great saint. Giraldus Cambrensis relates of her the following story:—"One fact of hir, being yet a child, made hir famous. The King of Leinster had given to hir father, Dubtactius, as a token of his good liking towards him for his valiant service, a rich sword, the furniture whereof was garnished with many costlie jewells. And, as it chanced, the damsell, visiting the sick neighbours diverslie distressed for want of necessarie reliefe (hir father being a sterne man and his ladie a cruell shrew), she could devise no other shift to helpe to relieve the want of those poore and needie people, but to impart the same jewels of that idle sword among them. This matter was heinouslie taken; and, being brought to the king's ears, it chanced that shortlie after he came to a banket in hir father's house, and calling the maid afore him, that was not yet past nine yeres of age, he asked hir how she durst presume to deface the gift of a king, in such wise as she had doon his? She answered, that the same was bestowed upon a better king than he was, 'whom' (quoth she) 'finding in such extremitie, I would have given all that my father hath, and all that you have, yea, yourselves too and all, were ye in my power to give, rather than Christ should starve.'"

for the exceeding softness and elasticity of the turf; the verdure of which is "evergreen," and the occasional irregularities of which are very attractive to the eye. The land is the property of the crown, and includes above 6000 acres, where numerous flocks of sheep find rich and abundant pasture *.

* On this plain are numerous mounds of earth, evidently artificial, and most probably sepulchral. But remains of a very remote period are to be encountered in every part of the county. One of the most remarkable—the ancient Carmen—is situated a short distance from Athy. It is now, according to Mr. Rawson, "called Mullimast, or Mullach Mastean, the moat of decapitation;" and was the scene of a tragic occurrence in the sixteenth century. Some adventurers proposed to the neighbouring Irish chieftains an amicable meeting to arrange their differences; the proposal was accepted; "on the 1st of January in the nineteenth of Elizabeth," they repaired to Carmen, and were all assassinated. "In such detestation was the act held," adds Mr. Rawson, "that the country people believe, to this day, a descendant from the murderers never saw his son arrive at the age of twenty-one. Indeed the properties thus acquired have melted away, and got into other hands." Near Athy, also, is the "Moat of Ascul," memorable as the scene of a sanguinary conflict in 1315, between the invading Scots under Edward Bruce and the English forces commanded by Sir Hamon le Gros—a descendant of Raymond, and an ancestor of the present family of Grace. A tradition was communicated to us that pleased us "mightily." Inch Castle is about three miles from Athy; and adjoining it is a small tumulus—to which the following story is attached. It is not far from Ascul, "where heroes fell;" but a trait of natural affection will dwell upon the memories of "the few" far longer and far stronger than the "pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war!" In the year 1439, the plague was destroying, by thousands, those whom famine and the sword had spared. One of the Mac Kellys—a powerful family—then had possession of Inch Castle. He was harsh and tyrannical; of a cold proud nature; and had few sympathies with the poor. He had one son whom he loved above all his other children; and the youth's name was Ulick. He was of fair face and noble stature, and among many maidens whom he had insulted with a love warm as evanescent was Oona More. She dwelt with her brothers at the place now known as Ballycolane, then called Bally-kil-bawn. Her brothers sought an opportunity to avenge the wrong, that causes men like Ulick to laugh and jest, and women to hide their faces and die. When it pleased God in the midst of his wild career to strike Ulick, the beloved of Mac Kelly, with the plague, and his father "lift up his voice and wept;" and between the sobbings of his breaking heart, he said,—"My son, the beloved of my bosom, the strength of my house, the golden-haired, whose voice is as the music of the dancing waters, and whose step is swifter than the red deer's;—he shall not go from his father's castle as others of the afflicted do, to die beneath a shed:—he shall stay in his father's castle." But his brothers murmured, "Behold for this one our father would sacrifice all his other children;" and the voices of his sons overpowered the voice of the old man; so, as was customary, the youth was removed to the fields, and a shed erected over him, and he was left with a pitcher of water, and a cake of unleavened bread, marked with the sign of the Cross. Alone, away from the music, the dance, and the hunting-horn, away from the sweet care of kindred—alone with the madness of the mad disease, and with little of internal peace to soothe its wild destruction! When the love so sworn to Oona More had been forgotten, she made no complaint, humbling her confiding heart to the dust, to which she had been reduced. Meekly, in the confessional, she prayed for this world's penance, as an atonement for this world's sin. She forgave as she hoped to be forgiven. She became a constant visitor to the holy women of White-Church, and, looking beyond this world to the next, the frightful mortality that surrounded her seemed but a quickened passage to the world to come. Her kindred and friends crept stealthily about, shrinking from every breeze, lest it should be ridden by the plague, and avoiding the performance of every act of love and charity lest they might become infected; but Oona did not so. She walked abroad in both shower and sunshine, and blessed God for the one and the other. At last she heard how Ulick, the son of Mac Kelly, of Inch Castle, had been "struck," and removed by his family to a shed, where he would not have suffered his dogs to repose when the chase was done; then the deep unfathomable well of affection, which neither injury nor desertion could dry up in her faithful heart, sprang up within her bosom; and she said unto herself, "I will watch beside the door and moisten his lips with water, and pray for him; and it may be, if his time is come, and he be smitten by the angel of death, my spirit may pass with his spirit, and so,

Naas is a very ancient town, and was formerly a residence of the kings of Leinster. In its immediate neighbourhood, and forming a singular and striking object, are the remains of Jigginstown, a building commenced upon an enormous scale by the unfortunate Earl of Strafford.

Athy is, jointly with Naas, the assize town for the county. Few towns in Ireland are more auspiciously situated; it is surrounded by a fertile country; the grand canal and the great southern road to Cork connect it with the metropolis, from which it is distant thirty-two miles, and the "goodlie Barrow" on which it is seated is navigable to Ross, and thence to the harbour of Waterford. Yet Athy is by no means flourishing; its fame being derived exclusively from its early history. It was a frontier town of the Pale; and the neighbourhood abounds in relics of former greatness—castellated and monastic. "White's Castle," close to the bridge, consists of a massive square tower, now used as a police barrack. The county is, indeed, full of interesting remains; its proximity to that of Dublin having, for

though we could not be united in life, we may be in death." And the next morning those who crossed the moor, and looked over the rippling river to the small hillock upon which the plague-shed stood,—there, with her face turned to the door, saw Oona More, rocking herself to and fro, to and fro; and they whispered the strange story, of how she, the injured one, watched by the deserted of his own people; and her brothers offered prayers for her safety; and the next morning still she was there—and the next. And at last, as if wearied even of the monotonous motion that had companioned her so long, she was perfectly quiet; her face still turned towards the door. And the plague was stayed throughout the country; and the people still whispered together, wondering; and behold when they looked again, they saw the carrion crow wheeling in the air above the shed, and the hoarse croak of the raven mingled with the moaning of the wind; and one of the people said unto another, Truly Ulick the son of Mac Kelly is dead; and the answer was, "I do not think it, for, see, neither crow nor raven have entered the hut." And the other said, "Look there!" And the first speaker did look, and saw that every time the fierce carrion crow attempted to alight upon the shed, he was driven back by a small white bird, that hid above the door; and when the raven—the wisest of all winged things—attempted stealthily to enter, the white bird would fly also at him—and he would depart; and they marked these sights until the evening; and then again the next morning they saw Oona sitting, and the raven and the crow heeded her not—nor did the small white bird heed her—but still prevented the

centuries, kept it "the seat of war;" and from the earliest invasions of the Danes, who scarcely left one of its towns unvisited, and whose course was invariably traced by "houses burned and bodies slaughtered," down to the almost as merciless career of the soldiers of the Commonwealth, Kildare had seldom leisure to reap a single harvest in peace. The Fitzgeralds, always powerful, and seldom without "foot in the stirrup and hand at the sword-hilt," were for centuries, with but brief intermissions, "rebels in arms," and stories of their indomitable courage, both in prosperity and adversity, are recorded by the historians, sufficient to fill volumes. A notice of the mightiness formerly attached to the name, is conveyed in the old couplet:—a question is asked, to which Death answers,

"Who killed Kildare? who dared Kildare to kill?"
"I killed Kildare; and dare kill whom I will!"

But we must leave these fierce and lawless, although brave and generous, chieftains, to notice matters of more immediate import.

The Bog of Allen occupies a very considerable portion of the county of Kildare. We have already made some reference to the subject of "Turf," but its importance is such as to require further comment; for to a very large proportion of the Irish it is at present, as much as food, a necessary of life. That the supply is greater than the demand is, however, certain;—the extent of peat soil in Ireland, according to the Parliamentary Report, (1814,) exceeding 2,830,000 acres; and various plans of draining have been devised, from time to time, but hitherto never carried into effect upon a large scale. Some have objected to the cutting of turf as being wasteful to the surface; others object to the cultivation of bogs as diminishing the supply of fuel. All such objections appear to be alike frivolous. The surface is unquestionably improved for cultivation by cutting away the surplus bog, as it may be wanted for fuel, provided it be not stripped quite bare, but that a sufficient quantity be left to make a good mixture with the subsoil; and, on the other hand, the supply of peat fuel left for future generations, does not receive any additional security by retaining the vast tracts, from which

foul creatures of the air from entering the plague-shed. And at last the people crossed over the moor, and they found Ulick dead. And they called to Oona to come away, but she answered them nothing; and then her brother went up to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder, and said "Oona, come home, the cow loweth for you in the field, the calf and the new-dropped lambs have no one to tend them now. Oona, come home with the child of your mother; God has avenged you, and you have seen the avenging"—and Oona made no reply; and her brother drew back her hood, but the face beneath it was the face of a corpse—his sister was dead. And the people placed her body beside the body of Ulick without fear, for the plague was stayed. And they put fire to the shed. And from their ashes sprang the seven thorn trees which remain unto this day; and people say that Oona sometimes comes among their branches as a small white bird.

that fuel is hereafter to be cut, unproductive in the mean time. The peat would be as safe, and much more easy of access, if it were properly drained, intersected with roads, and made to bear copious crops upon its surface, than it is at present, saturated with water and covered with heather.

We cannot agree with the opinion of Mr. Wakefield ("Account of Ireland Statistical and Political"), that to "exhaust the bogs would be to confer a blessing on the country, by inducing the inhabitants to search for fuel in the bowels of the earth, rather than to obtain it by wasting its surface*." We conceive that the exertions of the people, judiciously applied, in providing their necessary supply of fuel, may be made subsidiary to the proper cultivation of these tracts, by enabling them at the same time to obtain the earths that are indispensable for mixing and covering over the surface of the bog.

Nor can we agree with those philanthropists and political economists, who consider the easy rate at which animal existence may be supported in Ireland as the leading curse of the country.

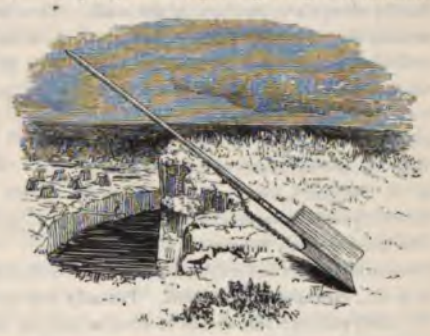
The habit of endurance, which the Irish peasant possesses in an eminent degree, suits him peculiarly for the great unoccupied, but profitable, field of employment of Ireland, to avail himself of which, however, is an arduous task, requiring the exercise of his enduring powers at the commencement of his enterprise. Were he accustomed to a higher rate of human enjoyment, he would be unfit for this undertaking, and must either starve, or be extensively maintained at the cost of his labouring neighbours, as there appears no other alternative for getting immediate employment. Still his habit of endurance does not incapacitate him for enjoying, or striving after, a higher scale of human comforts as his condition gradually improves. And improve it must under any enlightened or fostering system, which the higher classes in his country have the power to introduce for his benefit, in a variety of ways, proportioned to their respective circumstances. We might quote many corroborative examples of management in different parts of the country to prove this position—showing the poor man's progress, from his wretched first year's settlement on a barren heath, to his condition as a snug farmer, enjoying

* Although coal has been discovered in various parts of Ireland, no vein has been hitherto worked the produce of which is likely to come into general use, and the existence of *good* coal in Ireland is at least problematical. We have visited many places, within a few miles of pits, where English coal was used in preference to the Irish, because it was not only better but *cheaper:* a circumstance to be accounted for, first by the extent of land carriage, and next from the clumsy and unscientific mode in which the works are usually conducted: evils that may be, and will be unquestionably, removed; but the inferior quality of the coal is an evil not so capable of remedy. It is to be met, indeed, by procuring coal from England; and, although it may at first startle many to propose the comparative disuse of bogs and the import of its substitute, it involves but one consideration, whether the acres of peat, when converted into arable land, would not yield a produce sufficient to pay the extra cost of the fuel.

all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life. Yet this result could not have been produced had the previous habits of the people unfitted them for undergoing early difficulties. The general circumstances of the proprietors would not allow them to incur an outlay requisite to establish what would be considered comfortable settlements, at the outset, or to maintain the settlers' families in comfort during the first years of enterprise *.

* The most common method of providing turf fuel in Ireland requires six distinct operations, viz.—cutting, spreading, footing, rickling, clamping, and drawing home.

1. The first operation or cutting requires four men with two turf-barrows. The chief or strongest man is selected for the turf-spade (slane), which is narrower than a common spade, with a ledge at right angles to one side. The second man in strength is put to the turf-barrows, of which one is being filled whilst the other is being emptied. Upon these barrows he carries the turf out upon the spread-field. The third man goes before the turf-cutter, paving and levelling the banks, and a man lifts the turf two at a time as they are sliced from the bank by the cutter, and deposits them on the barrows. The four men employed at this work are usually paid about one shilling a day, a somewhat higher rate than for ordinary labour. The quantity cut and wheeled out by this party in one day is generally termed a dark, which, therefore, is an indefinite quantity dependent upon the strength and industry of the workmen. Still when a cottager speaks of his fuel he estimates it at so many darks; and a year's supply for a cottage with one fire varies from two to four darks. An average dark, or day's cutting for one spade with its attendant as above, should be about sixty cubic yards of the solid bank, the dark being usually sixty yards long, about one yard wide, and one deep, cut into three tiers. Properly-cut turf should not exceed two and a half inches square when dry, although idle or careless turf-cutters make them much larger. When each barrowful of turf is wheeled from the bank to its proper place in the spread-field it is simply tumbled off and left as it falls for about a week.



2. The second operation is the spreading, or scattering the turf from the small barrow heaps so as completely to cover "the spread-field," turning up the sides of the turf that were underneath. This work is usually done by women and children. One woman can spread three darks in a day. The turf remains about a week thus spread out.

3. The third operation is "footing," which means collecting the turf into parcels of about six each, placing them on end in a circle, and supported against each other by meeting in a point at the top—this is done by women and children. One woman can foot at the rate of a dark per day. The turf remains in the footings about ten days.

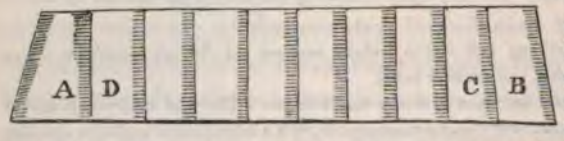
4. The fourth operation is rickling. A rickle contains about ten footings laid on their sides, one turf deep and built up about two feet high. The rickling is done by women and children; two women can rickle three darks in a day. The turf remain in rickles about fourteen days.

5. The fifth operation is clamping. The clamps are small stacks about twelve feet long, six feet high, and four feet wide; they are placed on the most convenient spots for the carts to approach. They remain in the clamps until it is convenient to bring them home; and those who are indolent or dilatory frequently leave them until the fine weather is past and the bogs become inaccessible to carts, and are obliged to carry them home in ricks on their backs through the winter, making the cost of transport about twenty times more than it should be. Sometimes the operation of clamping is dispensed with, and the turf is carted home from the rickles. A man can clamp a dark in a day and a half.

6. The sixth operation is drawing home, when the turf is usually built in a large stack exposed to the weather. Those who are careful and provident either put them in sheds, or thatch their stacks over. It is very

The general opinion as to the origin of bogs—a subject much and continually discussed—is that they are not "primitive or original masses of earth," but accumulations of vegetable matter, "which has undergone a peculiar change, under a degree of temperature not sufficiently great to decompose the plants

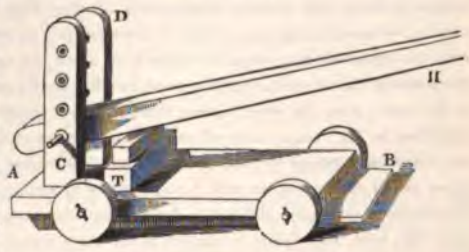
essential when building the permanent stack to place it in a proper aspect, presenting one end to the prevalent wind; and it should be built in what is termed "leets," meaning that it should have a number of well-built transverse sections so formed that a month's or a fortnight's supply may be put into the house from the sheltered end at a time,



leaving always a square face to the stack. Thus, in building, the stack should be commenced at the end A towards the storm, and a triangular "leet," A, is built up. Afterwards the "leet" D is built up, &c. &c.; and when the stack is to be used, the "leet" B at the reverse end should be the first taken in; the leet C, the second, and so on. The outside or weather turf should, in building, be slightly inclined, so as to shed the drop out, as in B C, &c., not inclined in or level, as shown at E. In short, every possible scheme should be used to preserve the turf from wet. The usual slovenly appearance of a stack (here exhibited) is deplorable; the consumption double, without the least comfort. Nothing but blowing of fires, wet, &c., throughout the winter. The only way by which the supply of turf can be ensured with certainty, is by timely cutting; this should be done as early as possible in March; and if such a rule were adopted, and vigilance used in performing the processes as the weather might permit, we should never hear of differences in the turf supply even in the worst seasons. It is necessary to observe that the times specified above as necessary for each operation of seasoning are given under the supposition that the weather be dry. If it be variable, of course the proceeds must be proportionably longer. The following is an estimate of the cost of a dark of turf, where the average labourer's wages is ten-pence per day:—4 men one day each, cutting, &c. at one shilling, 4*s.*; 1 woman one-third of a day spreading at sixpence, 2*d.*; 1 woman one day footing at sixpence, 6*d.*; 1 woman two-thirds of a day rickling at sixpence, 4*d.*; 1 man one day and a half clamping at ten pence, 1*s.* 3*d.*; Total cost of cutting and seasoning, 6*s.* 3*d.* The cost of drawing home is variable—If the distance be about *half a mile*, it may require a horse and cart two days at two shillings and sixpence, 5*s.*; Total cost per dark in this case would be about, 11*s.* 3*d.*; If the distance be about *one mile*, the probable cost of transport would be ten shillings per dark, or total cost, 16*s.* 3*d.*; If the distance be about *two miles*, the probable cost of transport would be a pound per dark, or total cost, 1*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.*; If the distance be about *four miles*, the probable cost of transport would be two pounds per dark, or total cost, 2*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* Another mode is that of making turf by *hand*, and turf so made is called for distinction "hand-turf." This method only takes place on the petty bogs, and generally where the slane has preceded in former seasons. The peat treated in this way is less fibrous, has some earth or dissolved vegetable matter mixed with it, and is in consequence deficient in cohesiveness: it would crumble from the slane, and is therefore made by hand. After a sufficient quantity has been raised from the bog and carried to the dry margin, it is usually worked by the legs of women, and perhaps men, bare to the knees, until it acquires a consistency like that of dough: it is then moulded into shape, like loaves for the oven, by the hands of many men and women, and spread out on the ground until it is sufficiently dry to be footed: after soaking in the small heaps, very loosely put together, for a sufficient time, the process of re-footing takes place, that is, the heaps are made larger; and in due time the clamping takes place. This turf is black, gives much ashes, and is therefore inferior to the other. One almost universal defect in the cutting of peat from bogs was the inattention to the regularity of the sections made. Every one used to cut out where he pleased, and in consequence the surface is still in many places so full of holes as to be dangerous to cattle, and productive of much increased labour and expense in the future levelling and reclaiming of the land so *punctured*. These holes in winter are full of water, and therefore, to

that have sprung up upon the surface." The theory is supported by the fact that in nearly all bogs are found the remains of huge forests, trees of numerous varieties, some of them so entire and perfect as to be very useful for the pur-

say the least of the inconvenience caused by them, they require an active foot and vigilant eye in the person who crosses one of those ill-worked bogs in which they abound. A friend of ours last winter, while shooting in the county of Tipperary, and gazing at a brace of widgeon over his head, just as he was about to try his trigger, fell, soused up to his chin, into a bog-hole full of water. Proprietors are acting more wisely now when letting bog for fuel. They usually have a steward to mark out each person's *bank*, and they take care to have the peat cut out continuously and uniformly. The turf is conveyed to market in a large basket of wicker-work called a "Kish." It is obvious that the cost of conveying turf to places where it is to be used, is immensely disproportionate to the expense of cutting it; that, in fact, the article thus becomes a very expensive one to the consumer. Yet the evil is capable of remedy to a great extent—by *the process of compression*. Some years ago, a paper was published by a Mr. Slight, in the "Transactions of the Highland Society," containing information on this subject, so valuable that it is wonderful to find it has not been made available; although the principle is known to be largely adopted, and with entire success, in Scotland. We shall offer no apology for abridging and printing the greater portion of it, in the hope that his suggestions may be acted upon in Ireland. "It is presumed that by adopting a compressing machine, a period from eight to twelve days may be sufficient to produce the degree of dryness required. The introduction of a simple and efficient machine would therefore appear to be of great benefit to the inhabitants of the peat districts, and should the plan be objected to as expensive beyond the means of the poorer class, it may be answered that there is no necessity for each family or householder to possess one. Let the proprietor or tacksman furnish one or more for the use of his tenants or cottars, who might again pay a small equivalent for the use of the machine. As the cottars of one farm or one hamlet usually dig their peats in the same field, a sufficient number could join together to work it to advantage. For such situations the machine must be of the simplest construction, so as to be cheap, and little liable to derangement. The form which Mr. Tod has employed in his experiments seems to fulfil these conditions. Its simplicity is such that the rudest mechanic may make it and keep it in repair. The first cost must be trifling, being little more than the prime cost of two or three rough planks. Perhaps, under present circumstances, nothing better could be devised for the purpose of local supply. The following is the description of the machine:—In constructing a machine for compressing peat, it seemed necessary that it should possess at least three distinct qualities—that it might be easily moved about, to prevent the peats having to be carried any distance—that it should have considerable power—and that it should produce its full effect with the least loss of time possible. To effect these objects, a machine was constructed, consisting of two strong planks of wood fixed together at each end by cross bars, and mounted upon four wheels. Two pieces of wood, CD, at the distance of two inches from one another, are mortised in the plank AB, at the end A, and at right angles to AB. Between the upright posts CD, there is inserted a strong beam AH, twelve feet long, and secured with an iron bolt passing through the pieces CD, which have numerous holes to admit of raising and depressing the beam AH at pleasure. Two boxes were then made, one of wood, and one of sheet iron: the wood-box being about twelve inches long, four inches in breadth, and four inches deep; the one of sheet-iron fourteen inches in length, three and a half broad, and three and a half deep. The boxes had lids which just fitted them, about three inches in thickness, to allow them to sink in the boxes by the pressure. Each box was alternately



poses of the builder. Happily for the poor of Ireland, their proximity to bogs composed of the spongy substance which, during eight months of the year, is saturated with water, is not attended with the injurious results that affect persons located on the margins of morasses, formed by the decomposition of aquatic vegetables; and which, in all climates, are more or less (according to the degree in which they are influenced by heat) unfavourable to health. A lake or swamp, abounding in rank vegetation, emits a gaseous effluvium, which is extremely noxious, and invariably occasions agues and other maladies, at the seasons when the decomposition and fermentation of the plants take place. Now the property of peat is of a contrary nature; it is highly antiseptic, and so corrective of putrefaction that animal and vegetable remains, after reposing for many ages in the depths of these bogs, have been dug out in a high state of preservation. The skeletons of moose-deer are remarkable evidences of this, and human bodies have been found perfect, imbedded in peat; oak and fir-trees are frequently taken up from the layer of earth, upon which they fell countless centuries ago, when the peat formation first commenced around them, in a perfectly sound state. Indeed peat is obviously a mass of inert, undissolved vegetable matter; it is a contexture of the inert and solid fibres of plants, so antiputrescent of itself (even with the combined influences of atmospheric moisture and heat acting upon it), as to require the action of fire, or the caustic influences of lime, to dissolve it.

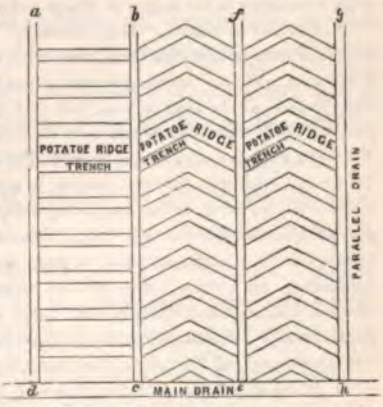
Our observations do not go the length of asserting that there is nothing of an unwholesome nature in a bog locality; for the moisture under foot, and

filled with peat newly dug, the lid adjusted, and the box placed in the machine at the point T; a man stood at the end H of the beam AH, and as each box was placed in the machine at the point T, he bent his whole strength and weight upon the end of the beam. By this means, an immense pressure was applied to the box by a single effort, and in an instant of time. Two women filled and removed the boxes. In this way, a man and three women could compress about eight cart-loads in a day. One man digging, and a woman throwing out the peats, could keep this process in full operation. The peats when taken from the machine are built like small stacks of bricks, but so open as to admit a free circulation of air. The stacks put up in this way became perfectly dry, without being moved till they were led home. If the machine just described were to be adopted for compressing peat, boxes of cast-iron, full of small holes (covered with a lining of hair-cloth to prevent the escape of peat, and at the same time allow the escape of water), would answer the purpose best. For the pressure was so great, that the wood box frequently gave way, though strongly made, and secured with iron at the ends; even the one of strong sheet-iron bent under the pressure." A pamphlet describing "different machines for the compression of peat," has been recently published by Lord Willoughby De Eresby; who has taken out a patent for one of them; but "he wishes it to be understood that any individual is at liberty, upon proper application, to avail himself of the invention gratuitously," his lordship's object being to promote improvement generally, and not to derive from his exertions any personal advantage. He explains the objections that have been found in practice to the more simple principle; and which may, to some extent, apply to Mr. Tod's machine—which certainly *would* apply to its use on a grand scale. The plans of his lordship are, however, too expensive to be adopted by the peasantry; while that of Mr. Tod they can easily procure and readily turn to account. The pamphlet may be obtained at the printers', Messrs. Nuttall and Hodgson, Gough-square, London. We regret that our limits will not permit us to notice it at greater length.

around, is in itself prejudicial; but that there are no noxious miasmata generated by peat, such as are produced by heat and moisture operating upon swamps of another character, and in the vicinity of lakes fringed with the rank plants which water of itself tends to generate. The relieving of the earth from pent-up and all superfluous moisture, tends powerfully to improve the physical condition of its inhabitants, and the people of Ireland have unquestionably derived great benefit from the progress made within thirty years in draining. Not one case of ague now occurs for twenty formerly, and every year the Irish agriculturist advances in this essential branch of agriculture.

The draining and reclaiming of bogs is a branch of the subject far too extensive to be sufficiently entered upon here *. Several able engineers have given

* For the following remarks "on thorough draining and trenching—showing a method applicable to the reclaiming of waste lands, and to the improving of wet retentive soils, and within the means of small farmers," we are indebted to Captain Pitt Kennedy; of whose wonderful success in converting barren tracts into excellent productive land, we shall have to speak when we describe the county of Donegall. The first essential in the cultivation of land is to relieve it from superabundant moisture. When the sub-soil is of a stiff quality, impervious to water, there appears to be but one course to pursue; that is, to make parallel drains in the direction of the slope, at distances not exceeding twenty-one feet apart, and to loosen the ground between the drains to a convenient depth, not less than sixteen inches; so that the water may percolate freely to the drains. Those who apply their labours to make irregular, broad, deep drains to cut off springs, are but wasting their energies and their means. In this humid climate, the surface water is quite sufficient to damage any crop when the sub-soil is stiff, in a wet season. No one will assert that spring drains are sufficient to remove the surface-water, and they frequently fail in catching even the springs. The parallel drains, on the contrary, relieve the land from both spring and surface water when the soil is deeply loosened between by trenching or otherwise. But the ordinary way of performing this work requires a considerable outlay. The cost would range, according to the soil and other circumstances, from six to twelve pounds per acre, or even more. This is beyond the powers of the ordinary Irish farmer. He might, however, open his parallel drains at a very slight cost, not much exceeding the rate of one pound per acre in general. He might then go about his usual operations of tilling the land upon a principle that should lead gradually to the perfect system of draining, deepening, and loosening the soil indispensable to the production of copious crops. If the ground be level, he should plant potatoes in beds straight across between drain and drain, as shown by *a b c d*, making the ridges four feet wide, and the trenches two feet wide. If the ground be sloping, the potato ridges should run obliquely from the parallel drains to the centre of the space between them, as shown at *e f g h*, so that the water may have a slight fall along the potato trenches, and that the shortest possible course may be *secured* to it, to reach the parallel drains from every part of the ground. The land becomes well deepened by this method in those portions occupied by the trenches the first year; and the next time that potatoes are planted on the same ground, care must be taken to make the trenches occupy the centre of where the ridges were previously. By this method two potato-crops would have the effect of loosening to a sufficient depth two thirds of the land thus treated; and all superabundant moisture, whether from springs or surface, would percolate through the lowest part of the loose soil, and by the shortest possible courses to the drains. The parallel drains should be gradually covered with as great care as the farmer's improving circumstances will permit, and in the



their deliberate opinion that "any kind of bog is capable of being converted into soil fit for the support of plants of every description." But experience has, at least, shown that great caution is required in commencing bog improvements on a large scale, and under the unfavourable circumstances of flatness and great depth of inert, fibrous matter, such as that which especially constitutes the red peat. Enterprises of this kind should, above all others, be neither hastily undertaken nor capriciously abandoned. They require much caution and consideration in the conductors. The methods to be pursued are as various as the qualities and depths of the bogs. Still two maxims are imperative. First, perfect drainage is indispensable; secondly, a copious covering of clay not less than three or four inches in depth is as necessary in the cultivation of bog. We cannot apologise for the extent to which we have carried our remarks upon this subject—the most important, perhaps, that can be considered in reference to Ireland *.

mean time they will serve every purpose of drainage. It is clear that a third crop of potatoes, when planted, would deepen the small portions of land which had escaped the first and second crops, but the land would be perfectly dry without this. The parallel drains should be two feet six inches deep in ordinary soils, and somewhat more in bog, to allow for the sinking of the surface. Their width would depend on whether they were to be finished afterwards with gullets or with small broken stones. Eight inches at bottom are sufficient for broken stones, the gullets require more. This method is particularly well suited to the reclaiming of waste land. It sometimes answers to bring up the clay for the surface of bog land from the parallel drains, which are left open for this purpose; and the chief thing to attend to in such lands is to supply a copious coating of clay, never less than three or four inches deep if possible. The moving bogs—which for so long a period were classed among the phenomena of Ireland—are now universally known to be caused by want of drainage; the bog is sometimes carried by the rising waters for miles, covering in its progress cottages and hayricks, sometimes to the height of fifteen to twenty feet.

* The hill of Allen—"Dun Almhain," whence the bog is said to derive its name—is remarkable as the stated residence of Fin Mac Cual, the Fingal of Macpherson. It is called in Irish Almhain, being the Selma of that victor. Fin, of whom some notice has been given in our eleventh number, is popularly said to have been General of the Irish militia; but such an appellation has no warrant from any original records of this people. He is simply termed in Irish Ri' Feine and Flaith-Feine, i. e. king or chief of the Fians or Feinans. The word Fian denotes a hunter or man of chase, and seems to have been used to designate those tribes among the ancient Irish who followed hunting, in contra-distinction to those who pursued pasturage and agriculture. These wild and hardy tribes, comprising different races, appear to have been formed into a kind of national guard (somewhat like the Jäger corps of Germany), whose special duty was to guard the coasts against foreign invasion. They might, in some respects, be termed a species of Irish mamelukes, and, like the Egyptian mamelukes, the Feinans often affected independent authority, and at length engaged in war with the Irish monarch Cairbe, which ended in their defeat and overthrow at the battle of Gabhra, towards the close of the third century. The most remarkable amongst the Feinans were Fin, the son of Cual, their chief, Ossian (Oisin), Fergus, and Dara, their chief bards, Oscar of the sharp swords, son of Ossian, Gaul, the son of Morni of the golden shield, Brown-haired Dearmid, Blue-eyed Ryno, &c. Their deeds are celebrated in the Feinan tales and poems still extant, some of which are ascribed to Ossian and Fergus, the sons of Fin above mentioned. Without entering here into the question of their genuineness, we may observe that they possess marks of great antiquity, and many of them are valuable for their poetical beauties as well as for the light which they throw on ancient manners. Though daily sinking into oblivion, it is not yet too late to make a collection of these ancient poems fully as beautiful and far more genuine than those made in Scotland by Macpherson and Smith.

It was upon a "bit" of the bog of Allen that an interesting incident occurred to us;—a relation of it may relieve the heaviness of the preceding pages, and, at the same time, introduce our readers to a new Irish character—a character, indeed, we believe peculiar to Ireland. They cannot be familiar with the term "pishogue." Now a "pishogue" is a wise saw, a rural incantation, a charm, a sign, a cabalistic word, a something mysterious, signifying a great deal in a little; every village or "town land" has some sybilline dealer in pishogues—some creature like this—keen of eye, hard featured, concentrated, half believing in the credulity she excites; having a wheel, which she seldom turns, except when the priest (who watches her closely) passes her dwelling—for she knows the value of appearances, and must seem to live by something—and a black green-eyed cat, because cats black and green-eyed are held in superstitious dread by the peasantry. "Poll the Pishogue" might have sat for this portrait. She dwelt in a turf hut near the Royal canal.

Nothing could exceed in misery the appearance of her hovel; it was raised something in the form of a cone, and her goat browzed as frequently on the grass and wild flowers that sprang from its roof as on the herbage by which it was surrounded. A deep trench encircled this turf edifice on all sides, and a narrow log of bog oak was laid across it, opposite the door, which enabled Poll's visitors to pass and repass, as she said, "with all the comfort and ease in life;" the interior consisted of one room, and when it was not so full of smoke that a stranger could neither see nor breathe, it was by no means so entirely miserable as the exterior would lead one to suppose; it was warm and dry, for though the rain could enter in one or two places, it could also run out quite as quickly as it came in, and Poll had not only a bed, and plenty of stools and "bosses," but a glass window, and a cupboard containing, besides crockery, one or two decided looking green bottles, which Poll assured us contained "only a sup of eye-water, a wash for the hives, and a cure (God bless it) for the chin-cough." We observed that they smelt of whiskey, and Poll immediately replied, "Hard for 'em to help it, when the sperits is the foundation of every cure—her-rbs, dear! sent by the grace of God, which I gothers fasting under

the bames of the full moon and steeps—Oh, nothing else, only all according to knowledge." Poll's company was as mingled as it was possible to imagine; the "fly-boat" dropped many a country passenger within sight of her hut, and the horses were glad to linger in the neighbourhood, where their drivers expected some passenger going a few miles onward after holding consultation with the sibyl of the bog of Allen. Various tales are told of her powers of divination, and of the quantity of her "Pishogues." "I went to her myself, once," said a tall, stout fellow, who had passed the early period of man's life; "I went to her before ever I had sot eyes on the woman there, just to have an idea of the sort of wife I was likely to get, and she tould me to go back to where I come from, and wait till May eve, ould style, and put my right garther round my left knee, and my left garther round my right, and tie my thumbs in a cross with a bit of peeled rowan tree, and go to the church abbey-yard and take up the third *Shilla-ca-pooka* (snail) I met under an ivy leaf, and bring it home and put it betwixt two plates, and leave the twist of the rowan tree on the top of the plate, and then lift up the plate on May morning before sunrise, and whatever was written on the plate would be the two letters of my wife's name. Well, I owned to her, as I do to you now, that I was no scholar, and though I could read print, I was no hand at running hand at all, and that is what the snails take pride in. 'Och, you're but a fool,' she says—Poll never had manners—'take it to Billy Vourney, the schoolmaster,' she says, 'and he'll read it for you,' she says, and I did! and as thrue as gospel, if he didn't say the letters war G V, plain as the May-bush; and they war the two first letters of his third daughter's name, Gracey Vourney; and afther a while she was my wife sure enough, for there she is, honest woman, and all through Poll of the Pishogues' snail, as a body may say." Poll has what she calls a "murrain-stone," which she is ready to swear is the "ould ancient one" that the "Markiss," meaning the Marquis of Waterford, "purtends is in his own grate house, but which is only like a fairy musheroon to a rale one;" this murrain-stone she hires out; it is placed in a stream—if running from east to west, so much the better, but in a running stream it must be—and the afflicted cattle are made to pass nine times over it, when, if they are not cured, they are believed incurable. Of course she was perfect mistress of the art of cup-tossing, and all who desired to have their fortunes told by that process brought, not only Poll's usual fee, but the "grain of tea" to form the symbols of their destiny. At "cutting the cards" she was unrivalled; but it was only for particular favourites she would undo "the wise pack" that she kept tied with three red hairs of exceeding length. Dealer, as she undoubtedly was, in pishogues, she would have nothing to do with "the black art" beyond the

sowing of hemp-seed, or placing a shirt to air at the fire, in the Devil's name, upon All-Hallow eve, which shirt would most certainly be turned by the lover's *fetch* precisely as the clock struck twelve. There was a story afloat on the Bog, that for selling love-powders the priest gave Poll a penance, that would be ended only with her life. Some said it was one thing, some another, but all agreed that she was never to lay her side on a bed for sleep as long as she lived; and this seemed probable even to the wiser portion of the community, for by night as well as by day, enter the hut when you would, Poll was always discovered seated as you have seen—on a low stool, with her wheel ready for action, and her cat as grave as a chancery judge, while her keen restless eyes looked always bright, and hard, as Irish diamonds. Children were brought to her, and she would bathe their eyes and cross their foreheads with a liquid charm, fasten slips of witch hazel round their necks, and send their parents away rejoicing that now, though the "evil eye" might rest upon them, it could do them no harm. Young women about to become mothers would apply "for something to keep the good people out of the place for the first nine days." Maidens would purchase her may-dew in preference to any they could gather themselves; and men going journeys would buy of her "their luck"—a defence against the powers of "air, fire, water, and the Devil's books" till their return. As in the case of the "farming-man," who was directed to Billy Vourney, the schoolmaster, as one able and willing to read the snail's prophecy, Poll had applications from many who had marriageable daughters to send any "likely boy" to their house; for matrimonial speculations are by no means confined to the upper classes; and Poll was match-maker general to the whole district. She was also greatly read in moles and marks —knew that a mole "above the breath" betokened a soft tongue and a winning way—that one under the left ear was an unfailing sign that its owner must be hanged—that "marks" were often "Devil's crosses, Angel's losses"—that a baby born with a tooth would be a "bitter bite"—that to meet a red-haired woman in the morning betokened an ill journey—that of magpies, to see "one was for sorrow, two for luck, three for a wedding, and four for death"—that the blood of a black cat's tail laid on a wound with a raven's feather will heal on the instant—that the milk of a white cow, milked by a maiden's hand, will cure the heart-ache—that nine hairs plucked from the tail of a wild colt, and bound on the ninth day after the birth, round an infant's ancle, will make him swift and sure of foot—that the green peel which is under the first rind of the elder-tree wound across the forehead while sundry prayers are said, will bestow the power, as long as the peel is green, of seeing into futurity. Of the mystery of "the dead hand" Poll declared she knew nothing; but those who

observed, said her colour changed when the fearful incantation was mentioned. "Poll, of the Pishogue," was, among a people so erratic as the Irish, a great stay-at-home—nothing could induce her to make her appearance at wake, fair, or funeral, christening or marriage.

A pretty, though pale, young woman came in while we were talking to Poll, whom we had found very communicative, and pleased at the attention she excited. The new visitor had a little baby in her arms:

"Well, Essy, bawn, is there any thing that ails the grawleen! the Dawshy was a woman!" continued Poll, talking the usual nonsense to the baby, which the young mother interrupted with, "It's a boy, Poll, little Barney, God bless it." "Amen," said the woman, "and sit down till the quality's gone." We said we would rather wait until Essy had done her mission, and thanking us, she answered, "that indeed she'd be wanted at home sure enough, for the other two craythurs war by themselves, as the father was out clamping turf." The mother looked like a girl of seventeen; her tattered dress was ill concealed by a threadbare cloak*, and yet she laid in Poll's bony hand the fee of a few halfpence before she told her grievance. "It's what ails the jewel?" she began; "I can't find it out—ye know the horse-shoe is to the door, and there was lashings of salt about the place till after his reverence made a Christian of my babby." "Well," answered Poll, "that's all right enough, and ye kept it away from the shop doctors!" She meant, away from the dispensary, which of course she detested; and as this was her favourite theme, she would have been eloquent upon it, but that the young woman interrupted her:—

* The Irish cloak forms very graceful drapery; the material falls well, and folds well. It is usually large enough to envelop the whole person; and the hood is frequently drawn forward to shield the face of the wearer from sun, rain, or wind. Yet we would fain see its general use dispensed with. A female in the lower ranks of life cares but little for the other portions of her dress if she has "a good cloak;" and certainly her ordinary appearance would be more thought of, if the huge "cover-slut" were not always at hand to hide dilapidations in her other garments. "Oh, then I'm not fit to be seen; hadn't I better tidy myself a bit?—but asy! sure when I throw on my cloak no one will know what way I am," is a too frequent observation; and away they go, shrouded from head to foot in this woollen hide-all. It is true that the climate is damp, that it is cold, and that the cloak commonly performs a double office, being used as a blanket by night as well as a covering by day. But woollen retains the damp; and this fact, together with the certainty that it imbibes and retains all unwholesome infections, and is seldom or never washed, are serious arguments against it—picturesque though it be. The peasant Irish have so few comforts, that we would far rather add to than take from their small store; but we conceive the "cost of a cloak" could be more advantageously laid out. We remember being delighted at Rosstrevor with the effect produced on the beautiful landscape by the tartan shawls, so much worn in the North. A good-sized shawl of that description imparts nearly, if not quite, as much warmth as a cloak, at about a fourth of the cost, and it is *easily washed*—a great consideration in all matters of peasant clothing.

"Oh, then, what will I do with it at all, Poll? do look at it, the core of my heart! my jewel! its father's darling—my own blessing—sure here's the gospel round his neck; and yet the flesh is wasting off his bones; and the strength leaves my heart when I look at him, my own joy"—and she stooped and kissed its pale lips, while tears ran down her cheeks.

Poll took the infant's tiny hands in hers, and looked keenly at it. "It's your *own* babby, Essy; I can tell ye that; there's no change over it."

"Oh, Poll, I knew that myself, my heart's as tender over the babby now as the first minute I heard its voice, and I won't believe it could be so if any real change was in it; but I'm sure there is something *not right* over my boy; and sure you'll strive and do something for me, and me in the height of trouble, and I your near relation besides."

"Then why do you take her money?" we inquired of the woman.

"Oh," answered the young mother with the most winning simplicity, "she can't help it, ma'am—she's under a promise to do nothing for nothing; there would be no good in what she gave if it was for nothing." All this time the hag was fidgeting among her bottles and mumbling over some words—"Has nothing gone wrong with you, Essy?" she inquired at last.

"Poverty," we said before the young woman had time to reply; for the crone's avarice had angered us—"Poverty seems to have gone wrong with her."

"Not it," she answered tartly—"Not it, it goes right enough, and fast enough; but I tell nothing except according to knowledge, and every one knows poor Poll hasn't a halfpenny in the world, barring the bit of copper given for her art, and a cut or two of flax that she spins betimes; but, Essy, has any thing gone wrong with you at home?"

"Nothing, glory be to God, barring the child's flesh wasting off its bones, and not seeing how or why it goes. Mick has no regular work these two months, and if we want a second meal of potatoes we're forced to split one into two—but that's not being worse off than our neighbours."

"Have ye seen nothing?"

"Sorra a thing—barring that the ould cat died wanting the sup of milk—but not in the house."

"Nor heard nothing?"

"No, only the bating of my own heart, and the way Mick sobs in his sleep, ever since he's been out of regular work."

"If you chanced to put on your stocking wrong-side-out, you didn't put it right," she again inquired, looking particularly wise

"Ye may be sure of that, Poll honey, for sorra a stocking I have."

"Well," continued the crone, "it's hard telling, even according to knowledge; for the thing that mightn't strike you, would be the thing that did the har-rum.

"You've not been thrying any strangeness with him?"

"Sorra a bit, Poll, only my aunt told me to bite his nails close 'till he was a year old, for if I cut them he'd be *light-fingered;* the Lord forbid—"

"I thought every fool knew that," muttered Poll—"I've something here will strengthen him," she added,—"have ye a bottle?"

"Oh, never a one, nor a farthing in the wide world to buy it—may be ye'd lend me one, Poll dear?"

"May be a dry char-rum would work as well," said the witch.

"Sure it's not doubting my honesty for a bit of glass you'd be," replied the young woman, fixing her fine eyes steadfastly upon the crone, and moving as if to leave the hut.

"How touchy we are!" exclaimed the sybil—"see how your babby will work on"—

The poor mother looked at her child.

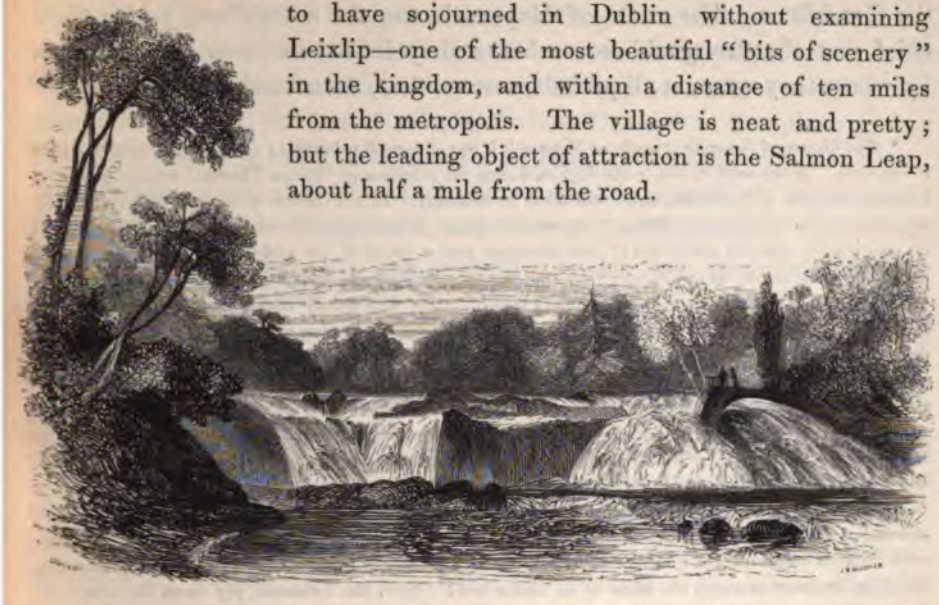
"I wasn't touchy, Poll, but you know I'd return any thing you'd lend me; I can't pay as I would if poor Jim had constant work, I *did* pay you then. When the pig took the meazles and died—"

"You came too late," ejaculated the "wise" woman.

"I'm not offering it against you," said the mother, pressing her infant to a bosom whence the sickliness of half starvation had stolen nature's provision from her offspring, "only don't be hard upon me, and I'll make it up to you if the Almighty turns his silver cloud to us once more."

It would be impossible to convey an idea in a printed book of the tender and imploring tone of that young mother while she spoke those words—unwilling to believe that her baby was starving, and catching at the magic of a charm rather than yielding to the harrowing truth, that she was no longer able to sustain its little life and her own. We saw the "play played out;" Poll lent a bottle—that is to say, something better than the half of an old blacking jar—with directions to cross its breast with the liquid it contained every evening while the sun was setting. We believe she was absolutely shamed into this generosity. We accompanied the young mother until she struck off across the bog, and left her with a much lighter spirit than we found her. It is very easy to cheer an Irish heart—it is susceptible of the least kindness, and if it be so unstable as to bear out the similitude applied to it, of "a reed shaken by the wind," it is also a reed capable of being tuned to the most sweet and happy music.

Those who visit the county of Kildare in search of the picturesque will do wisely to pursue the course of the Liffey; indeed it would be almost criminal to have sojourned in Dublin without examining Leixlip—one of the most beautiful "bits of scenery" in the kingdom, and within a distance of ten miles from the metropolis. The village is neat and pretty; but the leading object of attraction is the Salmon Leap, about half a mile from the road.



After passing along two or three green fields, through which a foot-way has been generously made, the roar of the waterfall greets the ear, and through some skilfully-formed breaks among the foliage that skirts the river, occasional glimpses of it are caught. The cataract is of great width, and very picturesque in character; the waters glide onwards in a smooth but rapid current, and dash down the rocky steep—a mass of spray and foam. The whole neighbourhood is beautiful; the river is lined with graceful trees, from its borders up the slopes of hills that ascend from either side*.

* Not far from Leixlip, and beside the "Liffey's Banks," is the village of Celbridge—famed as the residence of Swift's "Vanessa." Esther Vanhomrigh was the daughter of a Dutch merchant, who had settled in Dublin, where he purchased property, which he bequeathed to his widow, and two sons, and two daughters. In the course of a few years Esther was the only survivor, and inherited the whole of his wealth, together with the house he had built a short time previous to his decease, at Celbridge. Swift "found her pre-eminently gifted with the richest natural endowments, cultivated almost to the highest reach of improvement, and adorned with all the accomplishments which the most refined education could bestow." She was, moreover, handsome and rich: and her attachment to the Dean was as pure and disinterested as ever woman felt towards man. But he was incapable of appreciating, and consequently of repaying, it. His intimacy with her was kept up, even after his secret and "unnatural" marriage with "Stella;" and at length she died at Celbridge literally of a broken heart. Desirous to learn the precise nature of her rival's claim upon the Dean, she wrote, it is said, to Stella. The answer was conveyed by Swift—her own letter in a blank cover, which, without a word of hope, apology, or consolation, he laid upon her table:—"the blackness of concentrated and appalling fury in his countenance" giving the only explanation by which he communicated her fate to the hapless and betrayed lady.

In this neighbourhood, and on the road to Maynooth, we pass several ruins of the olden time; relics of the former power of the Kildare branch of the Geraldines. The castle of Maynooth was for a very long period their chief seat, the stronghold from whence they hurled defiance at the enemies by whom they were, at all periods, more or less, threatened *.

* The history of the ancient castle of Maynooth is one of exceeding interest; abounding in incidents akin to romance. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, during the rebellion of "Silken Thomas," one of the bravest and most chivalric of the Geraldines, it was taken by treachery. In the absence of its lord, the governorship was entrusted to "Christopher Parese," his foster-brother. This "white-livered traitor resolved to purchase his own security with his lord's ruin;" and therefore sent a letter to the lord-deputy, signifying that he would betray the castle, on conditions; "and here the devil betrayed the betrayer, for in making terms for his purse's profit, he forgot to include his person's safety." The lord-deputy readily accepted his offer, and, accordingly, the garrison having gained some success in a sally, and being encouraged by the governor in a deep joyous carouse, the ward of the tower was neglected—the traitorous signal given, and the English scaled the walls. They obtained possession of the strong-hold, and put the garrison to the sword—"all except two singing men, who prostrating themselves before the deputy, warbled a sweet sonnet called *dulcis amica*, and their melody saved their lives." Parese, expecting some great reward, with impudent familiarity presented himself before the deputy, who addressed him as follows: "Master Parese, thou hast certainly saved our lord the king much charge, and many of his subjects' lives, but that I may better know to advise his highness how to reward thee, I would ascertain what the Lord Thomas Fitzgerald hath done for thee?" Parese, highly elevated at this discourse, recounted even to the most minute circumstance all the favours that the Geraldine, even from his youth up, had conferred on him. To which the deputy replied, "and how, Parese, couldst thou find it in thy heart to betray the castle of so kind a lord? Here, Mr. Treasurer, pay down the money that he has covenanted for—and here also, executioner, without delay as soon as the money is counted out, chop off his head!" "Oh," quoth Parese, "had I known this, your lordship should not have had the castle so easily." Whereupon one Mr. Boice, a secret friend of the Fitzgerald, a bystander, cried out "Auntraugh," i.e. "too late," which occasioned a proverbial saying, long afterwards used in Ireland—"too late quoth Boice." The castle is said by Archdall to have been erected by John, the sixth Earl of Kildare, early in the fifteenth century; but in that case it must have been preceded by some other defensive structure; for it is certain that the Kildare branch of the Geraldines resided at Maynooth at a much earlier period. The first Earl of Kildare, John Fitz Thomas, was created by patent, dated 14th May, 1316. "He had," according to Lodge, "great variance with William De Vescy, Lord of Kildare, and lord-justice of Ireland in 1291;" which caused them both to appeal to the king, when John Fitz Thomas challenged De Vescy to single combat—the ordeal of battle; "which being accepted, and the day appointed, De Vescy conveyed himself to France to avoid the trial; whereupon the king bestowed upon his rival the lordship and manors of De Vescy, saying, 'that although he had conveyed his person into France, he had left his lands behind him in Ireland.'"

Another castle, Castle Carbery, which borders the northern part of the bog of Allen, is memorable in Irish history, and will always possess the deepest interest from its association with the name of the Duke of Wellington. Sir Henry Cowley, or Colley, an ancestor of his Grace, had possession of this castle in the reign of Elizabeth. He was knighted by the Lord-Deputy Sidney, who thus recommended him to his successor the Lord Grey: "Sir Henry Cowley, a knight of my own making, who, whilst he was young, and the ability and strength of his body served, was valiant, fortunate, and a good servant." One of his descendants married Garrett Wesley, of Dangan, in the county of Meath; and in 1746, Richard Colley, Esq., "who had taken the surname of Wesley as heir to his first cousin," was created a peer by the title of Baron Mornington, of Mornington, in the county of Meath. The Westleys, Wesleys, or Wellesleys, were originally from the county of Sussex. The ancestor who first settled in Ireland was standard-bearer to Henry the Second, whom he accompanied in his expedition to that country in 1172; and from whom he received large grants in the counties of Kildare and Meath. But this very interesting part of our subject more immediately belongs to the latter county.

Maynooth consists of one long and broad street; the dwellings, of a class between houses and cabins, at either side, having an air of exceeding discomfort. The "hotel" is a long, rambling building, the rooms of which remind one of the "hose" in the "sixth stage"—"a world too wide," and seem utterly unused to the intrusion of guests. At one end of the town is the entrance to Carton, the seat of "Ireland's only Duke;" at the other, are the ruins of the ancient castle, the famous stronghold of the earls of Kildare, and the "Royal College of St. Patrick." The college is a peculiarly ungainly and ungraceful structure; it appears to have been originally a mansion of moderate size, to which additions have been made from time to time, and where elegance and uniformity have been sacrificed to convenience.

The college was founded in the year 1795. Previously, youths intended for the Roman Catholic Church were compelled to enter foreign universities, and to graduate there—having received the rudiments of learning, how and where they could, in their own country*. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, however, the war with the Continent in which Great Britain was engaged, rendered the transmission of students dangerous as well as difficult; and, the more liberal spirit of the age favouring the project, application was made to the Irish Parliament, by several leading members of the Roman Catholic Church, for leave to establish a college, under charter, for their education at home. Permission was granted, and, with it, a vote of money to aid in providing suitable premises; the act for its incorporation receiving the royal assent on the 5th of June, 1795†. The site was not fortunately chosen; it was

* A short time prior to the French revolution (according to the Rev. Dr. Walsh, "History of Dublin"), the number of Irish Roman Catholics, masters and students, in the several Continental colleges were, of the former twenty-seven, and of the latter four hundred and seventy-eight. In France, there were—in Paris ("College des Lombards," and "Communauté, rue Cheval Vert,") one hundred and eighty scholars; at Nantes eighty; at Bordeaux forty; at Douay thirty; at Toulouse ten; and at Lille eight. At Louvain there were forty; at Antwerp thirty; at Salamanca thirty-two; at Lisbon twelve; and at Rome sixteen.

† The Act did little more than declare that, whereas in times past, it had been unlawful to endow any college for the education, exclusively, of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, and that it had now become expedient that a seminary should be established for that purpose; certain trustees should be empowered to receive subscriptions and donations to enable them to establish an academy for the education of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, and to purchase and acquire lands, not exceeding the annual value of one thousand pounds; (exclusive of the value of the land and premises actually occupied) and to erect and maintain all such buildings as may be, by the said trustees, deemed necessary for the lodging and accommodation of the president, masters, professors, fellows, and students, who shall from time to time be admitted into, or reside in, such academy. It was certainly, at that period, not in contemplation to ask for any annual grant in aid from the state; the original purpose being to uphold and support it by private subscriptions. The act merely declared the establishment lawful; and did not endow it, although a sum of money was voted simultaneously with the passing of the act "towards establishing the said academy." But it is equally certain, that by the Act of Union the grant was recognised; it was subsequently passed, annually, by the Imperial Parliament; and there can be no doubt that expenses were incurred, from year to year, under the implied pledge of its continuance. There can be as little question that Parliament retains the right to withhold it—but that the exercise of such a right could be justified only on "very strong grounds" it is impossible to deny.

selected chiefly in consequence of the offer of the then Duke of Leinster, to grant, upon a lease of lives renewable for ever, fifty-four acres of land at the annual rent of seventy-two pounds; but the prospect of his Grace's "patronage," had, no doubt, considerable weight; for the land is not "a bargain." The house which originally stood there, had to be purchased, and to be added to, from time to time, until the cost has amounted to perhaps £40,000. The neighbourhood is by no means healthy; and the distance from any city or town, by effectually preventing the occasional mingling of the students with society, is (as we shall presently strive to show) an evil against which no advantage could have been a sufficient set-off.

In the October following, the college was opened for the reception of fifty students—the Rev. Dr. Hussey (through whose exertions, chiefly, the object was attained) being appointed the first president. Since that period, candidates for orders in the Roman Catholic Church have been educated chiefly at Maynooth; but there are other colleges from which they have also been ordained—at Kilkenny, Carlow, Tuam, Wexford and Waterford; and many youths, the sons of persons of, comparatively, higher stations, continue to graduate at Continental universities*.

* The number of students at Maynooth is now about 450. The number of free students is 250; they are supplied gratuitously with lodging, commons, and instruction. The free presentations are made by the four ecclesiastical provinces—by Armagh and Cashel, each seventy-five, and by Dublin and Tuam, each fifty. They are admissible at the age of seventeen; and are selected after examination by the bishops of the respective dioceses. Besides the free students, there are pensioners and half-pensioners—the former paying twenty-one pounds and the latter ten pounds ten shillings annually. Each free student pays an entrance fee of eight guineas; and each pensioner an entrance fee of four guineas. The sums thus raised are insufficient for the maintenance of the establishment. Its principal means of support are derived from annual parliamentary grants. During the first twenty-one years of its existence they averaged £8000 annually; the sum was subsequently raised to £6928—the present amount of the grant. The income has been augmented by various donations and bequests; the principal of which, £500 per annum, is derived from an arrangement entered into with the representatives of the late Lord Dunboyne, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork; but this sum is appropriated to the maintenance of an order of senior students—to the number of twenty, taken from the four provinces in the same proportion as the free students. An allowance of sixty pounds per annum is granted to each; but the half of that sum is deducted for their board. They are educated with a view to their becoming professors of the college, as vacancies occur; and assist in the business of the schools. Thirty bursaries have been founded, of different annual amounts from thirty pounds downwards. A sum of one thousand pounds was bequeathed by Mr. Keenan (a person in humble circumstances) for the foundation of a professorship of the Irish language—for which, strange to say, no provision was originally made. There are, consequently, three orders of students—senior students, pensioners, and free students. They wear caps and gowns. There are two months of recess in the summer; and a recess for a few days at Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost; these recesses are, however, but nominal; for permission to take advantage of them must be specially given by the bishop of the diocese from which the student has been selected. Very few of the students, therefore, ever leave the college for a single day from the time they enter it to their final departure from its walls. They are permitted once a week to walk without the gates; but on such occasions are always accompanied by the dean. The college is placed under the direction of a board of trustees, consisting of seventeen Roman Catholics, of whom the four archbishops are members ex officio; of the thirteen, seven are of the church and six are laymen. The laymen are, the Earl

The ostensible object of the foundation of Maynooth College, on the part of those who acquired, and those who accorded, the privilege—for as such it was received and acknowledged — was to avert, by home-education, the evils likely to arise to Great Britain from committing the charge of instructing teachers of a large portion of British subjects to foreign enemies of the state. Thus, on the one side ancient prejudices were abandoned, apprehensions were lulled, suspicion was relinquished, and public money to advance the project was granted. As a set-off against these sacrifices, it was expected, and very reasonably, that the Roman Catholic clergymen placed beyond the reach of influence prejudicial to these kingdoms, and grateful for that which, if it was a Right, was also a Boon, (for there was power to withhold, and none to obtain, it) would become, with their flocks, more attached to British Government, more eager to advance British interests, and, more entirely and emphatically, of the British people*.

This most desirable object has not been achieved. On the contrary, the race of young men who leave Maynooth to discharge their parochial duties throughout Ireland are more hostile to the British Government, than were the priests of the old school who received their education in France, Italy, and Spain. Before the Union, and, indeed, for some years after it, the parish priest was, generally, a well-informed, and frequently an accomplished gentleman; abroad, he had enjoyed opportunities of cultivating intellectual and refined society, from which, at home, he would have been excluded; abroad, his humble

of Fingall, the Earl of Kenmare, Viscount Gormanston, Lord Ffrench, Sir Patrick Bellew, Bart., and A. S. Hussey, Esq. In 1800, a board of control, under the name of "Visitors," was appointed by act of parliament, consisting of the lord chancellor, the chief justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, the chief baron of the Exchequer, two Roman Catholic archbishops, and the Earl of Fingall. They are directed to hold visitations *triennially*, or whenever the lord-lieutenant shall direct them so to do; and are empowered to examine, upon oath, "touching the management, government, and discipline;" all matters connected with doctrine being subjected to the decision of the Roman Catholic members only. The officers charged with the superintendence of the institution, are the president, the vice-president, and the senior and junior deans. They must be natives of Great Britain. The professors rank in the following order:—1. Dogmatic Theology; 2. Moral Theology; 3. Hebrew and Sacred Scripture (divinity professors); 4. Natural Philosophy and Mathematics; 5. Logic, Ethics, and Metaphysics; 6. Greek and Latin; 7. French and English; 8. Irish. The president is the Rev. Michael Montague, D. D.; the vice-president, the Rev. Lawrence Renehan. The triennial visitations are, and always have been, mere matters of form; the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry, in their 8th Report, (1827) inform us that "the business does not appear, generally, to occupy more than an hour." The Lord Chancellor inquires of the president whether anything irregular has occurred to call for the intervention of the visitors; and of the students whether they have any complaints to make against their superiors; and the ceremony terminates.

* It is needless to substantiate this statement by proof; we may, however, quote the opinion of Mr. Grattan delivered in the Imperial Parliament in 1807. He says, "Keep the Roman Catholic at home; home education will promote allegiance; kept at home and taught to love his country, he must revere its government;" and, again, in 1808, "If provision be not made for their education at home, they must seek it abroad; they would then bring back with them foreign obligations and foreign connections."

birth, and paucity of means, had been no barriers against his introduction among classes which, at home, would have rejected him; abroad, instead of his observations and experience being limited to grades either on a par with, or below him, his position and purpose elevated him to higher ranks, in whose habits of thinking and acting he, therefore, gradually and naturally partook; and on his return to discharge his sacred duties in his own country, he almost invariably brought with him a knowledge of the world, some acquaintance with all "universal" topics, a polished demeanour, a relish for "good" society, an improved taste, and an appreciation of the refinements and delicacies of life*. The consequence followed: he was often the friend, and usually the associate of his

* We call to mind, with feelings of intense pleasure, three priests who resided at Bannow—admirable examples of the clergymen of the old school. One, the parish priest, had been educated in Paris; his active and energetic mind had been softened by his calling—quick and sensitive, his cheek would flush and his dark eye sparkle, at an insult or an injustice, whether offered to himself or to another; but his words were restrained by sound discretion, and he rarely yielded to the clever sarcasm ready to his lip. Both Protestant and Catholic would ask his advice, trusting to a wisdom chastened by early troubles; and it was seldom appealed from. He kept his flock in admirable order; and if a robbery was committed, without disclosing the secrets of the confessional, ample restitution was sure to follow. During the rebellion not a drop of blood was shed in his parish; and his watchfulness over the lives of two English ladies can never be forgotten by their descendant; he wrote protections over the gates leading to their dwelling, and would write to them in *French*, telling them to fear nothing, but to put their trust in God. One of his notes, we have been told, contained this passage:—"The power is passing from all who go not entirely with the people; the priest can now lead to evil, but hardly to good." Good Father Murphy! we honour his memory! He was our most welcome guest until the day we quitted the country; when he turned away bitterly from the carriage door. The two others—also friends of our childhood—were friars of the order of St. Augustin. They had a small chapel, a farm, and a sort of religious house where they educated two or three young men; and a garden was attached to it, filled with flowers and useful herbs; the former they cultivated for pleasure, and with the latter they compounded medicines, which they freely gave to all who needed. The superior was a man of goodly presence; his fair, round, rosy face beamed with smiles and blessings; his manners, gracious to high and low, created a multitude of friends; his rich full voice would occasionally join in a glee as well as a canticle; and it was remarked of Father Butler, that he was never out of tune, or out of temper. His companion—we may mention his name, though he is still alive, Mr. Doyle—was a man of a more sober and studious cast, as if the shadows of the "Queen of Cities," where he took his vows, remained upon him; quiet and retiring, he devoted himself to the education of the children of the labouring poor; before national schools were thought of, he established one, from motives of pure benevolence: he contended that religion was the first blessing, and reading the second; he was constant, in season and out of season, doing good to all who needed; passing noiselessly but usefully onward, observing and noting much, but saying little to compliment and nothing to offend. If the parish priest's stories of the old French régime interested and amused, the friar's tales of "Old Rome" thrilled to the heart; he would come completely out of himself when speaking of Italy, and it was impossible to pass an evening more delightfully than in the society of those three men. The priest, eager for the honour of old France, her court, and her manners—graphic in his details, and occasionally racy and sarcastic, so as to call forth the benevolence of Friar Butler, if, indeed, that needed to be called forth which was always present; while the younger friar would, when warmed into his theme, become eloquent of Italy, and say of it, and in language almost as poetic, as much as Rogers has sung. They were all three zealous of good works—all ready to contribute to the cheerfulness of society, keeping up that little interchange of kindly offices which sweetens life. Mr. Doyle is now a very old man; we still preserve his parting gift, "Veneroni's Italian Grammar;" a gift in keeping with his devotion to Italy; he is the only one living of the three we loved and honoured in childhood.

wealthy Protestant neighbours, at whose houses it was a very common occurrence to "place a knife and fork every day for the priest." We have personally known many such as we describe—benevolent, courteous, and charitable gentlemen, whose society was an acquisition, whose counsel was frequently useful, and whose efforts were constantly exerted to maintain, for the advantage of both, the relations between the landlord and the tenant. The Maynooth priest is of another stamp; generally, we may, perhaps, say almost invariably, he is of very humble birth and connexions; his school-fees and college-course are liquidated by contributions among his relatives; being, at his outset, utterly ignorant of society of a better order than his native village supplies, and having, as matter of course, contracted the habits of those among whom his boyhood was passed; reading, not to enlarge his mind, but to confirm his narrow views of mankind—he enters the College, where he mixes, exclusively, with persons under precisely similar circumstances. Here, it is not unreasonable to believe, all that is objectionable in his previous habits and education will be strengthened rather than removed; his intercourse with his fellow-men is limited entirely to residents within the walls of his college; his studies extend no farther than to the books authorised by his church*; and during the annual recess (if, indeed, he avail himself of it), he returns to the locality from which he came, having seen no more of the great

* At Maynooth there is an excellent and rather extensive library, formed chiefly by presents and bequests; containing the choicest works in History, Belles Lettres, the Arts and Sciences, &c. &c. But they are closed books to the students. The assistant librarian, who conducted us through it, stated frankly that even he was not permitted to peruse any volume he was pleased to select; that the majority of the students were not allowed even to enter the room, and that those who have the entrée must apply for express leave to read any particular book, explaining for what object they desired to consult it: the restriction, as we understood our informant, applies to every general history. "The course of study at Maynooth," writes Mr. Inglis, "is arduous, and, as laid down in the Report of the Commissioners on Education, very extensive. I was shown this report in answer to my interrogatories as to the course of education, and I confess I was greatly surprised to find it so varied and so liberal. But upon a little further questioning, I learned that this course is not adhered to; and that only as much of it is followed *as can be accomplished*; these were the words used, from which I infer that the course of instruction is entirely optional with, and varies at the pleasure of, the heads of the college; and that whoever forms any opinion of the course of education pursued at Maynooth from what he has read in the Report of the Education Commissioners, will fall into a grievous error." Again: he observes, "I glanced over the shelves with some attention, and saw no work improper by its levity or character for the perusal of a minister of religion; and yet I was informed that a strict watch is kept on the studies of the students; and *that it is soon discovered if their studies be improper!!* Now what is the inference to be necessarily drawn from this admission? What are the studies that require so much watching? I saw only the standard histories, and most unexceptionable works of Christian philosophers; from which then it necessarily follows that history, philosophy, and discovery—that all books not strictly theological—all in short by which the mind can be informed and enlarged, are considered to be *improper studies*." Indeed, upon this subject we have the testimony of the Commissioners of Irish Education, who expressly state (8th Report), "And if any student should read any book prohibited by the President or Dean, he is by the statutes of the college liable to expulsion."

world and the vast varieties of character that people it, than he had encountered between his native village and the college gates. The evil working of such a system must be obvious to all. Its effect is, inevitably, to contract the mind, to impede the current of human sympathy, to chill the sources of charity, to stimulate intolerance, to nourish ignorance and self-sufficiency, and to confirm, if not to produce, bigotry. That there are many honourable exceptions to this rule is certain, but it holds good far too extensively, and would apply, with equal strength, to the members of any other religion, so educated*. Under such circumstances, then, the student is sent from his college to his parish;

* In this view, persons of all classes and parties, who are familiar with Ireland, seem to be agreed. We may be content with citing one of them—one who was a "liberal" in politics, but whose opinions are universally admitted to be shrewd, discriminating, and generally just. Mr. Inglis says, "I had ample opportunity of forming comparisons between the priest of the olden time and the priest of Maynooth; and with every disposition to deal fairly with both, I did return to Dublin with the perfect conviction of the justice of the opinion which I had heard expressed. I found the old foreign educated priest a gentleman, a man of frank easy deportment, and good general information; but in his brother of Maynooth, I found either a coarse, vulgar-minded man, or a stiff, close, and very conceited man; learned, I dare say, in theology, but profoundly ignorant of all that liberalizes the mind; a hot zealot in religion, and fully impressed with, or professing to be impressed with, a sense of his consequence and influence. I entertain no doubt that the disorders which originate in hatred of Protestantism have been increased by the Maynooth education of the Catholic priesthood." And again: "I do look upon it as most important to the civilization and to the peace of Ireland, that a better order of Catholic Priesthood should be raised. Taken, as they are at present from the very inferior classes, they go to Maynooth, and are reared in monkish ignorance and bigotry; and they go to their cures with a narrow education, grafted on the original prejudices and habits of thinking, which belong to the class among which their earlier years have passed. From my considerable experience of Catholic countries, I know enough of Popery to convince me how necessary it is that its Priests should have all the advantages which are to be gathered beyond the confines of a cloister." We have no desire to "rub the sore"

"When we should give the plaister;"

we, therefore, avoid illustrating these observations with corroborative anecdotes; and equally abstain from quoting authorities whose opinions may be considered as not uninfluenced by prejudice. Lord Alvanley contrasts in very strong terms the "gentlemanly bearing of the old French and Spanish priest" with the "coarse political partisans who compose the priesthood of the present day," and the testimony of John O'Driscoll, Esq., a barrister, and a Roman Catholic, is so strictly in point, that we cannot hesitate to extract it. He states (Views of Ireland, 1823) "before the establishment of the college, the Catholic youth, intended for the priesthood, were, for the most part, educated on the Continent. There they certainly met with prejudices against England, but by no means equal to those they left at home. The prejudices of the Continent were mingled with respect and admiration; in Ireland, the prejudices of the people were mingled with no respect. England was only known as the cause of innumerable calamities to the country; she was only known in the cruelties she had committed, the tyranny she had exercised, and the injustice which marked every hour of her dominion. There was a rooted and rancorous enmity in the popular mind. The youths intended for the Catholic ministry were generally taken from the middle and lower classes of the people; those classes in which prejudice abounded most. When the new establishment began to work, it was called upon to send out its students young, raw, and badly prepared, with little more than some knowledge of the Latin tongue, some ill-digested scholastic learning, a partial acquaintance with the Fathers, and the conceits of a puerile logic. With these acquisitions, they came out also laden with the prejudices of those classes of society from which they were taken. They had brought these with them into college, as into a hotbed, where they had grown and been nourished by the closeness of the place, rather than destroyed by exposure. There was more of the spirit of Rome at Maynooth, than at Rome itself; and we are sure that the Pope has less of Popery in his mind and character than some of the young students of that college."

his profession has placed him in the station of a gentleman, but he is seldom able to advance any other claim to the distinction; and this is too generally considered an insufficient one by his Protestant neighbours, and even by the more aristocratic members of his own flock. No opportunities have been afforded him of cultivating the thoughts and habits essential to obtain a place in general society; his education has added to, rather than lessened, his disqualifications; it follows, as matter of course, that his sympathies, as well as his interests, are all with the lower classes—and he labours to mould them to his own views and for his own purposes. He is employed, wherever and whenever occasion offers, or is found, in describing the policy of England towards Ireland to be cruel, exacting, and oppressive; to be in the nineteenth, precisely the same as it was in the sixteenth, century. The Protestant and the oppressor, the Englishman and the enemy of Ireland, are, according to his interpretation, synonymous terms; and thus he succeeds in keeping alive that system of agitation which—like the perpetual motion of a whirlpool—permits nothing to settle within reach of its influence. The assumption of a moderate and generous tone regarding Ireland is treated as a heinous offence: and excites more bitterness and hostility than do the most ultra and intolerant principles; for unless moderation and generosity are made to appear "hypocrisy," the trade of the agitator would fail. The attempt to steer a middle course between parties too frequently engenders hatred, and is met by abuse.*

And are these evils incapable of remedy? Our remarks would be worse than idle, if unaccompanied by a suggestion for their removal.

* There are many exceptions; but unhappily their voices are unheard and their counsel is unheeded. The parish priest of Borrisokane, the Rev. James Bermingham, has within the last month published a letter, showing that in defiance of resolutions adopted by the Roman Catholic Bishops, in 1834—"That our chapels are not to be used for the purpose of holding therein any meeting, except in cases connected with charity or religion,"—he has been unable to carry the principle into effect. He adds, with a feeling that does him honour, and in forcible language that we gladly and gratefully quote:—"We all sigh for rest—we long to be released from the ceaseless 'toil and trouble' of agitation—we desire that a better feeling should spring up between persons professing the Christian name—and we wish to cultivate with all our brethren the kindly and soothing offices of social life. In accordance with these wishes, entertained by great numbers of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, would it not be gratifying if our countrymen would turn from the pursuit of objects which, if attained, would not infallibly produce good, but which, in ordinary calculation, are unattainable—would it not, I say, be gratifying if they should turn from what I humbly consider delusions—

'Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye'—

and direct their noble energies to the obtaining for our unhappy country measures at once practicable and practical—measures that would not divide, but bind together, reformers of all persuasions—which would tend to improve the country, to give general employment, and thus to alleviate, if not to render comfortable and happy, the condition of our poor fellow-countrymen? The opening of railways through Ireland, under government sanction and support—the improvement of our splendid rivers—the reclaiming of waste lands generally—such as these are attainable objects, worthy the attention of a powerful people."

It is this :—

To augment, considerably, and sufficiently, the Parliamentary grant to Maynooth College; and to grant sums, in proportion, to the other seminaries in Ireland, for the education of youths intended for the Roman Catholic Church :—

But accompanied by such provisions as shall secure the attainment of a liberal education; and place the college really, and not nominally, under the superintendence and control of a power responsible, not alone to the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, but to the Nation.

The evils, upon which we have dwelt, can be remedied only by elevating the student in the scale of society; by educating him not only in scholastic lore, but in decorous habits, in generous sentiments, and in universal principles. In this age, the enlightened of all sects and classes will recognise no disqualification on the ground of religion alone; but if religion be made the basis of contracted views, selfish prejudices, and opinions adverse to the general good, it is only just and right that it should be considered to disqualify. Let us look forward, with confiding hope, to a time—and aid in bringing it near to our own generation—when the Protestant and the Catholic shall be no more ready to make ground for private quarrel of the mode in which God is to be worshipped, than of the theory—about which men dispute without bitterness, and concerning which they differ without hatred—whether the sun is an iceberg or a ball of fire.

Seclusion and separation (wise and necessary, and, indeed, indispensable to a certain extent), in order to prepare candidates for the sacerdotal office, have been the chief objects at which the conductors of Maynooth have aimed; but they have always professed their desire to combine with these, opportunities for the attainment of a large and liberal education. It is obvious that such an education may be proffered in name and withheld in reality, so long as the attainment of a degree *in arts* is not a necessary preliminary for those who are supposed to have completed their education. Dublin College sends out no students who have not proved their qualifications in Dublin University; and Maynooth ought, also, to give proof that an enlightened education has been given within its walls, by offering its pupils to such public examinations as are instituted at the Irish University *.

* The leading objections to the system pursued at Maynooth are, in brief, these :—

The amount of knowledge required at entrance is limited in quantity, and far from being good in quality.

The course of study is narrow in its range; dogmatic theology occupies too large a portion of it; physical science is very lightly touched, and the course of metaphysics and ethics is not suited to the present state of mental and moral science.

Whether the state was or was not justified in granting money for the propagation of a faith hostile to its "Established Religion," is not now the question. The principle that it ought to do so, has been acknowledged and acted upon; to withdraw the Parliamentary grant would be not only useless, but mischievous, and manifestly unjust; the inevitable effect of so impolitic a step being to scatter among the Irish Roman Catholics, teachers more ignorant, and less charitable, than the existing race; with additional motives for hating the domination of England; and armed with stronger, and not unreasonable, arguments for their hatred. The annual discussion of this subject in the House of Commons is, therefore, greatly to be deplored; it can do no possible good, and is always taken advantage of to increase the animosity of the people against their rulers; while, in some degree, it confers upon the vain, vexatious, and irritating, proceedings of private and irresponsible bodies, the dignity and solemnity of National sanction. Of the impolicy of the withdrawal, there can be no question; the injustice is, we think, equally clear, for it is opposed to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the contract entered into, by England with Ireland, at the Union, when the grant was acknowledged, and after which it was continued.

The discipline is perfectly monastic; it is the iron rule of St. Bernard revived in the nineteenth century.

Sodalities, or religious associations, everywhere the nurses of bigotry, are permitted among the students.

The cultivation of the Belles-Lettres and General Literature is discouraged, if not actually prohibited.

The Professors are not appointed by open competition and public examination.

The official visitation is an idle form. There should be a Government Inspector resident on the spot to report any violation of the condition, expressed or implied, on which the grant is made.

The College should be, undoubtedly, removed from the miserable village where it at present stands, to the immediate neighbourhood of some city; where, while the students are subjected to wholesome and sufficient restraint, they may be permitted occasional intercourse with mankind, instead of being, as they are at present, as completely immured from society as if they had taken the monastic vows. The College might be placed under the Dublin University, and its students be obliged to present themselves twice in the year at the terminal examinations in T. C. D. This, at all events, would ensure attention to classics and science. The restrictions on intercourse and communication between the students should be removed. In fine, an effort should be made to have Roman Catholic clergymen educated gentlemen; at present they are only priests. It is an anomaly that the Dublin College should be coextensive with the University; the Oxford and Cambridge universities contain several colleges and halls. It would be easy to substitute for Maynooth a college which might form a branch of the Dublin University. Its students might remain subject to their own collegiate rule of life, but their educational course would be subject to the university. Such a plan would impose on the Catholic priests the necessity of a more general and liberal course of study than that adopted at Maynooth; and would consequently bring into the priesthood persons of a higher grade in society. A university should be national; a college need not be so. We do not therefore propose any interference with Trinity College; in fact, our plan only follows out the intention of Elizabeth and Charles I., both of whom contemplated the establishment of a second college under the one Irish university. Indeed the plan is partially adopted now—for students in medicine and civil engineering, who are subject to a different *régime* from the other students. We have reason to believe that Mr. Pitt's first design was essentially this; but that he was induced to alter it by certain difficulties connected with the corporate character of the university. These difficulties have been removed by the Reform Bill.

The project of state-payment to the Roman Catholic clergy has been recently revived by the publication of a pamphlet by Lord Alvanley—to the circulation of which "the Times" lent its mighty aid, reprinting it entire in its columns—and the several answers to which it has given rise: among others, one by Lord Roden is entitled to great respect, not alone because of his liberal, and enlightened views, but because he may be considered as representing the opinions of a very large class of protestants who, so far from desiring a return to the old principle of exclusion, are not only willing but anxious to "let bygones be bygones," and to meet their fellow-subjects, of an opposite faith, in the generous and charitable spirit of pure Christianity. We say, without hesitation, that this "feeling" has largely increased among Protestants in Ireland, of late years, and that, if its spread among Roman Catholics had been extensive in proportion, we should be now on the eve of terminating those unhappy differences and dissensions, the prevalence of which is inevitably to compel Ireland to advance at a snail's pace, while other countries are progressing with giant strides, towards improvement. We have had frequent opportunities of consulting persons, of all sects, grades, and opinions, upon this important subject; our inquiries have led to the conviction that the project is surrounded with difficulties insurmountable; but that, if they could be overcome, the results would undoubtedly be, in a few years, very beneficial to the country. The fact cannot be concealed, that no change for the better, to any large extent, will be effected in the character and condition of the Irish peasantry without the consent and co-operation of the Irish priests; for, although their influence is not so universal or so despotic as it has been, and the connexion between the priest and his flock is surely, though gradually, becoming more rational, their power over the people, whether for good or evil, is still immense *. The purpose of a state-payment would be, unquestionably, to diminish this power, or rather to confine it within natural and reasonable bounds; and, at the same time, to attach to the state the parties who receive it. Other, but minor, objects are contemplated—to remove the cause of complaint arising from the payment of two churches; and to prevent the humiliation, incident upon gathering the means of subsistence in a manner highly derogatory, if not degrading.

* Spiritual terrors have to a great extent lost their influence; we have conversed with scores of the peasantry, who have had no hesitation in expressing their contempt of all threats of the kind; but if a peasant quarrels with his priest, or disobeys him, his life is made miserable; he at once becomes a mark for the scorn and enmity of his neighbours; he is opposed and annoyed in all his ordinary dealings; his family are exposed to daily insults; nay, those who hold intercourse with him are equally subjected to punishment. Even this evil, however, is diminishing; the people have been so frequently placed, against their judgments and interests, in collision with their landlords, that they are, very generally, beginning to *reason* on the subject.

But the old story may be applied to this project: of the twenty-one reasons assigned by the burghers of some town for not firing a salute upon the arrival of majesty under its walls, the first was that "they had no powder." The Roman Catholic priests will not receive the state-payment; it would be utterly impossible for the state to remunerate them, in their several grades, by sums commensurate with those which they at present receive; and it is reckoning without a host to calculate upon their relinquishing incomes as well as power; or rather upon their consigning both into the hands of the regular clergy, whom, of course, it could never be in contemplation to pay, and who are already so numerous and so influential as to be regarded with considerable distrust and jealousy by the secular clergy*. We humbly think, therefore, that to canvass this subject is vain and evil—vain because of the utter impracticability of rendering the project substantial, and evil because it averts public attention from beneficial objects that are tangible and may be accomplished.

There is then, we conceive, but one way to remedy the evils which, confessedly, exist in Ireland, from the hostility of the Roman Catholic priesthood, generally, to the united government of Great Britain and Ireland; to remove the line of demarcation that divides, in social life, the Protestant from the Roman Catholic, completely separating the two interests of landlord and tenant, which must coexist to be truly serviceable to either, and encouraging mutual hatred, intolerance, and bigotry.

And this we believe is to be done, and to be done only, by such arrangements for the education of the Roman Catholic clergy as shall make the teachers of the people liberal, enlightened, and charitable men. At least the attempt should be made; the risk is trifling, the gain may be immense. It is possible—we believe it to be probable—that to give the means of obtaining a sound and enlarged education would be to invite a better class of men into the Priesthood—and that the invitation would be extensively accepted. This, of itself, would be a prodigious good; and yield an ample return to the Nation. But it would contribute, somewhat, to deprive hostility of its plea; and go far, and at small cost, to separate the great bulk of the

* It has been estimated, and we believe, from various inquiries we have made, the estimate to be by no means exaggerated, that there are in Ireland about 4000 Roman Catholic priests, whose united incomes amount to about £800,000 per annum. This is calculating to each an annual income of £200. Lord Roden's calculation is to each £150. But this is unquestionably below the mark. If we include the incomes derived by the Roman Catholic bishops, and other dignitaries, the sum will not fall far short of one million per annum. It should be borne in mind that the priest is paid "in kind" by those who cannot pay in coin. His house is kept in repair, his horse is fed, his harvest is reaped and garnered, usually without his incurring expense.

Protestant people from the few unwise, unchristian, and intolerant sectarians who can see nothing in "Popery" but what is wholly and altogether bad—"disloyal," "democratic," "idolatrous," and "impious."

The question, then, most worthy of consideration, is whether an augmentation of the grant, under certain arrangements, would remove or lessen the existing evils. We think it would; and the present time is peculiarly favourable for the experiment. It is understood that a direct application has been made to Government by the principal Roman Catholic prelates of Ireland—headed by Dr. Crolly, the Primate, and Dr. Murray, the Archbishop of Dublin, both liberal and enlightened gentlemen—"that the Parliamentary grant for the education of the Roman Catholic priesthood should be doubled, or as much farther increased as might be considered practicable; as the sum at present allotted for that object was altogether inadequate." That it is inadequate is unquestionable; the Professors are remunerated by salaries scarcely enough to repay the labours of a stone-mason; and the resources of the college are insufficient to protect the students from the reality, as well as the aspect, of Poverty—a sure debaser of the mind; the early endurance of which often leaves a moral attainder upon a whole life.

Let no one consider our remarks upon this all-important subject out of place. To have written a book concerning Ireland, and to have passed over the source in which so vast a portion of its prosperity, or misery, must originate, would have been an omission for which we could have urged no satisfactory excuse. We confess, however, that we have been induced to enlarge upon our first design in consequence of public attention having been of late directed to the matter by "various hands," and by the following suggestion of a leading and most influential journalist:—

"It will be difficult, perhaps, for Irishmen who possess the experience and the judgment requisite to give value to their opinion, to assist more materially the present Government for the benefit of their country, than by contributing to the common stock of information upon these questions *."

* Times, *December 8th*, 1841.

DUBLIN.

THERE are few cities in the world, and, perhaps, none in Great Britain, so auspiciously situated as the city of Dublin. The ocean rolls its waves within ten miles of the quays; the Bay is at once safe, commodious, and magnificent, with every variety of coast, from the soft beach of sand to the rough sea promontory, from the undulating slope to the terrific rock; and several lighthouses guide the vessels into harbour. On one side is the rich pasture-land of Meath; on the other the mountains and valleys of Wicklow. A noble river flows through it. Breezes from the ocean and the hills both contribute to keep it healthy. Scenery of surpassing beauty is within an hour's walk of its crowded streets. But no description of Dublin can so aptly and pithily characterise it as the few quaint lines of old Stanihurst, who says, in tracing its origin to the sea-king Avellanus, and giving him credit for wisdom in selecting so advantageous a site. "The seat of this city is of all sides pleasant, comfortable, and wholesome: if you would traverse hills, they are not far off; if champaign ground, it lieth of all parts; if you be delighted with fresh water, the famous river called the Liffey runneth fast by; if you will take a view of the sea, it is at hand." The subject is one of great magnitude and importance, yet there is an absolute necessity for its treatment within very limited space. We must, indeed, content ourselves with a mere enumeration of the many interesting objects to be encountered in the city; referring the reader who designs to visit, or who requires larger information concerning, it, to a faithful and excellent "Guide to the Irish Metropolis;" or to an admirable "History of Dublin," by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, to which we shall have occasion to make frequent reference *.

* Dublin is, in population and extent, the second city of the British empire; and ranks as the seventh of Europe; it is somewhat above three miles long in a direct line from east to west; and of nearly equal breadth from north to south. It is encompassed by a "circular road," in extent about nine Irish miles; in 1831 the population amounted to 265,316; "of which number 204,155 are within the boundary of the civic jurisdiction, and the remainder in the county of Dublin." In 1682, the number of inhabitants was 64,843; in 1728, 146,075; in 1753, 128,570; in 1777, 138,208; in 1798, 182,370. It contains above 800 streets, and 22,000 houses. It is situated at the western extremity of Dublin Bay; and the river Liffey, which rises

What a glorious impression of Ireland is conveyed to the eye and mind upon approaching the noble and beautiful bay of Dublin! It is, indeed, inexpressibly lovely; and on entering it after a weary voyage, the heart bounds with enthusiasm at the sight of its capacious bosom, enclosed by huge rocks, encompassed in turn by high and picturesque mountains. To the south, varied into innumerable forms, are "the Wicklow Hills;" but nearer, rising, as it were, out of the surface of old ocean, is the ever-green island of Dalkey. To the north, a bolder coast is commenced by "the Hill of Howth," on a

leading pinnacle of which stands the most picturesque of the Irish beacons; at the other side of the promontory, is seen a village, with another lighthouse,

among the Wicklow mountains, runs through it; increased by the King's River, the Dodder, and the Tolkan; but both these are of small importance. The city occupies a space of 1264 acres; originally it was confined within walls to the hill upon which the Castle now stands. These walls were not above a mile in circumference. Its increase during the past century was very considerable; but since the Union, its extent has been very little augmented; and the mansions of the nobility have, almost without exception, been converted into hotels, public offices, charitable asylums, or schools. The corporation consists of a lord mayor, aldermen, and common council. The title of *lord* mayor was bestowed on the chief magistrate by Charles I., in 1641. The city returns two members to the Imperial Parliament; and two are also returned for the University. Dublin is the seat of the Vice-regal government. Its first charter was granted by Henry the Second, A.D. 1173—"to the men of Bristol." The ecclesiastical province of Dublin, over which the archbishop presides, comprehends the dioceses of Dublin and Glendalough, Kildare, Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin. Dublin contains two cathedrals—Christ Church and St. Patrick's. The number of vessels belonging to the port in 1836 was 327; and the amount is now nearly the same. The export trade is considerable in the usual articles of Irish commerce—cattle, corn, butter, &c.; but its import trade is by no means great.

LIGHT-HOUSE AT HOWTH.

DUBLIN.

London, Published by Orme & Pearsons, 151, Fleet Street.

a martello tower, an ancient abbey, and a calm, though now deserted, harbour —for so long a period the landing-place upon Irish ground *.

And if the tourist will "step ashore" at Howth, he may, before he is half an hour in Ireland, visit some of the most striking and interesting objects in the country:—a ruined church, a very ancient castle, some druidic remains, a village, dignified with the name of "town" essentially Irish, in its half-desolate character; and, standing beside the wall that surrounds the Bailey lighthouse, he may gaze over the wide ocean, or looking to the right, admire the beautiful scenery that borders Dublin Bay; and on the left, the famous little island called "Ireland's Eye;" beyond it the renowned isle of Lambay, and, some forty miles north of the spot on which he stands, the clearly-defined and bold outlines of the Mourne mountains†. Let us first enter the ancient abbey

* The harbour was for a series of years the station for the Dublin packets. It was constructed at a cost to the country of nearly half a million sterling; having been commenced in 1807, and completed in two years, under the superintendence of the late John Rennie, Esq.: but since the construction of Kingstown Harbour, that of Howth has been entirely deserted. On the east pier is a lighthouse, displaying a red light. Mr. Sargent has introduced it into his sketch of the town. The grand lighthouse of Howth, however, stands on a small peninsulated rock, at the eastern extremity, called from its verdure "the Green Bailey." Seen from every point of view, it is an object of exceeding interest and beauty. Its form is that of a frustrated cone, supporting a lantern which exhibits a fixed bright light. The illumination, according to the system now generally adopted by the Trinity-house, is produced by a set of reflectors ground to the parabolic form, in the foci of which twenty large oil-lamps are placed: an outer gallery, lightly but securely railed, surrounds the dome. The light is one hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea; and is visible at a distance of seventeen nautical miles in clear weather. Our work contains an engraving of it, from the pencil of Mr. Creswick. The Bailey lighthouse was erected by the Ballast-board of Dublin in 1814; "the Howth light" formerly stood on a hill more to the north, and at an elevation of three hundred feet above sea level; it was found from its extreme height to be often involved in clouds and mist, and was therefore abandoned.

† "The bold and nearly insulated promontory called the Hill of Howth," writes Mr. Petrie, "which forms the north-eastern terminus of the Bay of Dublin, would in itself supply abundant materials for a topographical volume—and a most interesting work it might be made. For the geologist, botanist, and naturalist, it has an abundant store of attractions; while its various ancient monuments of every class and age, from the regal fortress, the sepulchral cairn, and the cromleac of Pagan times, to the early Christian oratory, the abbey and the baronial hall of later years, would supply an equally ample stock of materials for the antiquary and the historian."

of Howth; and postpone our progress up the Liffey awhile, to notice its romantic history; and that of its heroic founders, whose descendants still hold the lands they won with their swords; retaining for above six hundred years the property they acquired, "without increase or diminution,"—and, observes Dr. Walsh, "we may also add, without improvement or alteration." The abbey, or rather church, for of its monastic rank there are no authentic proofs, is dedicated to the Virgin, and is said to have been erected by the St. Lawrences early in the thirteenth century; here, from time to time, the mortal remains of the "bold barons" have been laid; and the aisles are crowded with relics that bear records of their prowess *. The church, like many of the sacred edifices erected in "troublous times," was constructed for defence as well as for purposes of religion. It is defended by a battlemented rampart, which on one side impends over the sea, and on the other over a deep fosse. Of the ancient "college" there are some remains—a hall, a kitchen, and a few cells; until lately they afforded shelter to several poor

* The original name of the family is said to have been Tristram—and its great founder a knight of "the Round Table." The name was changed in consequence of the vow of one of its members, who fought with the Danes at Clontarf, to assume that of his patron saint, if he obtained the victory. This he did, and was thence called St. Lawrence. In the year 1177, when Sir John de Courcy was commanded into Ireland, he entered into an agreement with Sir Armoricus Tristram, a worthy knight, and his brother-in-law, that "whatever they should win in any land, either by service or otherwise, they should divide between them." They landed at Howth, where they were opposed by the Irish, whom they defeated; the victory being mainly attributable to the valour and skill of Amorey, the title and lands of Howth were allotted to him; but they were dearly purchased, for he lost in the encounter "seven sons, uncles, and nephews." The bridge of Evora, where the battle is said to have been fought, crosses a mountain stream, that falls into the sea on the north side of Howth, nearly opposite the west end of Ireland's Eye. In clearing out the foundation for the new parish church, erected a few years ago near this spot, a quantity of bones were discovered scattered over an extensive space: and, in the neighbourhood, an antique anvil, with bridle-bits and other parts of horse harness. The knights continued their conquests in various parts of Ireland; but in 1189, on the recal of De Courcy from the government, the Irish resolved upon an effort to regain their country. Sir Amorey being then in Connaught, was advertised, by letters from De Courcy, of his removal and danger, and desired to hasten to his assistance; accordingly, he set out, attended by thirty knights and two hundred footmen, in order to join his friend, but O'Connor, king of Connaught, understanding his design, assembled all his forces to intercept his march, and, unperceived, surrounded his devoted band. Sir Amorey animated his men resolutely to attack the enemy, but the horsemen seeming inclined to preserve themselves by flight, he cried out, "Who will may save his life by flight on horseback if he can, but assuredly my heart will not suffer me to leave these, my poor friends, in their necessity, with whom I would sooner die in honour than live with you in dishonour." At the same time he thrust through his horse with his sword, saying, "He should never serve against them with whom he had so worthily and truly served before." His example was followed by all the horsemen, except two young gentlemen, whom he ordered to stand on the next hill to see the battle, and after it was over to carry the news to his brother, which they accordingly did, and testified all the circumstances of the transaction. This done, he engaged the enemy, said to be twenty thousand strong, so desperately, that one thousand were slain; but being overpowered by numbers, he and his party perished to a man. "Thus," say the old chroniclers, "thus died Sir Amorey Tristram, who, among a thousand knights, might be chosen for beauty and heroic courage—for humility and courtesy to his inferiors—yielding to none but in the way of gentleness." Such is the history of the first Baron Howth; there never was an attainder in the family; and the present earl is the twenty-ninth representative of the ancient barony.

families. The ruins of another building—a small oratory dedicated to St. Fenton, exist a little to the west of the castle. The castle, for so many ages the residence of the noble family, retains but little of its original character. It has been altered at various periods, according to the wishes or wants of its proprietors, and with far more regard to convenience than to architectural skill and beauty*.

"Ireland's Eye" is a small island, about a mile from the northern shore of Howth; in the centre of which is the ruin of a church dedicated to St. Nessan. The church was very small, about twelve feet by twenty-four in the interior; the walls, composed of rough pebbles and fragments of flint, give evidence of the most remote antiquity. There are no traces of windows; and a great peculiarity in its structure is, that the porch and bell-tower are at the east end; this porch is vaulted—the arch (semi-circular) is composed of squared blocks of that description of stone called calpe, which is

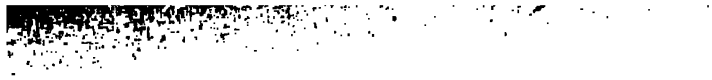
* The castle contains several interesting relics of antiquity; among others, the sword with which Sir Tristram is said to have won the victory at Clontarf; and the bells which formerly belonged to the abbey. "These bells," writes Dr. Walsh, "were discovered by accident." When the new church—a pretty and graceful structure—was built, and it became necessary to provide a bell for it, some one called to mind a tradition that the old ones existed somewhere about the castle. They were sought for and found; and, very properly, preserved by Lord Howth as objects of curiosity. They are "about two feet and a half in height, and one foot and a half in diameter at the base." A singular and romantic legend is attached to Howth Castle. We borrow it from Dr. Walsh. "The celebrated Grana Uille, or Grace O'Malley, noted for her piratical depredations in the reign of Elizabeth, returning on a certain time from England, where she had paid a visit to the virgin queen, landed at Howth, and proceeded to the castle. It was the hour of dinner—but the gates were shut. Shocked at an exclusion so repugnant to her notions of Irish hospitality, she immediately proceeded to the shore where the young lord was at nurse, and seizing the child, she embarked with him, and sailed to Connaught, where her own castle stood. After a time, however, she restored the child; with the express stipulation that the gates should be thrown open when the family went to dinner—a practice which is observed to this day."

said to be almost peculiar to the district of Dublin, and must have been brought from the main-land—the stones are regularly arranged and well cemented *.

We return to the Bay; and leaving to the left the pretty island of Dalkey, enter the channel, between two huge sand-banks called, from the perpetual roaring of the sea that rolls over them, "the Bulls," north and south. But the place of ordinary debarkation is Kingstown, formerly Dunleary, which received its modern name in honour of His Majesty George the Fourth, who took shipboard here on leaving Ireland in 1821. To commemorate the event of the king's visit, an obelisk was erected on the spot where he last stood; with an inscription setting forth the fact. The harbour of Kingstown is safe, commodious, and exceedingly picturesque †. From the quay at which the passengers land, the railway carriages start, and convey passengers, a distance of seven miles, in about twenty minutes to the terminus,

* The view from this tiny island is magnificent in the extreme. We borrow a description of it from an anonymous writer:—"Placed exactly opposite the harbour of Howth, the rugged promontory of Dun Crimthem appears to the left, breasting the surge in all its savage grandeur—the modern rail-road now winding up its steep declivity—in front the lighthouse, harbour, town, and ruined abbey church—backed by the serried mountain ridge. To the right, the proud baronial castle of the St. Lawrences, embossed in wood, from which the modest steeple of the parish church peeps forth—*the hill* gradually sinking, or abruptly breaking down into the low neck that joins it to the highly cultivated level of Fingal—that level dotted with its marks of human life—the shore trending away to the west and north, on which appears the fishing village of Baldoyle, with its tiny fleet of hookers—the bay, enlivened by the glancing sails of the fleet cutter, or surged by the propelling wheels of the rapid steamer; while over and beyond, to the south, rise the Wicklow mountains, their bases hazy and indistinct from the smoke of thousands of habitations, and their indented summits seeming to blend and to harmonise with the blue sky above them—altogether forming a panorama of unrivalled beauty and magnificence."

† The first stone of this extensive, and expensive, work was laid in 1817, by Lord Whitworth, then Viceroy of Ireland. "The pier" according to the Picture of Dublin, "extends 2,800 feet, and is at the base two hundred feet in breadth; it terminates in a nearly perpendicular face on the side of the harbour, and an inclined plane towards the sea. A quay fifty feet wide runs along the summit, protected by a parapet eight feet high on the outside; there is a beacon to mark the harbour. Close to the pier-head, there is twenty-four feet depth of water, at the lowest springs, which it is calculated will allow a frigate of thirty-six guns, or an Indiaman of eight hundred tons, to take refuge within its inclosure; and at two hours' flood there is water sufficient to float a seventy-four. Towards the shore, the depth gradually lessens to fifteen or sixteen feet."



within a few hundred yards of the centre of the city*; leaving to the right a long and narrow range of stone-work, known as the South Wall, which runs for above three miles into the sea, and nearly midway in which is an apology for a battery, called "the Pigeon-house,"—but keeping in sight all the way the opposite coast, speckled with villages, and beautifully varied by alternate hill and dale.

The stranger cannot fail to receive a most agreeable impression of Dublin, no matter in what part of it, out of the mere suburbs, he chances to be set down; for its principal streets and leading attractions lie within a comparatively narrow compass; and his attention is sure to be fixed upon some object worthy of observation—to be succeeded, almost immediately, by some other of equal note. If he arrive sea-ward he will have fully estimated the magnificence of the approach, which nature has formed, and which art has improved; and there is scarcely one of the roads that conduct to it, on which he will not have journeyed through beautiful scenery, and obtained a fine view of the city as he nears it. But we must place him, at once, nearly in its centre—upon Carlisle Bridge; perhaps from no single spot of the kingdom can the eye command so great a number of interesting points. He turns to the north and looks along a noble street, Sackville Street; midway, is Nelson's Pillar, a fine Ionic column, surmounted by a statue of the hero; directly opposite to this is the Post-office, a modern structure built in pure taste; beyond, is the Lying-in Hospital, and the Rotunda; and, ascending a steep hill, one of the many fine squares; to the south, he has within ken the far-famed Bank of Ireland, and the University; to the west, the Four Courts—the courts of law—and the several bridges; to the east, the Custom-house, a superb though a lonesome building, and the quays. Towering above all, and within his ken, wherever it is directed, are numerous steeples, of which no city, except the metropolis of England, can boast so many. In fact, nearly all the great attractions of Dublin may be seen from this single spot.

These public buildings we shall proceed to describe; but, as we have intimated, we must do so very briefly. And, first, the "College."

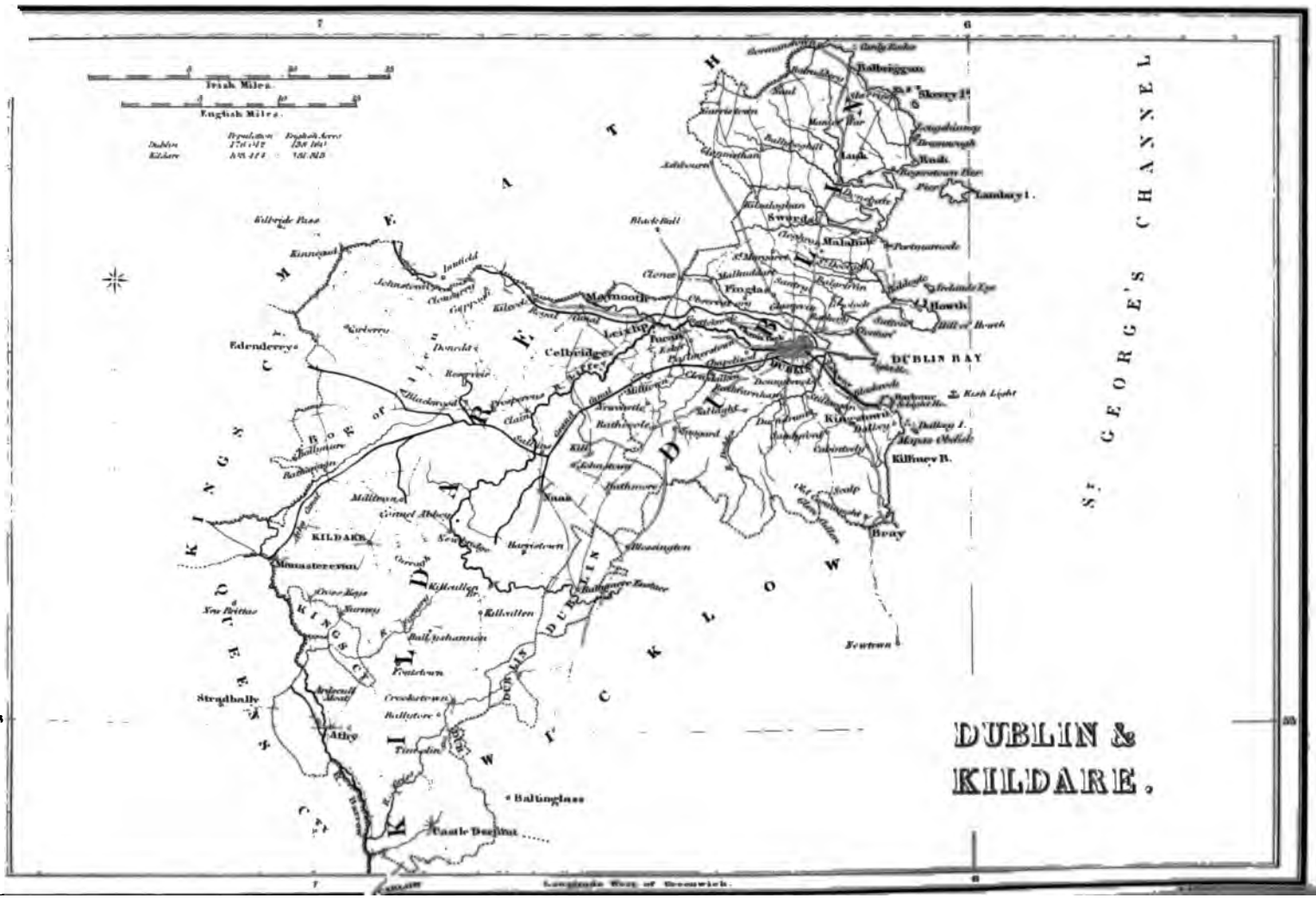
The Dublin University differs from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge in being limited to a single college. There are some advantages in having a University and a College co-extensive; but they are overbalanced by the consequent absence of emulation—as necessary to communities as to individuals—and by an obvious tendency, in such a state of things, to render the national resources of the University subservient to the private interests

* The Dublin and Kingstown Railway was opened for the public on the 17th December, 1834; but was not finished the entire distance until the year 1837.

of the College. It is highly to the credit of the rulers of Trinity College that they have strenuously exerted themselves to avert these evils; they have opened their educational course, their university degrees and their university honours, to pupils of all religious denominations; Roman Catholics and dissenters are only excluded from offices belonging to the Collegiate corporation. Thus, while on the one hand the circumstances of the Institution have tended to restrict the University, its rulers, on the other, have done every thing which their charters would allow to render the College national.

The distinction between the University and the College is very rarely noticed; in common parlance they are confounded together, and hence many circumstances in the Institution appear anomalous which might easily be explained if reference were made to its two-fold character. One of these, and the first that will strike an English visitor, is that residence is not enforced on the students. The collegiate establishment is not adequate to meet the wants of the University, and hence attendance on examinations is substituted for the keeping of terms. In this instance the University absorbs the College, and renders it impossible to apply the rules of educational discipline which are strictly enforced in England. Residents are obliged to attend lectures, chapels, and commons; but the fines for non-attendance at chapel are remitted to dissenters and Roman Catholics; and the latter are excused from commons during Lent. Non-residents are only required to appear at the term examinations, of which there are three in the year. It may be taken as an average that two-thirds of the students are non-resident; therefore, the amount of accommodation provided for students, appears singularly scanty to those accustomed to the colleges and halls of Cambridge and Oxford.

The College was founded by Elizabeth A. D. 1591; its charter was confirmed and extended by James I., who conferred upon it the privilege of returning two members to the Irish parliament. Additional privileges were granted by Charles I., George IV. and Queen Victoria. To the present queen, the Fellows are indebted for liberty to marry without being deprived of their fellowships, and the advantage taken of the boon sufficiently proves how earnestly it was desired. At the time of the Union, the College was restricted to the return of one member; among the changes made by the Reform Bill was the right of returning two members: but at the same time the elective franchise, previously limited to the corporation of the College, the fellows and scholars, was extended to all the members of the University who had graduated as Masters of Arts or taken any higher degrees. This was virtually a disfranchisement of the College, and a transfer of the right of voting to the University.


Irish Miles.
English Miles.
DUBLIN & KILDARE.
DUBLIN BAY
ST GEORGE'S CHANNEL
IRISH SEA
KILDARE
Maynooth
Celbridge
Naas
Clane
Kilcullen
Athy
Baltinglass
Castle Dermot
Balbriggan
Skerry I.
Lusk
Rush
Lambay I.
Swords
Malahide
Howth
Dalkey I.
Kingstown
Kilmore B.
Bray
Newtown
Monasterevan
Stradbally
Edenderry
Blackwood
Ballyhannon
Crookstown
Ballitore
Timolin
Longitude West of Greenwich.

The front of the College faces Dame-street, and by its architectural beauty harmonizes with the magnificent structure formerly occupied by the Irish Parliament. On entering the quadrangle, a visitor is struck by the happy effect of the Chapel and Examination-hall, both of which were designed by Sir W. Chambers. Each has in front a fine colonnade of Corinthian pillars. The

chapel is not quite adequate to the accommodation of the students, and the effect of the interior is greatly injured by side-galleries supported by cast-iron pillars. But the Examination-hall more than compensates for the defects of the Chapel. Its principal ornament is a marble monument erected to the memory of Provost Baldwin, who at his death, in 1758, bequeathed a legacy of £80,000 to the University. The exterior of the Refectory does not attract or deserve much notice, but the Library is a noble building, faced with granite and ornamented with a balustrade of singular beauty *.

The course of study in the Dublin University is three-fold, including classics, mathematical and physical science, and mental and moral science; every student must have exhibited a competent acquaintance with all three courses before answering for his degree; hence Dublin graduates possess generally more varied information, though not, perhaps, so deep a knowledge of particular branches, as the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge.

Prizes for proficiency in modern languages have been recently given by

* On entering the library through the folding-doors at the head of the stairs, the visitor has before him a room 210 feet long, 41 broad and 40 high, the largest room used as a library in Europe. It is divided into compartments by oak partitions, each terminated by fluted Corinthian pillars. These are surmounted by a cornice and balustrade of carved oak, forming the front of a gallery which is continued quite round the room. The number of volumes in the library is about 150,000. The present librarian, the Rev. Dr. Todd, has zealously exerted himself to render the collection complete, especially in foreign literature. In the eastern pavilion is another collection of books called the Fagel Library, amounting to 20,000 volumes; it was the property of the Fagel family, and was removed to London from Holland in 1794, upon the invasion of that country by the French. The MSS. room contains many valuable manuscripts.

the heads of the University; and there are also annual prizes for a course of Theology, for Theological Essays, extempore speaking, reading the Liturgy, and compositions in Greek, Latin and English, verse and prose. There are also annual medals for the best answerers in the three University courses. In consequence of the cheapness of Dublin University, the admissibility of dissenters and the permission of non-residence, it is much frequented by English students, especially from Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. Many of these become resident in Dublin during their course, and we speak from personal knowledge when we assert that this circumstance has had considerable influence in cementing the union between the two countries. The corporation of the College consists of the Provost, the Senior Fellows, the Junior Fellows, and the Scholars. The Provost is appointed by the crown; it is not necessary that he should be a member of the University, though generally the appointment is conferred on one of the Fellows. A vacancy at the board of the seven senior fellows is supplied by the co-option of one of the juniors. The Junior Fellows are elected after a severe public examination, which lasts four days. The seventy scholars are elected for classical merit only, but it is believed that scholarships in science are contemplated. There is no restriction as to place of birth or education in the election of fellows and scholars. Three schools are attached to the University, the theological, the medical, and the school of civil engineering, of which the last has been only just opened. Dublin is deservedly proud of its school in divinity; four more able professors than the Rev. Dr. Wall, in Biblical Hebrew, the Rev. G. S. Smith, in Biblical Greek, and the Rev. Doctors Elrington and O'Brien, in Divinity, could not be found in Europe *. The medical school in Dublin possesses European fame; it is not necessary for those who attend it to pass through the University, but no persons can obtain medical degrees who have not previously graduated in arts. The school of civil engineers has but recently commenced its operations, but the course of education proposed and the high character of the lecturers appointed, afford strong reasons for believing that it will prove an honour to the college and a benefit to the community. It was for a long time customary to consider University professorships as the peculiar property of Fellows of the College, and to a certain extent it was desirable that this should be the case; but there was some danger that several professorships, such as those of civil law, modern history, oratory,

* The college is, however, justly proud of its "mathematical men." James M'Cullagh, LL.D., the present Professor of Mathematics, is better known and more often quoted, on the Continent, than any other professor in Great Britain. The recent discoveries in the science of optics, so honourable to Trinity College, have been mainly the result of his labours, in conjunction with Professors Lloyd and Sir W. Hamilton.

natural history, &c., might degenerate into mere sinecures. Recently the academic senate has extended its range of choice, and appointed gentlemen to professorships who were not members of the College corporation. Sir W. Hamilton, the present, and Bishop Brinkley, the late professor of Astronomy; Mr. Butt, the professor of Political Economy, and the Rev. W. A. Butler, professor of Moral Philosophy, never belonged to the body of Fellows. It is said that extensive historical courses are about to be added to the general studies of the University, and that the professorships will be similarly open to persons who have not obtained fellowships. An astronomical and a magnetic observatory are connected with the University. The latter is under the direction of the Rev. H. Lloyd, who deservedly holds a foremost rank among European men of science in this branch of physical investigation. The acquisition of modern languages has become very popular among the students, and is wisely encouraged by the heads of the University. This is an improvement of recent date, and we have ascertained that it has had the effect of trebling the sale of foreign books in Ireland. The classical researches of the Germans and the mathematical analyses of the French are familiar to all "the reading men" in the college, and the classical examination papers are every term taking a wider and wider range in archæology and criticism.

Voluntary associations for mutual improvement have for more than a century been formed among the students, but the violence of party spirit compelled the governors of the College to watch them with a jealous eye lest they should degenerate into mere debating societies or political clubs. The most celebrated of these was the old Historical Society, in which many of the Irish orators who obtained high rank in the senate, in the pulpit, or at the bar, were first disciplined in the art of speaking.

Our limits do not permit us to enter farther into this subject, or to comment upon the various opinions, pronounced by opposite authorities, upon the effects of the system of education pursued in Trinity College. Whether genius is either created or fostered there, while learning is promoted and rewarded—whether the very large incomes of the Fellows impair their utility; whether the severe course of study to which they are subjected previous to election exhausts the mind so as to require afterwards a whole life of repose; whether the "rich prizes" to be won there demand the exercise of "labour and memory rather than of intellect:"—and are obtained by "drudges" more often than by "great men"—or whether the "dust of the schools" obscures, and in time tarnishes, the intellectual brightness of its students;—are questions that have been often canvassed, based upon the facts that "they are not the brightest men of the country, or of the university, who obtain fellowships;"

and that its Fellows have contributed little to augment, or enhance in value, the store of knowledge available to mankind*. It is very essential, however, to remark, that nearly all the recent advantages opened to students have arisen from widening the distinction between the College and the University; hence we may believe that the formation of a second college, for which provision is made in one of the charters, would be a national benefit. It was once proposed to establish three additional colleges in the respective chief towns of Ulster, Connaught, and Munster, which, with the existing Trinity College, should be component parts of the metropolitan University, but which at the same time should open their lectures and departmental schools to students of the middle classes, to whom information would be valuable and a university degree useless. The plan has this obvious recommendation, that it would very slightly interfere with existing regulations, and that it might be carried into effect without any outlay of public money beyond the first outfit.

The Bank of Ireland—the "Parliament House" before "the Union"—is universally classed among the most perfect examples of British architecture

* Hence Dublin University has been sarcastically termed "the silent sister;" but the depressed state of Ireland, as regarded science and literature, until very recently, should be borne in mind; and also the encouragement and assistance usually given at Oxford and Cambridge to authors connected with the Universities, who engage in the production of costly works, the circulation of which must be, necessarily, limited; and certainly insufficient to pay the expenses of their publication. Hitherto, the only medium by which the discoveries of learned men connected with Trinity College have been made known to the public is, "the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy."

in the kingdom; and indeed is, perhaps, unsurpassed in Europe. Yet, strange to say, little or nothing is known of the architect—the history of the graceful and beautiful structure being wrapt in obscurity almost approaching to mystery*. It is built entirely of Portland stone, and is remarkable for an absence of all meretricious ornament, attracting entirely by its pure and classic, and rigidly simple, architecture. In 1802 it was purchased from government by the governors of the Bank of Ireland, who have since subjected it to some alterations with a view to its better application to its present purpose; these changes however have been effected without impairing its beauty either externally or internally; and it unquestionably merits its reputation as "the grandest, most convenient, and most extensive edifice of the kind in Europe†." It is impossible even for a stranger to stand beside, or walk

* The historians of Dublin are singularly unsatisfactory upon this head. We learn from them only that "the Parliament House was begun to be built, during the administration of John Lord Carteret, in the year 1729; and was executed *under the inspection* of Sir Edward Lovel Pearce, engineer and surveyor general; but completed by Arthur Dobbs, Esq., his successor, about the year 1729." Dr. Walsh—usually so searching in his inquiries, and so minute as to facts—tells us no more than Harris the historian who preceded him, and who makes no mention of "Mr. Cassell or Castell," the architect to whom the building is usually attributed, but of whom "very little is known." Mr. Brewer states, but does not give his authority, that Mr. Cassell did not visit Ireland until the year 1773, nearly fifty years after the structure was commenced. It is a grievous evil that so much apathy should have existed upon such a subject—that the name of the architect should have been lost within little more than a century, and that posthumous fame should be denied to one who had nobly earned it. Whoever he was, it is clear that he was content with supplying the designs and instructions without superintending the work in its progress; some needy man, perhaps, who oppressed with poverty was tempted to remain in the background, and sell both his genius and his glory to "the Engineer and Surveyor General." The subject is one that imperatively calls for some inquiry—we earnestly commend it to the charge of the Royal Irish Academy. In 1785, Mr. James Gandon, architect, was employed, in order to effect a more convenient entrance for the Peers, to add to the building an "East Front;" and a noble portico of six *Corinthian* columns was erected; the old portico, however, was of Ionic columns; a very indefensible incongruity; for which the architect is said to have thus accounted:—"A gentleman passing when the workmen were placing the Corinthian capitals on the columns, struck by the injudicious mixture of orders, inquired 'what order was that?' upon which Mr. Gandon, who was by, replied,—'A very substantial order, for it was the order of the House of Lords.'"

† The grand portico in College-green (which our print represents) extends 147 feet, is of the Ionic order, and though destitute of the usual architectural decorations, "derives all its beauty from a simple impulse of fine art, and is one of the few instances of form only, expressing true symmetry." The tympanum of the pediment in front has in the centre the royal arms, and on its apex a figure of Hibernia, with Commerce on her left hand, and Fidelity on her right. The pediment over the east front is also ornamented with statues of Fortitude, Justice, and Liberty. The interior of this superb edifice fully corresponds with the majesty of its external appearance. While used as a senate-house, the middle door under the portico led directly to the House of Commons, passing through a great hall called the Court of Requests. The Commons-room formed a circle, 55 feet in diameter, inscribed in a square. The seats were disposed around the room in concentric circles, rising above each other. A rich hemispherical dome, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, crowned the whole. Between the pillars a narrow gallery was handsomely fitted up for the convenience of the public. A beautiful corridor communicated by three doors with the committee-rooms, coffee-rooms, &c. The House of Lords, to the right of the Commons', is also a noble apartment, ornamented at each end with Corinthian columns. An entablature goes round the room, covered with a rich trunk ceiling, and in a circular

through, this noble building without calling to mind the eloquence that contributed to render it part of Irish history; and although "the Temple" may now be more advantageously occupied by the "money-changers," a sigh is natural over the memory of many great men associated with it.

The Exchange may, perhaps, rank next in beauty to the Bank. It was commenced in 1769, and finished in 1779, under the immediate direction of Mr. Thomas Cooley, an artist to whom Dublin is indebted for other fine structures. Its form is nearly a square of one hundred feet, having three fronts of Portland stone, in the Corinthian order, crowned by a dome in the centre of the building. The interior is a happy combination of elegance and convenience *.

The Custom-house was designed and erected by Mr. James Gandon: the foundation-stone having been laid in 1781. It is worthy of comment, that although the cost of building the Bank amounted to no more than £40,000, the expense of the Custom-house exceeded £546,000 †. The effect of this spacious and superb structure is now inexpressibly lonely; time has produced changes that have rendered it almost useless; the necessity of watching contrabandists no longer exists; the assimilation of "duties" has removed clerks and "waiters" of all grades; and, unhappily, the paucity of Dublin's commerce is such that a cottage might suffice to transact its "business," in lieu of a palace. The rooms of the Custom-house are therefore deserted; a mariner's step is seldom echoed

recess at the upper end was placed the throne of the Viceroy, under a rich canopy of crimson velvet. This room remains unaltered; it is now designated the Court of Proprietors. It is 73 feet long by 30 broad, and the walls are ornamented with two large pieces of tapestry, representing the battle of the Boyne and the siege of Londonderry, in a state of excellent preservation.

* Twelve fluted columns, of the Composite order, thirty-two feet high, form a rotunda in the centre of the building. Above their entablature, which is highly enriched, is an attic ten feet high, with as many circular windows, answering to the inter-columns below, and connected with pendent festoons of laurel in rich stucco-work, and from this rises an elegantly proportioned dome, ornamented with hexagonal *caissons*. The inter-columns are open below to the ambulatory encompassing the circular area in the centre of the building. Ionic impost pilasters, about half the height of the columns to which they are attached, support a fluted frieze and enriched cornice, above which, in the upper spaces of the inter-columns, are pannel and other ornaments. The ambulatory is much lower than the rotunda, being covered with a flat ceiling, the height of the impost pilasters, with enriched soffits, extending from these pilasters to others opposite to them against the wall. Between the pilasters are blank arcades with seats.

† The Custom-house is three hundred and seventy-five feet in length, and two hundred and five in depth, and exhibits four decorated fronts, answering almost directly to the four cardinal points of the compass—the south being the principal front. In the interior are two courts, divided from each other by the centre pile, which is one hundred feet broad, and runs from north to south the whole depth of the building. The south, or sea front, is composed of pavilions at each end, joined by arcades, and united to the centre. It is finished in the Doric order, with an entablature, and bold projecting cornice. A superb dome, one hundred and twenty feet in height, surmounts the whole, on the top of which is a statue of Hope resting on her anchor, sixteen feet high. The north front has a portico of four pillars in the centre, but no pediment. The south front is entirely of Portland stone: the other three are of mountain granite.

CUSTOM HOUSE,

DUBLIN.

London, Published by Orr & Partners, 12 Paternoster Row.

by its walls, and "bills of lading" would startle almost as much as the drapery of a banshee. The interior is now divided into several public offices, of which the Stamp-office is the principal.

Very different in aspect is "the Four Courts," in the hall of which there is a perpetual buzz, like the growling of an incipient volcano. The building which contains the several Irish courts of law, was commenced by the architect, Mr. Thomas Cooley, in 1786; and in consequence of his death, continued by Mr. James Gandon. It is situated on the north side of the Liffey*; and is an exceedingly beautiful and attractive object, seen either from an adjacent point, or from a distance.

Of the other buildings the most important is "the Post-office," the first stone of which was laid in 1815. It was built after a design by Mr. Francis Johnson, and is one of the finest and most convenient public structures in the kingdom†; the College of Surgeons may be ranked next; and next, the Lying-in Hospital.

* "The whole edifices of the law courts and the law offices together (we borrow from Dr. Walsh) form an oblong rectangle of four hundred and forty feet in front to the river, and one hundred and seventy feet deep to the rear. The centre pile, one hundred and forty feet square, divides off the law offices, and forms two court-yards, one to the east, the other to the west, which courts are shut out from the street by handsome screen walls, perforated by arches (defaced, by the way, by lines of old-book stalls)." The middle structure contains the "Four Courts" of judicature, Chancery, King's Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas. On the pediment over the portico stands the statue of Moses, with figures representing Justice on the one hand, and Mercy on the other. On the corners of the building, over the coupled pilasters, are sitting statues of Wisdom and Authority. "To have a clear conception of the disposition of the various apartments of the inside," writes Mr. James Malton, "as they are arranged around the circular hall, it is necessary first to conceive the plan well, which may be distinctly delineated in the imagination, by figuring a circle of sixty-four feet diameter, in the centre of a square of one hundred and forty feet, with the four courts radiating from the circle to the angles of the square." The various offices occupy the spaces between the courts. The Hall is surrounded by Corinthian columns. From the attic springs the dome—seen in Mr. Creswick's view, and forming a conspicuous object from all parts of the city. In this dome are the eight windows by which the hall is lighted; and between these windows are eight colossal statues in *alto rilievo*—emblematic of Liberty, Justice, Wisdom, Law, Prudence, Mercy, Eloquence, and Punishment. There are also basso rilievo medallions of the principal law-givers of the world, and tablets representing the most interesting events in legal history, as the granting of Magna Charta, &c. The ruinous houses in Pill-lane, which heretofore deformed the back of this structure, have been within the last few years thrown down, and magnificent and spacious additions built. The principal of these are the Rolls Court, the Nisi Prius Court, and the Court of the Commissioners of Bankrupts—a library for the use of the bar, and two large rooms for the convenience of attorneys for a coffee-room.

† The Post-office is 223 feet in front, 150 in depth, and fifty feet (three stories) in height, to the top of the cornice. In front is a grand portico, eighty feet in length, consisting of a pediment, supported by six massive pillars, of the Ionic order. This pediment is surmounted by three finely executed statues, representing Hibernia resting on her spear and harped shield; Mercury, with his caduceus and purse; and Fidelity, with her finger on her lips, and a key in the other hand. The tympanum of the pediment is decorated with the royal arms, and a fine balustrade surmounts the cornice all round the top, giving an elegant finish to the whole. This edifice is built of mountain granite, except the portico, which is of Portland stone.

There are many public buildings of great architectural beauty in the city besides those we have mentioned, but we must be content with reference—and that a slight one only—to the more remarkable. It will be observed that of all these edifices there are none, except the College, much above a century old. "The Castle," however, is of great antiquity. Its history is, in fact, the history of Dublin. To trace the progress of the city from the period when a band of invaders destroyed it by fastening matches to the tails of swallows, and so communicating fire to the thatched roofs of the houses, to its present extensive size and fine architectural character, would be a task—however interesting—that would far exceed our limits. But some notices of it are absolutely necessary; and for these we shall be indebted to our friend Dr. Walsh—drawing, indeed, largely upon him through the whole of this Number, and availing ourselves of his kind assistance in cases where changes have occurred since the publication of his work *.

The period of the foundation of the city, and the etymology of its name, are both involved in obscurity†. The geographer Ptolemy, who flourished A.D. 140, places a town under nearly the same parallel, and calls it "Civitas Eblana;" and towards the close of the second century there are records of contests between certain Irish kings for its possession, as a place "commodious for traffic and fishing." It is more than probable, however, that its commerce and fortifications were both derived from the Danish sea-kings, by whom it was settled and strengthened prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion; but that in the year 964, it had assumed some importance is evidenced by the preface to king Edward's Charter dated in that year, where it is styled "the most noble city of Dublin." In the year 1014, the Danish power in Ireland was for a time effectually destroyed by a league of the native Irish princes, headed by the famous king Brien Boro, Borome, or Boroimhe ‡; during

* "The History of the City of Dublin, from the Earliest Accounts to the Present Time." 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1348. Published in 1818, with numerous illustrations. The work was commenced by Mr. Warburton, keeper of the records of Birmingham Tower; and the Rev. James Whitelaw, vicar of St. Catherine's. The deaths of both these gentlemen while the work was in progress, but in a very unfinished state, consigned the duty of continuing and completing it to the Rev. Dr. Walsh, then curate of Finglas, of which he is now Vicar.

† The city is known in history by various names. The Irish called it Drom-coll-coil—*i. e.* the brow of a hazel wood; another ancient name by which, according to Dr. Walsh, it is "known by the Irish to this day," is Bally-ath-cleath—*i. e.* the town of the ford of hurdles, from a common practice of the Irish, who used to make muddy rivers, such as the Liffey was, near its junction with the sea, and near bogs and marshes, fordable by means of hurdles laid down where they desired to pass. It was a rude substitute for a bridge.

‡ The decisive contest with the Danes was fought at Clontarf, a village near Dublin, which skirts the harbour. The "strangers" were assisted by several of the native chieftains, at the head of whom was the king of Leinster. The battle was fought on Good Friday; and although it was for a long time doubtful, the Irish were at length conquerors; but the victory was saddened by the loss of the good and brave monarch and nearly all their leaders.

whose reign, it is said, so strictly were the laws administered, that a fair lady might travel from one end of the kingdom, with a gold ring on the top of a wand, in perfect security. The reader will call to mind one of Moore's beautiful poems:—

> "Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
> And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
> But oh! her beauty was far beyond
> Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand."

"The strangers," however, continued for above a century afterwards to keep possession of Dublin, of which they were sovereigns. Dr. Walsh gives a list of twenty-five of these Oastman kings, embracing a period from A.D. 853 to 1170, when the city was conquered by the English, who forced the Danish monarch and his followers to abandon the kingdom *.

With this event terminated the dominion of the sea-kings in Ireland—the Oastmen were never afterwards enabled to regain their Irish possessions; and those who continued in the country "became quiet subjects to the English, and one people with them." In 1173, Henry II., having received the submissions of the Irish chieftains and their king—the last king of Ireland, Roderick O'Connor—granted by charter the city of Dublin to his subjects of Bristol, to hold it "of him and his heirs, well and in peace, freely and quietly, fully and amply and honorably, with all the liberties and free customs which the men of Bristol have at Bristol."

The building of Dublin "Castle"—for the residence of the Viceroys

* The Anglo-Normans having established themselves in Wexford, their ally Dermod McMorogh persuaded them to attack Dublin, of which they possessed themselves on the twenty-first of September 1170. The Irish king was stimulated upon this occasion more by a craving for vengeance than a desire to add to his possessions, for the citizens of Dublin had murdered his father; and, as a further insult, had buried the body in a dunghill with a dog. The Danish king escaped for the time; but returning soon afterwards, he was taken and slain by the Irish deputy (appointed by Strongbow) Miles de Cogan. It is related, that when the vanquished chieftain was brought before the fierce Norman and his officers, "he looked round him with ferocious pride, and bade his conquerors reserve their exultation for a day of final triumph that might never come." The threat cost him his life; he was immediately beheaded. His army were intercepted before they could reach their ships, and nearly the whole of them were slain. Mac Torcall was attended by a Scandinavian giant, named John le Dane. Maurice Regan reports, that this northern Hector was of such enormous prowess, that with one blow of his battle-axe he could cut the thigh bones of the horsemen like cheese, and their legs would fall off like so many cabbage stalks to the ground. He fell, however, by the stronger arm of Miles de Cogan. A petty king of the name of Gille Mo Holmock, of Oastman descent, but who had adopted the manners, dress, and habits of the Irish, and who governed a district not far from Dublin, came and offered the English his assistance. "No," says Miles de Cogan, in the pride of his knighthood, "we won't have your help! all we want you to do is this—if we beat the Danes cut off their retreat to their ships, and help us to kill them; and if we be defeated and are forced to fly, why, fall on us and cut our throats, sooner than let us be taken prisoners by these pirates!"

retains the term—was commenced by Meiler Fitzhenry, Lord Justice of Ireland, in 1205; and finished, fifteen years afterwards, by Henry de Loundres, archbishop of Dublin. The purpose of the structure is declared by the patent by which King John commanded its erection: "You have given us to understand that you have not a convenient place wherein our treasure may be safely deposited; and foreasmuch, as well for that use as for many others, a fortress would be necessary for us at Dublin, we command you to erect a castle there, in such competent place as you shall judge most expedient, as well to curb the city as to defend it if occasion shall so require, and that you make it as strong as you can with good and durable walls." Accordingly it was occupied as a strong fortress only, until the reign of Elizabeth, when it became the seat of the Irish government—the court being held, previously, at various palaces in the city or its suburbs; and in the seventeenth century Terms and Parliaments were both held within its walls. The Castle, however, has undergone so many and such various changes from time to time, as circumstances justified the withdrawal of its defences, that the only portion of it which now bears a character of antiquity is the Birmingham Tower *; and even that has been almost entirely rebuilt, although it retains its ancient form.

* The records of this tower—in modern times the State Paper Office—would afford materials for one of the most singular and romantic histories ever published. It received its name, according to Dr. Walsh, not from the De Birminghams, who were lords justices in 1321 and 1348; but from Sir William Birmingham, who was imprisoned there in 1331, with his son Walter: "the former was taken out from thence and executed, the latter was pardoned as to life because he was in holy orders." It was the ancient keep, or ballium, of the fortress; and was for a very long period the great state prison, in which were confined the resolute or obstinate Milesian chiefs, and the rebellious Anglo-Norman lords. Strong and well guarded as it was, however, its inmates contrived occasionally to escape from its durance. Some of the escapes which the historians have recorded are remarkable and interesting; and none more so than that of Hugh O'Donnel, in

The Castle is situated on very high ground, nearly in the centre of the city; the principal entrance is by a handsome gateway. The several buildings, surrounding two squares, consist of the lord lieutenant's state apartments, guard-rooms, the offices of the chief secretary, the apartments of aides-du-camp and officers of the household, the offices of the treasury, hanaper, register, auditor-general, constabulary, &c. &c. The buildings have a dull and heavy character—no effort has been made at elegance or display—and however well calculated they may seem for business, the whole have more the aspect of a prison than a court. There is, indeed, one structure that contributes somewhat to redeem the sombre appearance of "the castle"—the

1591. From his fastnesses in Donegal, he had intimated designs of maintaining his independence; in consequence of which the lord justice, Sir John Perrot, laid a plot to obtain possession of his person. Accordingly, in the year 1587, a ship was fitted out, and stowed with Spanish wine, and directed to sail to one of the harbours of Donegal. The vessel put into Lough Swilly, and cast anchor off the castle of Dundonald, near Rathmillan. The captain, disguised as a Spaniard, proposed to traffic with the people of the fortress, who bought and drank until they became intoxicated. The people of the adjoining district did the same, and all the surrounding septs of O'Donnel, Mc Swiney, and O'Dogherty, entered into dealings with the crafty wine-merchant. O'Donnel, among the rest, sent for some of the wine, and was informed that there was no more to sell, but if the young prince would come on board the vessel, he should taste some of the choicest. The bait took; the prince, "overtaken" by drink, was easily secured and conveyed a prisoner to Dublin. Here he remained in custody for above three years. In the year 1591, he and some of his followers descended by means of a rope on the drawbridge, and getting safe off from the fortress, they escaped towards the Wicklow mountains, and reached the borders of O'Toole's country. There O'Donnel was obliged to stop—his shoes had fallen off his feet; and, passing barefooted through the furze and brakes that covered the hills, he soon broke down; and his companions, consulting their own safety, left him with the one faithful servant, who had assisted him and them to descend from the tower. The O'Tooles betrayed him; and he was again a prisoner, under stricter ward in his old place of confinement. A second time, however, he effected his escape, in company with other prisoners, Arthur and Henry O'Neil. They endeavoured to reach the Wicklow fastnesses of Glen Malur. "In the early period of their flight, they were separated from Henry O'Neil, and as night advanced, Arthur O'Neil, being a heavy and inactive man, was obliged to give over, and he laid down drowsily, and slept the sleep of death. Young O'Donnel got a little further, stationed himself under a projecting rock, in order to shelter himself from the snow hurricanes that swept the hills, and sent his servant to Glen Malur. Feagh Mc Hugh, on the arrival of the servant, sent his people, provided with all possible refreshments and clothes, for the relief of the fugitives. O'Neil was found dead—O'Donnel's young blood was still circulating, but his feet were dreadfully frostbitten. Every hospitality that the O'Byrne could show to him he did; and when he was able to ride, he forwarded him and his faithful servant, Turlough Buy O'Hogan, on good horses, towards the province of Ulster. On their arrival at the Liffey, they found its usual passes guarded, for the government were on the watch to prevent O'Donnel's escape to his own country. But the Liffey is in so many places fordable, that he found no difficulty in passing it, and getting through the plains of Meath. On coming to the Boyne, they were obliged to throw themselves on the patriotic fidelity of a poor fisherman, who not only faithfully ferried them over, but also, with no small courage and address, drove their horses before him as cattle he intended to sell in the north country, and so driving them to where their owners were lying in secret, he furnished them with the means of reaching the hills of Ulster; thus regaining, after five years' absence, their own principality. On Hugh's arrival, all the different septs of the country, the O'Donnel, the O'Dogherty, and the Mc Swiney, elected him as The O'Donnel, in the room of his father, who was now much advanced in years, and willing to resign his government to a bolder and steadier hand."

chapel is a fine gothic edifice, richly decorated both within and without*. The walls by which it was formerly surrounded, and the fortifications for its defence, have nearly all vanished. Neither is Dublin rich in remains of antiquity; one of the few that appertain to its ancient history the artist has copied for us, a picturesque gateway, but not of a very remote date, called Marsh's gate; it stands in Kevin Street, near the cathedral of St. Patrick, and is the entrance to a large court, now occupied by the horse police; at one end of which is the Barrack, formerly we believe the Deanery, and Marsh's library.

But if few of the public structures of Dublin possess "the beauty of age," many of its churches may be classed with the "ancient of days." Chief among them all is the Cathedral of St. Patrick; interesting not alone from its antiquity, but from its association with the several leading events, and remarkable people, by which and by whom Ireland has been made "famous." It is situated in a very old part of Dublin, in the midst of low streets and alleys, the houses being close to the small open yard by which the venerable structure is encompassed. Its condition, too, is very wretched; and although various suggestions have been made, from time to time, for its repair and renovation, it continues in a state by no means creditable either to the church or the city. It was built A.D. 1190, by John Comyn, arch-

* The following description of the ancient character of "the Castle" is gathered from Dr. Walsh. "The entrance from the city on the north side was by a drawbridge, placed between two strong round towers from Castle Street, the westward of which subsisted till the year 1766. A porteullis, armed with iron, between these towers, served as a second defence, in case the bridge should be surprised by an enemy. A high curtain extended from the western tower to Cork Tower, so called after the great Earl of Cork, who, in 1624, expended a considerable sum in rebuilding it. The wall was then continued of equal height until it joined Birmingham Tower, which was afterwards used as a prison for state criminals; it was taken down in 1775, and the present building erected on the site, for preserving part of the ancient records of the kingdom. From this another high curtain extended to the Wardrobe Tower, which served as a repository for the royal robe, the cap of maintenance, and the other furniture of state. From this tower the wall was carried to the north or Storehouse Tower (now demolished) near Dame's Gate, and from thence it was continued to the eastern gateway tower, at the entrance of the castle. This fortress was originally encompassed with a broad and deep moat, which has long since been filled up. There were two sally-ports in the wall, one towards Sheep (now Ship) Street, which was closed up in 1663, by the Duke of Ormond, after the discovery of Jephson and Blood's conspiracy."

bishop of Dublin, by whom it was dedicated to the patron saint of Ireland; but, it is said, the site on which it stands was formerly occupied by a church erected by the saint himself—A.D. 448*.

The sweeping censure of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, that "in point of good architecture it has little to notice or commend," is not to be questioned; ruins —and, in its present state, St. Patrick's approaches very near to be classed among them—of far greater beauty abound in Ireland†. It is to its associ-

* St. Patrick's was collegiate in its first institution, and erected into a cathedral about the year 1225, by Henry de Loundres, successor to Archbishop Comyn, "united with the cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Christ's Church, Dublin, into one spouse, saving unto the latter the prerogative of honour." The question of precedence between the sees of Dublin and Armagh was agitated for centuries with the greatest violence, and both pleaded authority in support of their pretensions; it was at length determined, in 1552, that each should be entitled to primatial dignity, and erect his crosier in the diocese of the other: that the archbishop of Dublin should be titled the "Primate of Ireland;" while the archbishop of Armagh should be styled, with more precision, "Primate of all Ireland"—a distinction which continues to the present day. Above two centuries before this arrangement, however, as the diocese of Dublin contained two cathedrals—St. Patrick's and Christ Church—an agreement was made between the chapters of both, that each church should be called Cathedral and Metropolitan, but that Christ Church should have precedence, as being the elder church, and that the archbishops should be buried alternately in the two cathedrals.

† The prevailing architectural character throughout the exterior is that of the early pointed style, with not a few incongruous additions, probably the improvements of later days. From the north-west angle of the building rises a square tower of "fair proportions," composed of blue limestone; erected under the care of Archbishop Minot, about the year 1370: this has been sparingly ornamented, but from the nature of the stone, and the accumulation of smoke or soot, these details are nearly illegible. A spire formed of granite, which has been not inaptly termed a huge extinguisher, was added in 1740. The height of the square steeple is one hundred and twenty feet, and that of the spire one hundred and one, making a total elevation of two

ations with the past that the cathedral is mainly indebted for its interest. The choral music of St. Patrick's is said to be "almost unrivalled for its combined powers of voice, organ, and scientific skill."

The cathedral of Christ Church was, it is said, originally erected in the year 1038, by Sitricus, the son of Amlave, king of the Oastmen of Dublin, and Donat or Dunan, the first Oastman bishop, who was buried in the choir, at the right-hand side of the communion table, 1074. Its architectural beauties are even less than those of its rival, although it contains some "good examples of Saxon ornaments." "The choir," writes Sir Richard Hoare, presents "a sad medley of Gothic and Italian architecture, combined in the most unnatural manner." Christ Church is, however, in a better condition than St. Patrick's—having recently undergone considerable repairs and improvements *. Its walls entomb

hundred and twenty-one feet. The interior is principally divided into a nave with side-aisles, a south transept comprising the chapter-house, a north transept lately rebuilt, and occupied as the parish church of St. Nicholas Without; a choir having lateral aisles, and a lady chapel to the eastward of the choir and chancel. The whole is in the pointed style, and in the simple and unadorned mode of design which marks the first regular structures of this species of architecture. The nave is separated from its aisles by unornamented arches sustained by octangular columns. The choir is on a more liberal scale, and is more highly finished than the nave. This division of the structure displays the original plan in every leading particular, except where cumbrous monuments or cathedral furniture engross the space between the pillars, or otherwise interfere with the general effect. The arches which divide the centre from the aisles are narrow and high pointed, having clustered columns, or rather piers, each component shaft of which finishes in a small and single capital, composed of foliage. There are two ranges of triforia, the arches of the lower tier being separated by a slender central column that assists in forming two smaller arches beneath the sweep of each pointed opening. The mouldings are in general plain, and the ornaments are chiefly confined to the capitals of the various columns. The roof was originally of stone, but was removed on account of its decayed state, and the present ceiling of stucco, said to be an exact counterpart, has been substituted. It is vaulted and groined by simple intersecting ribs or cross-springers; the windows are all of the triplicated lancet form. The archbishop's throne is of oak, as are the prebendal's stalls; and also those used by the Knights of St. Patrick, over each of which waves the banner of the installed, surmounted by the sword and helmet of the knight; and a fine organ is placed in the screen which divides the nave and choir. The chapter-house, or south transept, exhibits little variation from the character of the body of the cathedral, and the same mode of design is preserved in the lady chapel, to the east of the chancel.

* Some of the records connected with Christ Church are very curious. In this cathedral, "in 1487, Lambert Simnell, the impostor, was crowned by the title of Edward VI. The crown used on the occasion

the dust of Strongbow, the great Anglo-Norman conqueror of Ireland. He died in Dublin "about the Kalends of June," A.D. 1177, of mortification in the foot; and his remains were interred in this cathedral. A monument to his memory was erected, but not until two centuries after his death, by Sir Henry Sidney, Lord President. It consists of two figures of hewn stone; the one representing a knight in armour, the other a female, his consort Eva, lying by his side. Sir Richard Hoare, however, although he admits the probability that "the conqueror" was interred here, entertains "some doubt if the effigy has been rightly attributed to him;" grounded on the fact that the arms on the shield of the knight are not similar to those described as belonging to him "by Enderbie, and also an ancient manuscript by George Owen." That Sir Henry Sidney considered the monument to be veritable, is evidenced by the following inscription, engraved upon a slab let into the wall above it:—

THIS : AVNCYENT : MONVMENT : OF : RYCHARD : STRANGBOWE : CALLED : COMES : STRANGVLENSIS : LORD : OF : CHEPSTO : AND : OGNY : THE : FYRST : AND : PRINCIPALL : INVADER : OF : IRLAND : 1169 : QVI : OBIIT : 1177 : THE : MONVMENT : WAS : BROKEN : BY : THE : FALL : OF : THE : ROFF : AND : BODYE : OF : CRYSTES : CHVRCHE : IN : AN : 1562 : AND : SET : UP : AGAYN : AT : THE : CHARGYS : OF : THE : RIGHT : HONORABLE : SR : HENIRI : SIDNEY : KNYGHT : OF : THE : NOBLE : ORDER : L : PRESIDENT : WAILES : L : DEPVTY : OF : IRLAND : 1570*.

Of the other churches of Dublin, the only one that demands particular

was borrowed from a statue of the Virgin, which stood in the church of St. Mary-les-Dames, and shortly after he received the homage of the citizens in the Castle. In 1508, Robert Castele, alias Payneswick, a canon regular of the priory of Lanthony, was installed on the 4th of July; and the same year the staff of St. Patrick, which was brought hither from Armagh, as a relic of great estimation, was publicly burned. In 1559, a parliament was held in a room in this cathedral, called the Commons'-house."

* The following is Cambrensis' portrait of the renowned knight:—"The earl was somewhat ruddie and of sanguine complexion and freckle faced, his eies grei, his face feminine, his voice small, and his necke little, but somewhat of a high stature. He was very liberall, courteous, and gentle; what he could not compasse and bring to passe in déed, he would win by good words and gentle spéeches. In time of peace, he was more readie to yéeld and obeie than to rule and beare swaie. Out of the campe he was more like to a souldior companion than a capteine or ruler; but in the campe and in the warres he caried with him the state and countenance of a valiant capteine. Of himselfe he would not adventure anie thing, but being advised and set on he refused no attempts; for of himselfe, he would not rashly adventure or presumptiouslie take anie thing in hand. In the fight and battle he was a most assured token and signe to the whole companie, either to stand valiantlie to the fight or for policie to retire. In all chances of warre, he was still one and the same maner of man, being neither dismaid with adversitie nor puffed up with prosperitie."

notice is that of St. Michan; if we except the Church of St. Anne, which entombs the body of Felicia Hemans; and where, in memory of whom, there should be some public record worthy of her pure mind and lofty genius.—St. Michan's Church has no claim to attention for any architectural beauty; it is like most other old churches in Ireland, merely a plain cruciform building of dark coloured stone, its only ornament being a large square tower containing the belfry, through which is the principal entrance. But it is remarkable for its vaults, which possess an extraordinary property of preserving the bodies deposited there from decay; and, what is nearly as singular, they are not infested by rats—a fact to which the state of the bodies, in the absence of other evidence, would sufficiently testify. The bodies in the state of best preservation are in a small vault under the right angle of the transept, one of which is said to be the body of St. Michan, laid there two hundred years ago. It is that of a man of short stature, and is still quite perfect. The nails continue on the hands and feet, and the entire of the flesh and skin remains on the bones. From the process of drying, the flesh is considerably shrunken on the limbs and the abdomen, and the parts below the chest are sunken; so that in shape the body resembles that of a person very much wasted away by sickness. The flesh is tough to the touch, but not so hard as that of a mummy; nor is the skin black, like a mummy's, but brown and leathery, much resembling the cover of an old book in the species of binding called law calf. The covering and ornaments (if there ever were any) of the coffin in which it lies have long since mouldered away; and the whole has certainly the appearance of being very old. In one corner of this vault there are about twenty dead bodies and parts of bodies, bones, and covers and sides of coffins, in a confused heap. There are also several entire coffins, some new and perfect, a few old and broken. But notwithstanding the mass of corpses in this little chamber, which is not more than about twelve feet square and very low, there is not the least offensive odour; and from the great dryness of the soil, not even the disagreeable smell usual in underground vaults. The principal vaults are in a long corridor under the centre of the church, off which there are thirteen chambers; most of these are the burying-places of particular families. In one of these were deposited the remains of the two unfortunate brothers Sheares, who were executed for rebellion in 1798. They were, until the last few years, in a state of perfect preservation; but for some reason or other have been removed to a vault nearer the entrance of the passage, which is not as dry as the rest, and indeed seems the only damp vault among them. They have since rapidly decomposed, and are now almost mere skeletons. They lie in two uncovered

coffins by the side of each other, their skulls still remaining on their chests, where their severed heads were placed after their execution.

From the public buildings of Dublin, we pass to the people; and in treating this branch of our subject, we, necessarily, introduce some observations on the state of society in the Capital, which, here as elsewhere, may be presumed to give its tone to that of the Provinces. Throughout Ireland, unhappily, persons in the same grades of life, deriving equal advantages from education, station, and "fitness" in all respects, are divided, too generally, by a bar—Religion—more insurmountable than that which in other countries separates the patrician from the plebeian. The laws of "the Pale"—"Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate"—were not more rigidly exclusive, in ancient times, against "the mere Irish," than are, in some districts, the habits and customs—and prejudices—which keep apart the Protestant and the Roman Catholic—an evil for which a growing intelligence, a more universal spread of knowledge, and a more even-handed dispensation of justice, do not appear to be providing a sufficient remedy *.

It is not in Ireland as it is in England, where in private life the religious creed of a person seldom, and the political opinions still more rarely, form subjects of inquiry; where men meet in "keen encounter" daily, in public, but exclude all consideration of them from the social circle; and where, often, parties most hostile upon debateable ground are cordial even to friendship when meeting upon ground they consider neutral. In Ireland, most unhappily,—as if by instinct, as if by mutual and *natural* consent—the two classes do not mingle: here and there, indeed, may be met a solitary person of the opposite faith in an assembly of those from whom he differs; but he is obviously ill at ease, and suspicion, the bane of pleasant and profitable intercourse, seems to influence his associates for the time as well as the single guest. This canker at the core of society in Ireland is the origin of incalculable mischief; and its continuance is greatly to be deplored, when so many sources of prejudice are rapidly disappearing, and the educated of all persuasions are everywhere so completely on a par.

The difference between the higher classes in Ireland and those of England is, of course, very slight, in all the essentials that are understood to constitute "good society." Of late years, indeed, the intercourse between the two countries, so frequent and so continued, has nearly removed a distinctive

* The principle of separation is carried to such absurd lengths, that from many of the towns of Ireland—Cork and Wexford, for examples—two coaches start for the metropolis. The spirit of rivalry does not consist in being better horsed, more comfortably furnished, or stopping at the best inns; but the one is known and recognised as the Protestant, and the other as the Catholic coach; and the traveller may be very certain that passengers by either are all of an exclusive character.

character from either. The peculiarities of the old Irish gentry are all but extinct; the originals of the past century bear but a very remote resemblance to their successors—the follies and vices—the drinking, duelling, and "rollicking," in former times considered so essentially "Irish," belong exclusively to the memories of the present race. Such anecdotes as that told, upon good authority, of the father of Lord—afterwards Lord Norbury—who provided for his son by giving him at his outset in the world "a hundred guineas and a pair of dueling-pistols," no more illustrate the Ireland of to-day than the Statute-book does the justice of England. The habits once fashionable are no longer tolerated: and the boasts and glories of a past age are scorned and execrated in this. It was, indeed, always acknowledged that although the "Irish gentleman" was, often, an object of suspicion, the "gentleman from Ireland" was ever an example of courtesy, good breeding, honour, and intelligence.

In higher society, therefore, little of distinctive character will be perceived, except in that ease and cheerfulness of manner which make a stranger feel instantly "at home," and the peculiar *tone* of the Irish voice. We do not mean that the better educated have what is understood by "the brogue;" but there is an intonation that belongs to Ireland which is never lost, and cannot be disguised.

The society of the middle class, or rather of the grade above it—the members of the learned professions and persons on a par with them—is unquestionably agreeable and invigorating in the provinces, and equally so, but more instructive and refined, in the capital and the larger towns. It is everywhere frank and cordial, tempered by playful good-humour and a keen relish for conversation; and is always distinguished by the cheerfulness that borders upon mirth, and the harmony produced by a universal aptness for enjoyment.

The women of Ireland—from the highest to the lowest—represent the national character better than the other sex. In the men, very often, energy degenerates into fierceness, generosity into reckless extravagance, social habits into dissipation, courage into profitless daring, confiding faith into slavish dependence, honour into captiousness, and religion into bigotry; for in no country of the world is the path so narrow that marks the boundary between virtue and vice. But the Irish women have—taken in the mass—the lights without the shadows, the good without the bad—to use a familiar expression, "the wheat without the chaff." Most faithful; most devoted; most pure; the best mothers; the best children; the best wives;—possessing, pre-eminently, the beauty and holiness of virtue, in the limited or the extensive meaning of the phrase. They have been rightly described as "holding an

intermediate space between the French and the English;" mingling the vivacity of the one with the stability of the other; with hearts more *naturally* toned than either: never sacrificing delicacy, but entirely free from embarrassing reserve; their gaiety never inclining to levity, their frankness never approaching to freedom; with reputations not the less securely protected because of the absence of suspicion, and that the natural guardians of honour though present are unseen. Their information is without assumption; their cultivation without parade; their influence is never ostentatiously exhibited; in no position of life do they assume an ungraceful or unbecoming independence; the character is, indeed, essentially and emphatically, feminine; the Irish woman is "a *very* woman" with high intellect and sound heart.

In writing of Irish women, we refer to no particular class or grade; from the most elevated to the most humble, they possess innate purity of thought, word, and deed; and are certainly unsurpassed, if they are equalled, for the qualities of heart, mind, and temper, which make the best companions, the safest counsellors, the truest friends, and afford the surest securities for sweet and upright discharge of duties in all the relations of life *.

In Ireland, as yet, the aristocracy of wealth has made little way; and to be of "good family" is a surer introduction to society, than to be of large fortune. The prejudice in favour of "birth" is, indeed, almost universal, and pervades all ranks. Consequently, classes are to the last degree exclusive; and their divisions are as distinctly marked and recognised as are those determined by the etiquette of a court. Hence arises that perpetual straining after a higher station, to which many worthy families have been sacrificed: persons in business rarely persevere until they have amassed fortunes, but retire as early as possible after they have acquired competence; and the subdivisions which their properties necessarily undergo, when junior branches are to be provided for, creates a numerous class—almost peculiar to Ireland—of young men possessing the means of barely living without labour, disdaining the notion of "turning to trade,"—unable to acquire professions, and ill suited to adorn them if obtained; content to drag on existence in a state of miserable and degrading dependence, doing nothing—literally "too proud to work, but not ashamed to beg." This feeling operates upon the various grades of society; and the number of "idlers" in the busy world is fearfully large; from "the walking gentleman" of the upper ranks, to the "half-sir" of the middle, and "the Jackeen" of the class a little above the lower; the walking gentleman being

* It will be scarcely necessary to inform the reader that these remarks proceed from but one of the authors of this work; that they give the opinions, not of an Irishwoman, but of an Englishman.

always elegantly attired, of course always unemployed, with ample leisure for the studies which originate depravity; the "half-sir" being, generally, a younger brother, with little or no income of his own, and so educated as to be deprived, utterly, of the energy and self-dependence which create usefulness; —the "Masther Tom," who broke the dogs, shot the crows, first backed the vicious horse, and, followed by a half-pointer, half-lurcher, poached, secretly, upon his elder brother's land, but more openly upon the lands of his neighbours; the Jackeen being a production found everywhere, but most abundantly in large towns. Happily, however, the class is not upon the increase. The "Jackeen" might have been seen—regularly a few years ago, and now occasionally—at early morning lounging against the college rails, with the half-intoxicated, half-insolent air that betokens a night passed in debauch; his stockings, that had once been white, falling from under the drab-green, ill-fitting trousers over the shoes; his coat usually of green; his waistcoat of some worn and faded finery; and the segment of collar that peeped above the stock, fashionable in cut, but not in quality, was crushed and degraded from its original propriety; his hat, always a little on one side, had a knowing "bend" over the right eye; one of his arms was passed, with that peculiar affectation of carelessness which evinces care, through the rails, and brought round, so as to enable the hand to shift the coarse and bad cigar that rested on his lip—there was a torn glove upon the other; and his dull blood-shot eyes winked impudently upon every girl that passed *.

* One example of the "Jackeen" we encountered, a few years ago, in a police-officer; we record the anecdote not only because it pictures the class, but because it illustrates the self-sacrificing generosity of the Irish woman. An itinerant apple-dealer was applying to the magistrate for "justice against a Jackeen," who had given her some cause of complaint. "If yer honor plazes to hear me," she said, curtseying respectfully; "if yer honor 's so good as to hear me, and let me tell mee story—just from the beginning to the end—and not mind that Jackeen that murdered me, yer reverence will understand the rights of it from a poor heart-broken widdy woman with nine soft childre as good as my own, for two of them's my sister's—God be good to her in her grave." Having opened her case, addressed a few words of 'mother's language' to the baby in her arms, and warned two imps at her feet 'to mind their manners, or his worship would put them in the law,' she hitched up her cloak on one shoulder, tucked a few of her straggling locks under a wide-bordered mob-cap, and rubbing the back of her hand once or twice across her lips, again curtseyed, and again began—"My name, plaze yer honor, is what I go by, Mary Brady—I mean, that's not what I go by, though it's my name—there's some calls me Poll, and more 'College Poll,' because I do be about the University be-times; and twice seven years I've been in the beautiful city, and never was forenint yer honor, or any of yer sort (glory be to God for all his marcies!) but twice—counting this one as nothing—and the other time, sure it was on account of the flaking poor Dan gave me, and the murder of his own lawful babby, which he marked for life through the whiskey. Hould up yer face, little Danny my man, and let his reverence see 'daddy's mark' on ye, my child!—God help ye, he spiled yer beauty anyhow. Well sure, we little know what's good for us," she added, wiping a genuine tear from her worn eye; "as long as my back was sore with the *flaking*, I was mad enough with him; but now—wouldn't I say 'Flake away, my jewil, and welcome,' so I had you once out of the could dirty grave—and love heals all blows. It's little

There is one topic that may be treated in connexion with this subject, upon which we feel bound to offer some comments—the condition of domestic servants in Ireland. Generally speaking, it is very bad, and calls loudly and earnestly for alteration and improvement. They are insufficiently remu-

ye thought, Dan darling, yer lawful wife would have to be chated and insulted by nothing but a bit of a Jackeen!"

"Not *cheated*, if ye come to that, Poll," was the faded-looking young man's comment, "not cheated —and if yer worship will listen to me——"

"Listen to you!" repeated Poll. "His honor listen to you! bedad, it's sould I'd be altogether if you war to begin on yer justification. My lord, the tongue ov him would coax King William off his stand, if he could hear it—that it would! Indeed! his honor is too much of a gintleman to listen to a word out of yer curly head; sure it's justice he's there for, and ain't I a poor widdy of a plaintiff with no one to spake for me?"

In vain the magistrate endeavoured to bring her to the point—an attempt on such occasions seldom successfully made. At last she seemed inclined to proceed a little faster. "Yer honor 's in a hurry, and I'd be sorry to inconvaniance ye; but there's many of the college-boys, born gintlemen, would be here to-day, to stand up for me, 'But,' says I, 'no,' I says, 'I can trust to his noble justice,' I says, 'bould as a lion, and bright as a star, that won't let the fatherless and the widdy be put upon by a Dublin Jackeen.'"

"Well, but what has he done to you?"

"Is it done to me?—Oh then, by Saint Patrick, everything he could; in one day, last Friday, God bless it! he had five oranges and three apples ov me, and promised to pay me the next day. Well, the next day I met him, and axed him for my money. 'The oranges war sour,' he says (that was only one of his lies, saving yer presence); 'but I'll pay you like a man,' he says, and offers me a glass on it—it was such a could morning. Well, I laid down my basket, and left Jimmy and Johnny, these two innocent childre, to watch it, because, though sometimes obligated to go into such a place meeself just for a drop to keep the wakeness off my heart, I'd scorn to bring up mee childre in low company. Well, I goes in, in all innocence, and he takes a glass and I a taste, and while I was turning the babby in my arms, to give it a drain to keep the could out, he whips off like a flash o' lightning, and laves me, God help me! to pay for it. Well, you know, that wasn't all, but he makes off with my pipe and tabbaccy, as good as what cost me a *bender*, barring one smoke, out of the basket from the little boys, and a new handkecher."

"Oh, Poll!" exclaimed the defendant, "the handkerchief was my own—my name 's on it—oh, honor and decency, Poll!"

"That's no proof, yer lordship; his name's on many a thing he has no call to."

"Have you done now, my good woman?" sighed the exhausted magistrate.

"Plaze yer honor, noble gintleman, I am as good as done, anyhow."

"And now what have you to say for yourself?" he inquired of the threadbare defendant, who managed to get as far away as possible from his fair accuser, and had occupied himself with running his finger round his stock in search of a collar, and then running the whole five into what Mary had aptly termed 'his curly head.'

"Sure it isn't misdoubting my word yer lordship would be?" inquired the 'widdy,' bridling and jolting the peevish infant a little higher on her arm; "sorra a word but the bare truth I've tould ye, and where's the good o' wasting time with him?"

"What! you want to have it all to yourself, I suppose?" said the patient dispenser of the law, and repeating his question to the man, added an inquiry as to 'what he was.' It was then that 'College Poll' burst forth with a torrent which stunned the magistrate and the court; holding forth her arm at its full stretch, she swept the cloak that had fallen from her shoulder to her side with the other hand, thus leaving her right arm free for the illustration of her eloquence—

"Plaze yer worship," she commenced, with a satiric smile, "I'd be sorry to see a modest young man like himself wid a blush on his cheek; and so *I'll* tell ye what he is. He had for his mother a half-lady, who'd spend her husband's week's wages on a feather for her bonnet, coax the holes in her stockings under her heel, and pull down the bill in her *windy* with 'lodgings to let,' whenever a visitor turned the corner; he had a father, whose blood was so thick you could cut it with a blunt knife, and who hung like a cobweb at a

[illegible] their wants; they are seldom properly [illegible] instructed in habits of order, neatness, [illegible] and an evil custom largely prevails, by which the [illegible] is forced into dishonesty. We allude to the [illegible] "breakfast money;" that is to say, an [illegible] a week to supply themselves with [illegible]. The almost inevitable consequence is, that [illegible] to save a considerable portion, or [illegible] with a view to devoting the quarter's wages, [illegible] their more miserable families "at home"—a [illegible] to be characterised as universal among [illegible] subjected to severe privations in the midst [illegible] taking that which, by this rule, is [illegible]*

[illegible] to his relations until they dropped [illegible] advertised for the nearest relation to Ned [illegible] his advantage by applying at 7, Liffey- [illegible] came, and, dying as he was, he had [illegible] another sixpence, and *denied their* [illegible]. The windy was pushed up, and finding [illegible] whiskey he had down his throat and died."

[illegible] into a smirk expressive of derision during [illegible] was concluded. Nature moved within [illegible] every human being.

[illegible] a moment for breath; "wasn't I helping to mind [illegible]—why there he was a half-air at first he was—some [illegible] after the locks of any one who [illegible] was too fine for a trade, and two year [illegible] everything but the Lord's grace, he's fed [illegible]—hired by poor, hard-working, industrious, [illegible], break a window or a lamp, or rob one who [illegible] half-a-crown out of mee own mouth to give it to [illegible]. I had it of the measles, when his mother died, but [illegible] ever serving me such a thrick at the end!"

[illegible] circumstances?"

[illegible] bits of rags to send him decent to the Ro[illegible] and pledged my basket for a [illegible] them from him and left him [illegible] his sort, but not half [illegible] the fellow, wh[illegible] y, and laving [illegible]

[illegible] rate, who[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Fox I wish, but I'll [illegible] I gave him [illegible] will seldom con[illegible] to privation

It is the servant's *duty* to be honest, faithful, sober, civil, and industrious; to remember that he is paid not only for his labour, but his time; that both are his employer's property: this is his *duty*. His *interests* demand that he should be watchful to ascertain his employer's habits, *small* wishes, and peculiarities, and to minister to them zealously and kindly; this will win him, perhaps, his master's regard; but, at the least, it will increase his value, and he will be happier for it in the end; for a bland and yielding temper is ever wiser than one that is stern and stubborn. But the duty is not, as some ladies and gentlemen seem to imagine, entirely on the side of the servant to the employer. In our social state, all duties are more or less reciprocal; and often, when we have heard unthinking people complain of the insolence, stupidity, and stubbornness with which their servants perform their duties, we have been tempted to inquire how *they* have performed *theirs*. It is not the mere duty enforced by law that is to be taken into consideration; the *law* compels the servant to be honest, or he will be punished; the law obliges the master to pay the servant his wages; but the duties to be exercised where the law has no power, chiefly contribute to mutual comfort. Does the employer bear in mind that he is guilty of *injustice*, if he expect the perfection in a servant which he well knows he does not himself possess? Does the servant call himself honest, because he does not take money, though he wastes and destroys? In England, servants are well paid, well fed, well housed; the evils they suffer are minute, indeed, in comparison to those endured by the Irish servant. The maid of-all-work, in a middle-class English family, has a fagging life of it, but gets through, if orderly, as much work as two Irish servants will, in the same capacity, and with half the actual labour: but let it be remembered, that she receives more than double the wages of a person in the same position in Ireland, and is much better fed, and far better treated. Respectable tradespeople in England, and the small class of farmers, continually send their children to service; consequently,

an insurmountable objection to take into account the "aiting and the drinking." Among the upper orders the table is made literally to groan under the weight of food, sufficient in all cases for double or treble the number of guests. We remember an Irish lady, housekeeping for a first time in London, ordering fish, and considering herself insulted when the fishmonger demanded to know how many were to partake of it, in order that he might ascertain what quantity to send. And the habit among the humbler ranks was aptly illustrated to us some time ago. "You may think your wages too low," said a prudent friend of ours to a sort of half-footman, half-gardener, he employed; "but you cost me five-and-twenty pounds a year." "Ah then, masther dear," replied the man; "how do ye make out that? Five-and-twenty! bedad it's meeself would like to feel the weight of mee five-and-twinty, instead of the bare nine pounds split into four quarters. I'll be glad to know how your honour worked the *bare* nine into the five-and-twinty." "Your wages nine, your board and lodging—" "Och, yalla malla!" (an expression of scorn), "if yer honour's going to count the aiting and the drinking agin me! Sure I never thought you'd be so mane as to do the likes o' that!"

respectable servants may be always obtained by those who give good wages; and of all false economies, paying a servant badly is the most false. England may be considered as one huge hive, where every bee must gather its own honey. In Ireland, a foolish pride, and, I must add, careless treatment from their employers, prevent even the more respectable artisans and peasants from sending their children to service *.

The greater number of Irish servants employed by the middle classes are taken from the very lowest and *poorest* in the country. We repeat, they are not properly fed, they are not properly lodged at night, and their wages are not in proportion to their labour—we mean even at the Irish rate of remuneration. Our hearts have ached for these poor, ignorant, but warm-hearted and affectionate creatures. We have seen the mistress of a house — perhaps an opulent tradesman's wife—such a woman as in London would give her maid of-all-work ten or twelve pounds a-year, her tea, and either a pint of beer *daily*, or beer-money, and her nurse-maid eight pounds, with the same allowance—employing a bright-faced but half-clad girl, who had to do everything, as best she could, for *four pounds a-year*—wash, iron, cook, clean, scour, scrub, and wait upon company; and yet her mistress descanted long and loudly on the impossibility of obtaining — "good servants!" Now, in England, the middle class (the class that stamps the character of a country) prepares,

* "Why do you not send Margaret to Mrs. Mullins?" we said to a small farmer's wife, one day. She had been complaining very bitterly of the badness of the times; and we knew that Mrs. Mullins wished to have her daughter Margaret as a sort of 'help-to-do-everything' in her house—a species of servitude not understood in England, because each servant's work is *defined*; a plan that prevents confusion. Mrs. Mullins was the wife of a man possessed of two or three hundred acres of land, and who was sufficiently rich to keep his jaunting-car, drink wine on Sundays, and whiskey-punch all the week. "Send her to Mrs. Mullins or any of the *half-gentry*, ma'am?" she answered. "Oh, no!"—"Because you're an O'Brien, I suppose?" we said, smiling. "No ma'am. In my father's and grandfather's time that would be a raison, I own; but people are more knowledgeable now. But stay till I tell you—she'd have three, or maybe four pounds a-year; she'd have her breakfast about nine o'clock; *the food is locked up*; so that if she was fainting, she couldn't get a bit of bread betwixt that and dinner; and dinner in the houses of the *half-gentry for the servants* is never till the parlour dinner is over, maybe five o'clock; *there is no meals but the one* given by the family. And what's the upshot of it?—the wages they get is too small to clothe them; they deny themselves food that they may get the dress, by keeping their breakfast-money for it; or else, what is worse, *they learn to steal*. Food is a great temptation when a poor girl is faint, and *sees it*. Two meals a-day is too little to work on."—"Indeed," we replied, "that is quite true; and the habit of locking up common food is cruelly unwise. There should be no waste, nor should there be any want. But why do you not try to get Margaret into what you call 'the great houses?'" "The wages," she replied, "the treatment, and all, is better there, but they won't take young servants; they get them commonly from Dublin or London—strangers that don't understand our ways. Grand houses are, I suppose, pretty much the same in England and Ireland—the lady only sees the upper servants; for all that I'd be glad to get my little girl into a house where she could learn something, and earn something; but, sure, as for three or four pounds a-year, she can earn that at home, and more, in the fields, at the wheel, the needles, or the straw-plait, and Mrs. Mullins's food isn't *(for the servants)* much better than our own." This we knew to be the fact. The daughter of a decent tradesman or farmer does not 'better herself' by going to service, unless she gets into a *gentleman's family*.

as it were, the servant for a higher step. The poor Irish lass has no hope of a higher step, because she has learned nothing where she has been. She is constantly obliged to make one thing do duty in half-a-dozen ways, where there is a total want of "system;" and has no idea that, unless the furnishing, cleanliness, comfort, and arrangement of a kitchen are attended to, there can be nothing well ordered throughout the house. Little or nothing is done to raise the poor servant in the scale of moral or intellectual being; no effort being made to improve her habits or her tastes, so that she looks upon the brushing and cleaning up-stairs, in some degree as a work of supererogation. She does not *see* the necessity for it—she does not reason as an English servant does—"I cannot sit down to my supper till I have cleaned my kitchen." And why? Because there have been no pains taken to improve *her knowledge of the decencies of life.* We write of the habits of the middle class, and a step below them; and we say, that until they treat their servants better, and pay them better, they cannot have decent servants. Our domestic comfort, here and everywhere, depends on our servants; and surely it is worth while to consider how we can best obtain that comfort. If the money expended by careless habits in Ireland were saved by prudence, the gentleman farmer, the town tradesman, the person of limited income, would be able to pay servants so as to induce well-brought-up respectable young men and women to go to service. A servant would consider herself well paid, and would be well paid, in Ireland, who received seven or eight pounds a-year. Let her have her breakfast, her dinner *at one* (a servant's health and habits of *order* are strengthened by the system of early dining), and a third meal of plain wholesome food. Do not degrade her by supposing she would steal food like an animal. Do not treat her as a thief, *or you will make her one.* Feed her entirely without reference to "breakfast-money." There is something inexpressibly humiliating in bread being *locked up* from fellow-creatures who are labouring for you. In service, as in matrimony, there can be no "separate maintenance" without evil arising. Let the servant have her money free of her maintenance; that is one step towards establishing a better order of things. Remunerate her for her labour *honestly.* Pay her enough to enable her to be always clean and decent in appearance.

We hope these comments will not be considered dull, and, still more earnestly, that they may not be taken as offensive. The subject is one of very vital importance; and in directing attention to it, we may be the means of doing essential good to both the employer and the domestic. Unless truths are conveyed in plain and direct terms, they have usually little weight. The unselfish attachment, ready industry, willingness to labour, and fidelity

of the Irish servants, are appreciated even where their careless, unformed and *uneducated* habits, militate against them; and it is unquestionable, that a more careful training, under a better order of things, would render them infinitely more valuable auxiliaries to a household, either in Ireland or in England*.

But this branch of our subject let us illustrate by an anecdote.

Mrs. L. was a lady, in London, who when she advertised for a housemaid added the very unamiable, but by no means unfrequent, "P.S. No Irish need apply." Notwithstanding, a very decent, pretty, and respectable-looking young Irish woman did present herself in the lady's drawing-room as an applicant for the situation.

"I told you," said Mrs. L. "that no Irish need apply."

"It was on the paper, I know, ma'am," answered the girl; "but I thought if I had a good character, and could do my work well, that no lady would refuse me bread because of my country." Mrs. L. was a young housekeeper, and she had worded her advertisement by the advice of friends; persons who cherish a prejudice as if it were a perfection, and, forgetting altogether how frequently they have had idle, dirty, careless, and dishonest English servants, pour out the vial of their wrath upon the Irish, from whom they withhold the power of exhibiting their advantages by contrast. Fortunately for Kitty Gallagher, however, Mrs. L. was considerate as well as just. She looked into the poor girl's open and honest countenance as she stood with the flush of humble indignation on her cheek, inquired carefully into her character, and examined her three or four written discharges, which of course "went for nothing," but subsequently called on two persons who had known her; and the result was her engagement.

Mrs. L. was the wife of a highly-respectable mercantile man; one of a class who, of all others, entertain great mistrust of the Irish people; their methodical and business-like habits preventing them from making allowance for the volatility and heedlessness of their mercurial neighbours. Mrs. L. had consequently to encounter the "astonishment" of her acquaintances, and the warnings of her husband.

With every desire to do right, and habits that were tolerably clean and very active, Kitty found she had so much to learn that she frequently cried herself to sleep; as she told us herself, "it was not the hard work that overcame her—she could do ten times as much and think nothing of it—but "the

* We have said elsewhere that benevolent institutions abound in Dublin; there is one, however, still wanting—one for the encouragement and reward of good servants. Such a society has been established in Belfast, and attended with most beneficial results. We shall have occasion to speak of this, and much more that is excellent, when we describe "the North."

particularity "—the necessity for spotless stairs and carpets, for stoves polished like mirrors, for a total absence of dust everywhere; for a manner, staid, silent, smileless, and of distant respect; for a noiseless step, and a voice never heard except in the most soft and brief reply; then the getting up fine things: —she could have washed, to make like snow, tablecloths, sheets and dresses, but the difficulties of small-plaiting and clear-starching, the very clock-like regularity of the house, "broke her heart"—there was a place for everything, and everything must be in its place. Then her fellow-servants would set her wrong instead of right, and sneer at her afterwards; they ridiculed her country, and wondered she could eat anything but potatoes, like all her people. Though loving to laugh, she did not relish being laughed at, and between her desire to do well in all things, and her national sensitiveness, poor Kitty had enough to encounter during the first twelve months of her servitude. On the other hand, Mrs. L. more than once fancied she had acted imprudently. Kitty was not only blamed by the other servants for what she did, but for what she did *not:* her eagerness to please frequently occasioned blunders and mistakes; her phraseology was perplexing; and her foot was not as light, nor her "manner" as fully formed, as that of a London servant. But then her habits were very inoffensive. She was ever cheerful—willing to assist in every one's work; no matter how late or how early her services were needed, she was always ready. By degrees, she blundered less, and absolutely dusted both corners and skirtings without "following." Then she was so humble when reproved, so happy when praised! At first, a sort of womanly spirit prevented Mrs. L. from confessing she was wrong in her judgment, and by degrees—slow, but sure degrees—Catherine established herself in her mistress's good opinion. We have observed a great number of the Irish in England, of all grades and classes. No instance has ever occurred within our knowledge where they failed in attaining their object, except by being drawn off from it to run after something else; when they really persevere, when they add to their native energy a singleness of purpose, *we never knew them fail.* Kitty, in her humble way, was evidence of this; she felt deeply grateful to her mistress for having made an exception in her favour; she had good sense enough to understand that she had bettered her condition, and to feel that in England girls "with two or three hundred a piece" were not ashamed to go to service. She resolved to master the difficulties with which she was surrounded, and to keep her place; gradually, her good humour and good nature became appreciated. Mrs. L.'s two little ones caught scarlet fever, and when the nurse declared she was afraid to remain with her charge, Kitty volunteered to take her place. "I am not afraid," she said; "and sure God can keep the sickness from me

by their bedside as well as by my own; and if I was to go, His will be done! but I am not afraid." Night and day this girl watched with their mother over the children; at her request, no stranger smoothed their pillows or aided her exertions; what she lacked in skill, she made up in actual tenderness, and her quickness and attention never wearied; in time, the children recovered, but they had become so attached to their Irish nurse, that they entreated their mama to let her remain with them, and the former nurse took Kitty's place. When Kitty was a girl, there were no National Schools, and at that time she was so ignorant of "book learning," that she did not know her letters; but she managed to learn them from the children, and concealed her deficiency so well, that Mrs. L. told us it was not until Catherine *could* read, that she confessed how entirely uninstructed she had been. During a period of five years she continued in her place, unspoiled by much kindness; and frequently did her mistress boast to her acquaintances of the treasure she possessed in an Irish nurse: it was quite true that Catherine's accent was anything but correct, still her mistress declared it to be "her only fault," and one for which her fidelity and good conduct amply atoned. Love now somewhat interfered with her duties; a master carpenter paid his addresses to the kind Hibernian; her mistress was too just to prevent her settling respectably, and as her intended husband had formed an engagement to go to New York the following spring, Kitty decided on remaining with her "darlings" until within a week of his departure, when she was to exchange the guttural of "Gallagher" for the more euphonious name of Miller. Hitherto, Mr. and Mrs. L. had enjoyed in life uninterrupted sunshine—everything prospered which the merchant undertook; but a few eventful months made a terrible change in their circumstances; loss followed loss with fearful rapidity, until at last their house was advertised to be sold, and Mrs. L., firm and patient in adversity as she had been cheerful and considerate in prosperity, placed Kitty's quarter's wages in her hand, and told her that, for the future, she must herself attend to her children: her voice faltered as she thanked the poor Irish girl for the care and tenderness she had bestowed upon them; and she added a wish that as the time had arrived when Kitty was to be married, she would inform her of her prospects, after she and her husband had been some time in New York, and rely upon Mr. L. to remember her faithfulness, if ever he had the power to serve them. We quote Mrs. L.'s own words. "Catherine," she said, "stood without replying until I had done speaking. I was more agitated at parting with her than with all my other servants: though they were all excellent in their way, yet she had evinced more affection towards me and mine in an hour, than the others had shown in a year."

"Is it to leave you, ma'am, you want me, and to leave the young master and miss? Ah, then, what have I done, to make you think I've no heart in my bosom? I'll be no burden to you, but I'll never leave you. Leave you in your trouble? Sure, it's neither peace nor rest I'd have by day or night, to think it's my two hands you'd be wanting, and they not in it. And as to Robert Miller, it will be better for him to be by himself for the first two or three years; and so I told *him this morning when we parted.* 'I'll never leave the mistress in her trouble, Robert,' I said; and if it's any bar, why I'll give you back your promise:' and he would not hear of that, but took on a good deal at first; only it's all over—time and distance are nothing to true hearts, and if he does forget me, why I'm doing my duty still. I'll never leave you in your trouble." "Her devotion, so simple, so perfectly unaffected," added Mrs. L., "drew more tears from my eyes than my own sorrows. I had nerved myself for them, but this overpowered me; the children became wild with joy when they found Kitty was to remain with them; and she certainly was the good spirit of comfort in our humble cottage. But this was not all; she had saved in my service about fifteen pounds, and every farthing of this money she spent in buying in, at the auction which finished the desolation of our once happy home, such small things as she believed me most attached to; these she had conveyed to our dwelling secretly, and then, with a delicacy which must be innate, she entreated me to forgive the liberty she had taken, and endeavoured to persuade us she had but returned to us our own. I often think that my husband's proud spirit would have been bowed even to breaking, but for the true nobility of Catherine's heart; toiling as she was in all capacities for our sakes, I never saw a shadow on her brow. She was an existing proof (amid much that led us to believe the contrary) of the disinterested generosity of human nature; she taught us the value of usefulness—she made us ashamed of our prejudices, and never did she once make us feel that she had sacrificed a pin's worth to our interests."

This is no romance—it is simple and unvarnished truth; both the mistress and the servant are intimately known to us; we have not added an iota to the story as the former told it to us. Kitty's generosity of character did not effervesce; during a period of three years she remained firm to her purpose, because Mrs. L. needed her services. At length a distant relative of Mr. L.'s died, and as next of kin Mr. L. inherited a very comfortable property; then, indeed, Mrs. L. found Kitty more than once weeping over the letters she could hardly read, but which, nevertheless, she knew by heart. It was not, however, until she had succeeded in training "a cousin of her own," whom her mistress not only consented, but was happy, to receive, that Kitty performed her promise, and rewarded her lover for his constancy.

How many other examples of devoted and disinterested attachment of Irish servants to their employers we might add to this, and yet record only cases entirely within our own knowledge!

May we not hope that the prejudice against them in England, so rapidly diminishing, will be, ere long, altogether gone; and that when their advantages—of faithfulness, industry, and willingness to labour, in all ways and on all occasions—have been considered and appreciated, they will acquire those, perhaps, equally essential, habits of neatness and order, into which they have hitherto not been properly disciplined, because kept far too much away from opportunities of improvement*?

There is a district of Dublin that possesses many remarkable and peculiar features; it is still called "the Liberties"—a spacious western tract in the most elevated and airy part of the city. It derives its name from certain privileges and immunities enjoyed by the inhabitants, having manor courts of their own, with seneschals to preside in them; but that of Thomas Court and Donore, is properly confined to the liberties, and is that from which it takes its name. This court is of very ancient foundation, being held under the charter of King John. It contains within its precincts forty streets and lanes, called the Earl of Meath's Liberties, and a population of about 40,000 souls. It has no criminal jurisdiction; but its authority in civil matters, and the amount of sums to be recovered, is unlimited. In all cases under forty shillings the seneschal decides alone; when the sum is greater, he is assisted by a jury. He has a court-house to sit in, and a prison to confine debtors.

The present state of this once flourishing region forms a strong contrast to its former; but it still retains many evidences of what it has been. In passing along its desolate streets, large houses of costly structure everywhere present themselves. Lofty façades adorned with architraves, and mouldings to windows, and door-cases of sculptured stone or marble; grand staircases with carved and gilded balustrades; panelled doors opening into spacious suits of corniced and stuccoed apartments—all attest the opulence of its former inhabitants. They are now the abode only of the most miserable. As they were deserted by the rich, they were filled by the poor; and as they decayed, they became the resort of the more abject, who could find no other shelter. So crowded were they at one time, that 108 persons were found in one house lying on the bare floor, and in one room seven out of twelve were labouring under typhus fever.

It sometimes happens that a sudden stagnation of employment among the

* We ought perhaps to mention that our theory is not without practice. One of our own servants—an Irishwoman—has been with us above fifteen years.

poor manufacturers still lingering there, causes a pressure of great temporary distress, and then they descend in masses to beg for relief in the lower and more prosperous parts of the city. They resemble an irruption of some strange and foreign horde. A certain wildness of aspect, with pallid faces and squalid persons, at these times, mark the poor artisans of the liberties, as a distinct and separate class from the other inhabitants of the metropolis.

It is singular that the tide of wealthy population in Dublin has taken a contrary direction from that of London. They have deserted the high, airy, and salubrious site at the west end, which is now desolate, and selected the flats and swamps of the east. Thus, by a strange perversion of taste, the elevated site and wholesome air are left to the poor, while the rich have emigrated into the unwholesome morass *.

* Many matters of melancholy interest are associated with "the Liberties" of Dublin. The records of Thomas-street, and the streets in its immediate vicinity, might fill a volume. It was in this street that the gallant and unhappy Lord Edward Fitzgerald was taken, on the 19th of May, 1798. Major Sirr (town-major of the city), having received information that he was concealed in the house of a man named Murphy, a feather-dealer, in Thomas-street, proceeded, with a sufficient force, to arrest him. He was accompanied by Mr. Ryan and Mr. Swan, both officers of Yeomanry. The two burst into the small bedroom in which Lord Edward was sleeping, partly dressed. He was armed with a dagger, with which he mortally wounded Mr. Ryan, having stabbed him in fourteen places, and severely injured Mr. Swan. Mr. Sirr entered while Mr. Ryan and Lord Edward were struggling on the floor, and fired a pistol at his lordship; the ball entered the shoulder, and a short time afterwards, on the 3rd of June, caused his death in the prison of Newgate. "The dagger," says Mr. Moore, "was given, by Lord Clare, a day or two after the arrest, to Mr. Brown, a gentleman well known and still living in Dublin, who has by some accident lost it. He describes it to me, however, as being about the length of a large case-knife, with a common buck-handle, the blade, which was two-edged, being of a waved shape." Of the room in which this tragic scene occurred, Mr. McManus made a drawing, in 1838. He informs us that no change has taken place in its furniture or character since 1798, except that it has received a coat of whitewash—one part of it, however, having been left untouched; this spot is of about a foot square, nearly three feet from the ground. It is covered with large drops of faded blood. The room is small and square, with two windows and a fire-place projecting into one of the angles,—common in old Irish houses. Even the political enemies of Lord Edward Fitzgerald have rendered justice to his memory; and few men had more, or warmer, friends. He was a brave enthusiast; who had unhappily imbibed republican principles by his connexion with France; but it is not too much to say that no "traitor" ever more honestly believed in the justice of a cause or more conscientiously considered that "rebellion" was duty to his country. With his sad fate, we trust, the evil genius of "the Geraldines" for ever disappeared. The history of the family, from their first foot-tread in Ireland to the melancholy year '98, might form a volume more full of wonders than a folio of romance.

During a recent visit to "the Liberties," an incident occurred to us that may, perhaps, interest the reader. "Did you never see a hand-loom at work?" said our friend and guide. "Come in here, then." We followed down a few damp steps—narrow and dirty, with hardly room for one at a time to descend, until we heard the *clank-clank* of the passing shuttle, which during our sojourn in the north we had learned to distinguish from every other sound. The room was light enough, and tolerably clean; for which, when we observed a Temperance medal hanging to the loom, we could readily account. There was no squalid poverty; nothing of that apparently wasting misery which glares from sunken eyes, and speaks without the aid of words from pallid lips. Clean poverty is disarmed of half its bitterness—and, as we have said, everything was tolerably clean. A gentle-looking little girl was seated by the fire, feeding a sickly infant; and a boy, barefooted, barelegged, and hardy, held his book in his hand, but stared, with all his eyes, at "the quality." The loom (it was an old-fashioned tabbinet loom) stood, of course, as near to the spattered window as possible; a bed was raised a few inches from the damp earthen floor by means of transverse boards, but destitute of anything like curtains to hide the four thin posts and iron rod which showed that curtains had either been, or were intended to have been there; there were two chairs, a stool, a wooden cradle, and sundry pieces of crockery-ware, on an old dresser—broken in general, but more abundant than usual in a "small" mechanic's chamber. The tea-pot looked black and shiny; and a woman's bonnet and shawl hung upon one of the posts of the poor bed; a bird, in what had once been a gay cage, rested against the window; it was standing in the bottom of its cage—we could not, therefore, tell what bird it was. "Well, Michael," said our friend, "how goes it? your little maid keeps your room nicely. Why, Mary, your tea-pot shines like jet." Mary replied with a smile and a curtsey; and the weaver laid by his shuttle, and answered that "glory be to God, he was better—better than ever he expected to be, and easier in himself." The next question was as to the education of his children: the boy, he said, went to school, but Mary could not be spared from the baby, it was so delicate: "I teach her myself, now and again, but she'd rather be bustling like her poor mother (God be good to her!) about the house than at the book. Mary hasn't the making of a scholar in her." "If she is as good a woman as her mother, she will do very well, Michael, for all that," observed our friend. "The Lord above bless you for that true saying! She will do very well, as I know, to my blessing and my loss; I haven't been able to feel so as to move them yet," he said, pointing to the bonnet and shawl; "they stay there just where she left them the morning she took her death. It's a

fine thing to have great faith, sir, for surely it's sorely tried. I know the removal was for her good; but when I look round on this lonesome room, it's very hard to think it for mine."

"You may feel this at first," we said; "but we hope you may be brought to feel, as well as to say, 'God's will be done.'"

"She was from the country," continued the poor man, whose heart was evidently full of the one subject, "and the day I married her she was just sixteen, and had never been near a town, or seen a soldier, only spent her days in the open fields, hay-making and milking, and tending her uncle's sheep. He was a man well to do; but she was the eldest of five orphins, that he brought up with his own sister's children, poor things! and he made no differ in them, only she loved me, poor girl, and I told her, with all the courage I had, that Dublin was a dark place for the poor. She laughed at that, and 'deed I've since thought she did not know what darkness was—*then;* anyhow, I had a better room to bring her to than this, though *this* is not bad; it's a palace to many. She was so light-hearted, she made every place lightsome; but I remember how seriously she asked me one day, if 'the sun ever shone in Dublin.' It is not to say that she never gave me an uneasy word; but she never gave me one that wasn't a blessing; even when I took a drop too much of a Monday she'd strive to make me at peace with myself, while she'd wind round to the moral of everything, so that I might not do it again. No one ever said she was a beauty, yet I never looked off my work into her face that I didn't think her an angel. Somehow she never throve here, though she lingered with me for eight years, poor girl! She'd smile and shake her head when they called this 'the Liberty.' She had some notion, when I told her I lived in the *Liberty* of the city of Dublin, that it was a fresh, country sort of place; she had more innocent turns in her head than her own child. Why, she'd burst out crying at a handful of daisies, and keep the bit of bread out of her own mouth to buy a halfpenny bunch of primroses. But I beg your honour's pardon," continued the poor weaver, "only when I think of her my heart seems so full that I'm thankful to any one that 'll listen to me."

We observed that the frame of his loom was stuck over in many places with ballads; indeed we have seldom entered a weaver's room without perceiving a similar display; and the songs so fixed are generally pretty sure indexes to the opinions of the owners. In Dublin such scraps were chiefly political; in the north they were more general, and a number of old Scottish songs were to be found in the most prominent situations.

"I used to take great delight in them once," said the man, seeing that we

noticed them; "but, somehow, I don't mind them now: the little girl puts up a new one now and again, but I don't care about them." "Father," exclaimed little Mary suddenly, "father, there's something ails the bird." In an instant the cage was opened, and the bird struggling, in a fit, on his hand. "It's not dying, father, is it?" she inquired in a voice of deep anxiety; "sure mother's bird ain't dying, father?" she repeated. The poor little fluttering thing (a grey linnet) gave one or two more struggles, its little beak opened, and then it lay, stiff and cold, upon its master's hand. "Don't cry, Mary; there; go mind the child; don't cry, darlint; sure we've lost a dearer bird than that—ay, and a singing-bird too: your little sister 's wanting ye, Mary." The man looked on the dead bird for a minute without speaking, and the tears that had gathered in his eyes rushed down his face: he turned away to hide his emotion, and then placed it softly in its cage, while the little girl sobbed aloud.

"It's nothing but a bird, a poor common bird, I know," he said; "and there are thousands like it sporting through the green woods; and it isn't that its little breath is gone I'd care for; but my poor woman, when she went home to see her people, about four months before the babby was born, brought back the bird with her, and the word she spoke was so strange! 'Michael,' she says, 'it will sing for you when you're at your work; and maybe when I'm not here to sing for you, it will.' And so it did, both night and day, poor little thing! but, like herself, it will sing no more—no more." He covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly.

In the Liberties, almost entirely reside the artisans who have made the Irish tabbinet famous throughout the world, for its supremacy has survived all attempts at rivalry; and the beautiful fabric is everywhere esteemed and admired. The manufacture, which is exclusively confined to Dublin, was introduced into Ireland by certain French refugees who settled there after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There are, as nearly as we could ascertain, between six hundred and seven hundred persons employed in its production; but the estimate includes weavers, warpers, winders, and dyers. They are principally heads of families, and earn from ten shillings to twenty-five shillings a week (the higher wages being obtained by the weavers employed in producing brocaded or figured poplins, and who are, necessarily, the most skilful and ingenious workmen). There are not more than two hundred looms at work in the city and neighbourhood of Dublin: and, as we have intimated, there is not one in any other part of Ireland*. The

* The Jacquard machine, introduced a few years ago by some of the leading manufacturers, is now in general use, and gives great facility in producing a variety of patterns in poplins, or any other description of figured fabric. We had an opportunity of seeing one at work, in the establishment of Messrs. Atkinson and

average produce of each loom is four yards per day (of the plain tabbinet); but each loom employs three persons. The trade, and the profits derived from it, are consequently limited; yet it is, strictly speaking, the only national manufacture *, if we except that of linen.

The other manufactures that flourish in Dublin, unhappily, require but a very brief notice. In woollen cloths, the produce is of great excellence †;

Co., College Green, from whom we derived some interesting information on the subject. They employ, constantly, from a hundred and seventy to two hundred persons, and pay in wages about one hundred pounds weekly. Their trade is principally with England and Scotland; but they have occasional orders from Trieste, Florence, Ostend, Gibraltar, the East and West Indies, and America; there is a prohibitory duty on poplins in France, which prevents their exportation to that country; and the beautiful structure has been patronised by her Majesty (to whom Messrs. Atkinson are the appointed manufacturers) and the English and Irish courts. Their produce, they state, has increased considerably of late years, which they attribute to great and manifest improvements they have effected in their looms, by which they have been enabled to introduce the present mode of brocading poplins in coloured flowers and bouquets, after the French style, instead of, as formerly, having the colours that formed the flower passing from one selvage to another, thereby injuring the ground. Since the introduction of these beneficial changes, they are able to work a description of tabbinet that vies in delicacy and harmony with the richest French silks; and their brocades in gold, silver, and coloured flowers are of exceeding beauty—even considered as works of art. Messrs. Atkinson have also succeeded in the manufacture of tabarets, of which they produce large quantities of a quality unsurpassed in Great Britain.

* It is not easy to procure the "genuine" Irish tabbinet in London; we are given to understand that about four-fifths of the article sold as Irish was never, either as raw or wrought material, in Ireland. As this evil is very prejudicial to a manufacture which ought to be encouraged and deserves encouragement, we may be allowed to direct the attention of the searcher after this graceful, beautiful, and durable article of dress, to Miss Elliott's Irish Tabbinet Warehouse, 43, Pall Mall, where the purchaser may be assured of obtaining it without the danger of an inferior commodity being substituted for the "veritable Irish."

† The woollen manufacture of Ireland was famous six centuries ago, and was an article of export to England in the fourteenth century; the commodity gradually improved, and the trade proportionably increased. Immediately after the cessation of hostilities in the year 1688, the woollen manufacture was established to a considerable extent in "the Liberties." The security of property which occurred after the capitulation of Limerick, induced people to avail themselves of its local advantages, the cheapness of labour, and the abundance of the necessaries of life. The Earls of Meath, to whom the district belonged, as proprietors, were famous for a breed of sheep which in the reign of Charles I. was held in the highest estimation. A number of English manufacturers, therefore, emigrated hither with their properties and families, and settled in the district. They built the Combe, Pimlico, Spitalfields, and other streets named from correspondent places in London, and a square called Weavers', from the new craft introduced. In a short time it became the residence of all that was opulent and respectable in the city. A patent was granted to act plays, and a theatre was built in Rainsford Street. The Earl of Meath's mansion in Thomas Street was deemed by Sir W. Petty to be the most magnificent palace next the Castle of Dublin, and the Duke of Leinster proposed to build the splendid family residence of Leinster House within its precincts. This sudden prosperity was of short duration. The jealousy of England was excited by the rapid progress of the manufacture, and a petition was presented to William III., by the Lords, to prohibit and suppress it. In this the subservient Irish Parliament concurred, and an exorbitant duty was laid on, amounting to a prohibition. The ruin of the trade immediately followed, and with it that of the district. The wealthy employers left the country, and all the population that remained were reduced to great distress. Towards the close of the last century, however, the woollen trade had a temporary revival; in 1792, there were at work upwards of 400 looms, which employed 5000 persons; but it drooped rapidly, and now the manufacture is confined to a few hands. It is, we believe, more prosperous in some of the provinces than in Dublin; in several towns of the South, there are manufactories in full and profitable work.

several iron works are prosperous; the manufacture of glass is carried on to a considerable extent; there is much trade in tanning; in guns and rifles, the establishment of Messrs. Rigby has a European fame; and so have the carriages of Messrs. Hutton; the porter, if we may class it under this head, of Messrs. Guinness is preferred to that of any other brewery in all parts of the world. The amount of its consumption in London alone is immense*. In several minor articles, also, the artisans of Dublin have manifested great skill—such as boots and shoes, cutlery, gloves†, &c. But, until agitation is permitted to cease, and the natural energies and abilities of the people are directed into a proper channel, Irish manufactures will be but as a small grain of sand on the sea-shore, in comparison with the vast resources and capabilities of the country. Various efforts have been made of late to compel, rather than to induce, the exclusive use of commodities made in Ireland; they seem to have led to no beneficial result beyond a momentary impulse. It will be obvious to all who reason calmly upon the subject, that such a mode of promoting the welfare of Ireland is visionary, at least, if it be not absurd. Ireland, we repeat, requires nothing but repose to flourish as a manufacturing country; not merely with a view to furnish with necessaries its own population, but to become a huge storehouse for the supply of every nation of the world. The manufactories which, at the present moment, produce articles of a superior order, subsist not by the home consumption of their productions, but by their export trade.

* It is a singular fact that little more than thirty years ago, London supplied the whole of Ireland with porter; and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that Ireland is now returning the compliment. It was first produced in Ireland, we believe, by Messrs. Beamish and Crawford, of Cork; and its manufacture was the result of accident. These gentlemen were agents for its sale in the south of Ireland; but on one occasion the prevalence of westerly winds kept them for so long a period without a supply, after their store was exhausted, that they resolved upon an effort to avoid a similar mischance in future, by endeavouring to produce it themselves. They tried the experiment; it was successful, and very little London porter was afterwards imported.

† In a former Number, treating of Limerick, we inferred that the manufacture of gloves had ceased in that city, and thus did injustice to a worthy and enterprising manufacturer of the article, who complains that he has sustained injury in consequence of our statement. We have since made due inquiries on the subject, obtained a few specimens of his work, and avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity for removing an impression to his prejudice. Mr. Michael Bourke, 24, Patrick Street, Limerick, is the person to whom we refer; his gloves undoubtedly maintain, by their neatness, strong and careful sewing, and the purity and durability of the leather, the high repute enjoyed for so long a period, by his native city, for the production of this important article of trade. The manufacture appears to have been commenced about 150 years ago by an individual named Flyn; he was succeeded by persons named Lyons (in whose family it obtained added celebrity). To the last of this family Mr. Bourke was, it seems, apprenticed; and for many years he has continued to fabricate the article with increased ability and repute—notwithstanding the many attempts to depreciate it, by multiplying inferior imitations under the name of "Limerick gloves." We therefore advertise "the world" of the fact, that the "real and genuine" Limerick gloves are to be obtained alone from Mr. Michael Bourke, "glover to her Majesty and the Irish Court;" and that he is the "only existing manufacturer" of the long and much-lauded, and deservedly celebrated, article.

The Liffey is crossed by no fewer than nine bridges, within a distance of little more than three miles. One of the most remarkable of these, "the Barrack bridge," was formerly called the Bloody bridge; tradition traces its ancient title to a sanguinary conflict fought in its vicinity A.D. 1408, between the native Irish, led by a chieftain of the O'Kavanaghs, and the army of the Pale, under the command of the Duke of Lancaster, who was mortally wounded in the encounter. The erection of a grand Gothic gateway—the entrance to the "Military Road"—gives to the bridge a peculiarly striking character, and, in a picture at least, restores it to the olden time.

The public charities of Dublin are very numerous, and almost as varied as the ailments and wants of human-kind. It is to-day as it was many centuries ago, when old Stanihurst, writing of the city, says, "What should I here speake of their charitable almes, dailie and hourlie expended to the needie!" There are hospitals for the diseased and aged; asylums for the blind, the insane, the destitute; societies to assist "the stranger," the industrious, and the "unfortunate;" fever hospitals, lying-in hospitals, dispensaries, schools for the instruction of the deaf and dumb—in short, benevolent and charitable institutions are almost as numerous as the streets; and nearly the whole of them are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. We have frequently had occasion to observe that nothing renders a native of Ireland, of any grade, more wretched than *having nothing to give*. The people are essentially charitable; one can hardly enter a house where the ladies, young and old, are not engaged in the promotion of some plan for the relief of their fellow-creatures. They bestow quantities of food and clothing, and are truly zealous of good works. The sums expended in private charity, considering the limited means of the expenders, is astonishing; they are ever anxious to relieve, even beyond their means, the wants of others. "Fair beggars" attack on all sides, to claim aid for some favoured charity or distressed family; and no city in the world can better sustain or better manage charitable institutions than Dublin.

Institutions for promoting science, literature, and the arts, are far more limited; first in rank and in utility is "the Dublin Society," occupying Kildare

House, purchased in 1815 from the Duke of Leinster for £20,000—a noble mansion, "long celebrated as one of the most splendid private residences in Europe." The society originated in the meeting of a few eminent men, in 1731; in 1749, it received a charter of incorporation as "The Dublin Society for promoting husbandry and other useful arts;" and until very recently it was maintained chiefly by annual parliamentary grants. The grant was withdrawn about two years ago, in consequence of the refusal of the society to adopt certain plans and alterations suggested by the Irish Government; but an application is about to be made for its renewal; and such renewal, it is considered, will be accorded, with an understanding, however, that the institution will be to some extent remodelled commensurate with the changes necessary to meet duly and justly the changes that have been wrought by time. That great benefit has been derived to Ireland from the exertions of this institution is undeniable. To the Botanic Garden we shall refer presently; its museum contains a rare and almost perfect collection of the natural productions of the country; its schools have been rendered valuable auxiliaries for the spread of information; and it has been eminently successful in carrying out the object for which it was established—in "promoting husbandry and the useful arts *." Next in

* During the month of June 1841, a vast variety of articles of Irish manufacture, produce, and invention were exhibited in the house of the Dublin Society. It was a remarkably interesting and very brilliant scene. The rooms were decorated in a tasteful manner with many-coloured hangings, which set off the several objects to the best advantage, while tables and counters were covered with specimens of the useful and ornamental arts. The court-yard was equally crowded; and, under tents erected for the purpose, were displayed gentlemen's cars, racing-cars, family and shooting cars, from the justly-celebrated factories of the Messrs. Quan, phaetons, double-seated and for the park, carriage-harness, gig-harness, saddles of all kinds, and all conspicuous for good style and admirable finish. Some of the company grouped round a very beautiful jet d'eau, erected by Messrs. M'Anaspie; others were attracted by a circular roof, an example of a Mr. Tuffe's patent slating. The inventions and improvements in various agricultural implements, by Messrs. Sheridan and Son, attracted great attention; then there were other machines for threshing, and clod-crushing, and horse-churning, and harrows, and turnip drill rollers; and we noted a crate of Irish slates, which appeared remarkably firm, well cut, and of a good size and colour. There was no lack of smaller farming implements. Within as well as without all was bustle and activity. There was a superb or-molu chandelier, of elaborate design and workmanship, from the manufactory of Messrs. Blackwall and O'Brien; the glass, indeed, from various parts of Ireland, was highly creditable to the manufacturers. The Rings-end Glass-works contributed their fair proportion; and the Society's medal, we understood, was awarded to a splendid lantern, worthy of a royal entrance. We lament to have forgotten the name of the party to whom it was adjudged. The imitations of Bohemian glass were excellent. Among the leading attractions were the variety and magnificence of Messrs. Atkinson's, and Fry's, Irish poplins. Mr. Atkinson sent a tabbinet loom, which was at full work. There was also a piece of Irish velvet, of so pure an emerald green, and so rich a pile, from Dowling's, that it might rival the looms of Genoa, though inferior in lightness to that manufactured at Lyons; a velvet loom belonging to Mr. Jones was also at work. In the production of linen and damasks the country is unsurpassed. The damasks of Ardoyne are of the most perfect workmanship; and we have purchased at Gochegan's, in Sackville Street, Irish linen and Irish cambric that would bear competition with the best imported from Holland. There were two alto relievos, by a lady; one, modestly called "a *sketch* of a scene at an Irish fair;" the other, an illustration of Carlton's tale "The Rival." Of these we can

importance, is the Royal Irish Academy, incorporated in 1786, "to promote the study of science, polite literature, and antiquities." The society possesses an extensive library, consisting chiefly of Transactions of foreign societies and of books relative to Ireland—a subject to which, very properly, its attention is principally directed; premiums are given, occasionally, for successful essays, and the volumes of its "Transactions" contain a vast mass of important and valuable information upon a variety of subjects—abstract science, polite literature, and the antiquities of the country. The most valuable part of the "Transactions" (of late years), however, are the papers on purely scientific subjects—viz., mathematical and physical; these contain more that is "new," and hold a higher rank, than the publications of any similar body in Europe. A museum is attached to the institution, which contains a collection of rare and interesting Irish relics. The "Natural History Society," which consists chiefly of younger gentlemen labouring for the acquisition of knowledge, have already formed a museum of great value.

"The Royal Hibernian Academy" was chartered in 1823, for the promotion of the fine arts. It consists of fourteen academicians and ten associates. The members possess a noble and spacious building in Abbey Street, erected for them by the late Francis Johnston, Esq., architect; the munificent artist having given them a lease of it for ever, at the annual rent of five shillings*.

hardly speak too highly, and yet they were richer in promise even than in fulfilment. The specimens of improved fire-arms were numerous: one was a case from the Messrs. Rigby; another from Messrs. Pattison; and a table of Irish "bog oak" was of great beauty, exquisitely carved. There was a very "poetical" improvement of the hour-glass, making the silent sand to strike upon a bell: the sand as it moves divides its time on a dial affixed to the instrument, so that if the glass be timed for an *hour*, the minutes will be marked on the dial as the sand passes. This pretty toy is the invention of Christopher M'Dermot. The first silver chromatic slide trumpet ever manufactured in Ireland was close to a "slaughtering instrument," invented by Major Moore, with a view to prevent animal suffering; and a pile of utilities from the admirable Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Clarement; while a patriotic lady (Hon. Mrs. Wingfield) contributed to the exhibition delightful specimens of cottage industry, in cushion lace, and various beautiful knitted articles. Many ladies sent specimens of their own work, doubtless for the purpose of encouraging industry in others. We regretted that only one manufacturer of Limerick lace sent a specimen to emulate Mr. Forrest of Grafton Street. The lace trade employs so many females that we much desire its extension. There was an abundance of scientific instruments, and a number of beautiful articles manufactured from the arbutus wood by Mrs. Neatt, of Killarney. The specimens of the glove trade were all good. There were several beautiful tables, one in particular, of Irish yew; and it must be evident to all that the cabinet-makers of Dublin possess both taste and skill. Another carved table of black oak was, as it should be, massive and unique, and did honour to the taste and judgment of Mr. Boyle. The specimens of Irish marbles were satisfactory in the highest degree, and though we thought one or two of the chimney-pieces in bad taste, the grain, colour, and polish of the marble, prove how useful and ornamental it might be made. Mr. Hennessy, of Cork, contributed a number of curious and interesting inventions connected with the sea, particularly a cloth, which he states he intends to supersede the necessity of plank in many instances. In short the whole collection, amounting in number to above 600 articles, was honourable to the country and the arts.

* The Royal Hibernian Academy, notwithstanding this advantage, appears to have effected very little for the fine arts in Ireland; the state of which, until recently, was a reproach to the country. The annual

The Royal Irish Academy and the Royal Hibernian Academy receive, each, a grant of £300 per annum from Parliament; we have shown how the former expend it, but truth forces the admission that we have not been enabled to ascertain its advantageous employment by the latter. In Ireland, indeed, the Fine Arts have made but little progress; until of late, there was no effort to extend their influence; and for recent beneficial changes, Ireland is not indebted to the "Royal Hibernian Academy."

"Hotels" are to be encountered in all the fashionable streets; the majority of them are exceedingly well conducted, and upon a very liberal scale. The most popular, perhaps, is "Gresham's," in Sackville Street; but the old establishment of "Morrissons" sustains its reputation for comfort, attention, and moderation of charges.

The Theatre in Hawkins Street is, and has long been, under the able and efficient management of Mr. Calcraft. It is an elegant building, erected in 1820, by Samuel Beazley, Esq.*

exhibitions were either so unsatisfactory or unproductive, or both, that they were discontinued for some years, and the sale of a picture by an Irish artist was an event, we believe, unrecorded in its annals. An impulse, however, has been lately given to the arts in Ireland, which we trust will be as permanent as it is extraordinary. We refer to the establishment of an "Art-union" society, chiefly by the exertions of Stewart Blacker, Esq., its honorary secretary. The first year, about one thousand pounds were subscribed; the second year it was fully double; and this year it is nearly certain that a sum of four thousand pounds will be at the disposal of the committee. The committee consists of about five-and-twenty noblemen and gentlemen, whose names may be received as a sufficient guarantee for the prudence, liberality, and justice of the proceedings of the Institution. The amount is raised by subscriptions of a guinea each; and a print is issued, annually, to every subscriber, and to subscribers only. The one already published is of great excellence and beauty; the work of an accomplished engraver, from a painting by Mr. Burton, an Irish artist of high ability. In consequence of the limited number taken, the print was immediately "at a premium," and now can with difficulty be procured at thrice the amount of the original subscription. The nature of "Art-union Societies" is universally known; and it is needless to observe, that the possessor of the print had also for his guinea the chance of "a prize," varying in value from ten guineas to eighty guineas. It may be well to remark, however, that the selections of the Irish Society are not, as those of the Scottish Society are, limited to the productions of native artists; they are taken without distinction from the painters of all countries; although the works of the Irish artists are, as they ought to be, preferred, when possessed of merit sufficient to justify the choice. There is, assuredly, no society of the kind in Great Britain that advances claims so strong upon the co-operation of all who desire the advancement of the Fine Arts, and to extend their humanising influence; and hitherto there have been none that have given such "good value" for the guinea subscribed. We hope, therefore, our observations may direct public attention to this young but flourishing and most valuable Institution; the effects of which upon Ireland have been already most beneficial, and may be made salutary to an incalculable extent.

* Anecdotes of the Dublin Theatres might form a curious and interesting history. The earliest was built in 1635, under the patronage of Lord Strafford, by John Ogilby, the translator of Homer, for whom Shirley wrote his play of "the Royal Master," originally performed in Dublin. The next was erected in Smock Alley, then Orange Street; but it fell in during representation, and several persons were killed. It was subsequently repaired, and Farquhar (a native of Londonderry) made his first appearance there; so also did "Peg Woffington." Early in the last century there were no fewer than five theatres in the city. The Crow Street Theatre was opened in the year 1758. "The Theatre" has always been a favourite place for giving exit to ebullitions of wit—and sometimes an arena for the exhibition of sharper weapons. At every performance indeed there is sure to be some characteristic display of Irish humour.

The immediate vicinity of Dublin, in all directions round the city, is of great interest and beauty. The banks of the Liffey, from the quays to a considerable distance beyond Leixlip, and into the county of Kildare, are highly picturesque; the natural luxuriance of the soil has been improved by taste and cultivation; and stately mansions and graceful cottages crown the heights of the green hills by which the river is everywhere bordered. The Phœnix Park will be taken in this route; for the public road runs directly under it. In the park is the residence of the Viceroy; and where, of late years, the representative of the sovereign, in Ireland, has constantly resided, being more healthful, agreeable, and convenient, than "the Castle." "The Lodge," as it is called, has little pretensions to magnificence. The park contains about 1000 acres, admirably laid out; the trees are finely grown; it is "kept" with exceeding care; and is deservedly classed foremost among the public promenades of Great Britain. Dr. Walsh, indeed, who has visited nearly every continental kingdom, does not hesitate to say that "viewing all the particulars which should distinguish a place set apart for public recreation, the Phœnix Park, on the whole, would not suffer on comparison with any other in Europe." Nearly at the entrance, from the city, is a huge heap of stones, dignified by the title of "The Wellington Testimonial," as ungainly and ungraceful an example of bad taste as the kingdom could supply*; and on the Kildare side is an erection equally unmeaning—a tall Corinthian column, surmounted by a Phœnix†. The Zoological Society have their

* The cost of this absurdity exceeded £20,000; the amount having been raised "by subscription." It is formed of mountain granite. On the summit of a flight of steps stands a square pedestal, on the four sides of which are panels, with figures in basso relievo, emblematic of the principal victories won by the noble Duke. From this rises the massive obelisk, truncated, of thick and heavy proportions. On the sides of the obelisk, from the top to the base, are inscribed the names of all the places in which victories were gained by the Duke, from his first career in India to the battle of Waterloo. Opposite to, and standing on the centre of the principal point, is an insulated pedestal, on which "it is intended to place an equestrian statue of the hero after his decease." The dimensions of this structure may be estimated from the following measurements:—The lowest step, forming the base, 480 feet in circuit; perpendicular section of steps, 20 feet; sub-plinth of pedestal, on top of steps, 60 feet square, by 10 feet high; pedestal, 56 feet square, by 24 feet high; obelisk, 23 feet square at base, and 150 high, diminishing in the proportion of one inch to the foot. Total height of the Testimonial, 205 feet.

† The column was erected in 1745, by the then Lord Lieutenant, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. It has contributed to the popular error, which derives the title of the Park from the bird of fable. Its origin, however, is far more natural. According to Dr. Walsh, "In the Irish vernacular *Fionnuisge*, pronounced *Finnisk*, signifies clear or fair water, and, articulated in the brief English manner, exactly resembles the word *Phœnix*. At length the park became known, even at an early period, by no other appellative." The spring or well so called, still exists. It is situated in a glen, beside the lower lake, near the grand entrance to the Viceregal Lodge, and has been much frequented from time immemorial for the supposed salubrity of its waters. It is a strong chalybeate. It remained, however, in a rude and exposed state till the year 1800, when, in consequence of some supposed cures it had effected, it immediately acquired renewed celebrity.

gardens within the park, a portion of it having been allotted to them in 1830, by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Lieutenant.

South-west of the city, about four miles, is the village of Clondalkin, with its round-tower, in a perfect state of preservation. Its height is about ninety feet, and it measures fifteen feet in diameter; its base was, however, about sixty years ago, encased with strong mason-work, in order to protect it from the assaults of time; and, strangely enough, a few years after it was judiciously guarded, a catastrophe occurred that would otherwise have levelled it with the earth. Extensive powder-mills in the neighbourhood blew up; yet the tower withstood the shock, although (to quote the newspapers of the day), "the earth seemed to shake from the very centre, and ponderous masses of many tons in weight were cast to the distance of five or six fields." Immediately adjoining the round-tower are, as usual, the ruins of an ancient church; and it is certain that an abbey was founded here at a very early period.

The southern suburbs and vicinity of Dublin are less interesting than those to the north; but there is one district that immediately adjoins the city, concerning which some remarks are necessary. The far-famed "Donnybrook" is now but the shadow of its former self; we have, indeed, had

"The luck to see Donnybrook Fair"

before, fortunately for the inhabitants of Dublin, it had "fallen from its high estate*." Although the Irishman is no longer there "in his glory;" tents are still

* "Donnybrook,"—the little brook—is so called from a mountain stream, "the Dodder," which runs through the suburb. The fair lasted for eight whole days of the month of August. We borrow from an anonymous writer a few passages sufficiently expressive of its old character:—"Here a troop of itinerant equestrians, exciting the astonishment of the country clown and the well-dressed cit; there a merry-go-round full of boys and girls, getting their pennyworth of fun; yonder a tent crowded with lads and lasses, tripping it on 'the light fantastic toe;' or gazing in admiration on some heavy legged bog-trotter, footing a hornpipe to the music of a pair of bagpipes, or the notes of a half drunken scraper on three strings: while thickly studded round may be seen tents crowded with the drinking and the drunken—the painted 'Jezebel,' or the half tipsy youngster lovingly caressing 'the girl of his heart,' whose flushed cheek and glancing eye too plainly indicate that she herself has already had a goodly portion of the intoxicating draught; while in the distance in various directions may be seen the waving of the shillelah and heard the brawling of a party daring some other to the deadly strife. Amidst what is considered by some as mere merriment and mirth—we venture to say there is more misery and madness, devilment and debauchery, than could be found crowded into an equal

annually "pitched" upon the sodden sward, where they have been erected for centuries; itinerant "play-actors" continue to gather there once a year; the beggars yet make it a place of rendezvous; lads and lasses assemble even now to dance under roofs of canvas; and the din of harsh music from the "shows," mingled with the almost equally discordant squeakings of a score or two of bagpipes, still keep alive the memory of

"Donnybrook capers, that bother'd the vapours,
And drove away care,"

during the long celebrated and verse-commemorated month of August*.

The accompanying print will convey a sufficiently accurate idea of the scene, either as it was or is; for the artist has judiciously abstained from picturing

space of ground in any other part of this, our globe, or in any other part of Ireland during five times the same space which is spent at Donnybrook, in one given year; and be it remembered the scenes here described are those which take place during the light of day—the orgies of the night, when every species of dissipation and profligacy is practised without restraint, may be better imagined than described."

* A pretty accurate description of Donnybrook sports is conveyed by an old rhymester:—

"Such crowding and jumbling,
And leaping and tumbling,
And kissing and stumbling,
And drinking and swearing,
And carving and tearing,
And coaxing and snaring,
And scrambling and winning,
And fighting and flinging,
And fiddling and singing."

the disgusting incidents, by which "the fair" was rendered famous—and infamous; although he has introduced into his sketch the leading objects of its attraction.

In the autumn of last year we were curious to ascertain the difference between the Donnybrook of yesterday and that of to-day; and, prepared as we had been for the wonderful changes which a few eventful years have wrought in the habits of the people, it was with utter astonishment we noted the contrast between the reckless "devilry" of a former time, and the decent hilarity of the present. We have given, in a note, some idea of the depravity to which it was for a long period the annual usher; regularly filling the jails with culprits, and the streets with degraded women. Every fair in Ireland was, indeed, bad enough; but that of Dublin surpassed them all for dissipation and vice: a large proportion of the lower classes, for many months after the saturnalia, had to endure the penalties of want or the punishment of crime. To the disgrace of the country these evils were tolerated for centuries; at length they were to some extent checked by a more efficient police; and the "Temperance movement" has entirely removed them. The humiliating picture of a distinguished foreigner is no longer such as he can justly draw to excite the disgust of his own countrymen*.

We entered the fair twice—at mid-day, and again in the evening, a short time before the sports terminate by order of the magistrates. We saw, indeed, crowds of people amusing themselves; the merry-go-rounds and hobby-horses "crammed;" the shows thronged; and several tents filled with dancers and gossipers; but of scenes which the German tourist honours with the term "National," we beheld literally none; we heard nothing, and noticed nothing that could offend the most scrupulous; there was no quarrel approaching to a brawl; we did not encounter a single intoxicated person of either sex; and the next day our inquiries from a competent authority, as to the amount of charges at the police-offices, incident to the Fair, were answered by the expressive word "nil."

The Botanic Garden is situated on the north side of Dublin, at Glasnevin, about two miles from the centre of the city. A more admirable site could not have been selected; a clear stream—the little river Tolka—runs through a miniature valley, to which the ground gradually slopes; the tall and finely grown trees are sheltered from the north and east winds by adjacent hills; and the neighbourhood has long been celebrated for its salubrity, and its mild temperature. The garden contains about twenty-eight acres, and is,

* "A third part of the public lay, or rather rolled, about drunk; others ate, screamed, shouted, and fought."—Prince Pückler Muskau. "Nothing, indeed," adds the Prince, "*can be more national.*"

we believe, the largest in Great Britain. It originated in the year 1790, when Dr. Wade presented a petition to the Irish Parliament, by the hands of Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, the result of which was an annual grant for its establishment and support. It has ever since been an honour and a credit to the city; having been, at the outset, most judiciously and tastefully laid out; and its several curators having been men of judgment and practical knowledge. A more delightful, interesting, or instructive promenade is not to be found in Great Britain *; on two days of each week it is opened to the public; but to the studious it is accessible at all times by an order easy to be obtained. Dr. Walsh thus wrote of the garden in 1818:—"Nothing can exceed the command of aspect which the irregular beauty of the surface presents, and of which the planners of the garden have been careful to avail themselves; having ample room for every botanical purpose, they have not sacrificed taste to convenience, or disturbed such objects as contributed to the beauty of the old demesne." The garden has since undergone material improvements, while it has lost nothing of its former interest, and value; very lately, however, in consequence of the withdrawal of the government grant from the Dublin Society, and the consequent inability of sustaining the garden with requisite care, serious alarms have been manifested as to its deterioration, and, indeed, its ultimate abandonment—an event that could be characterised only as a public calamity.

Adjoining the garden is a public cemetery. There was no subject in Ireland which contributed more to keep alive the asperity of parties than that of burials. By an anomaly peculiar to the Irish character, the angry passions which agitate men in life were not relinquished in death; every funeral was a signal to renew them, and the embers of discord were raked up and fomented even among the ashes of the dead. An obsolete fragment of the penal statutes continued unrepealed till a late date. It prohibited Roman Catholic priests from officiating in Protestant churchyards, even for a member of their own flock. This, which was fast falling into disuse, was revived with

* Glasnevin is a village rich in historic and classic associations; the ground now converted into a botanic garden, was formerly the property of Tickell, the poet, from whose representatives it was purchased. One of the original walks—a straight avenue of yew trees—was planted under the direction of his friend Addison; and tradition states, that underneath its branches he composed the exquisite ballad of "Colin and Lucy." At a short distance, is Hampstead, once the residence of Sir Richard Steele; and a little farther, was the glebe-house of Finglas, in which lived the poet Parnell. More immediately in the neighbourhood, is Delville—a demesne laid out by Delany, the friend of Swift; and here, it is said, the witty Dean not only composed, but actually printed some of the most biting of his satires—which no printer of Dublin would have dared to put to press. The belief that they were produced in this calm retreat received, according to Dr. Walsh, confirmation strong about the beginning of the present century, when "in removing the lumber of an out-office, preparatory to its being pulled down, a printing-press was found concealed among it."

great strictness by a late archbishop. On one occasion, when the funeral procession came to the grave and the priest began the service for the dead, the sexton interfered to prohibit him. The people could hardly be persuaded to submit to a law the existence of which they doubted, and which, if it did exist, was repugnant to every Christian feeling. Scenes, therefore, of the most painful kind took place in St. Kevin's, St. Michan's, and other churchyards, and the silence and repose of the grave were daily disturbed by fierce and angry squabbles between the sexton and the mourners over the uncovered coffin.

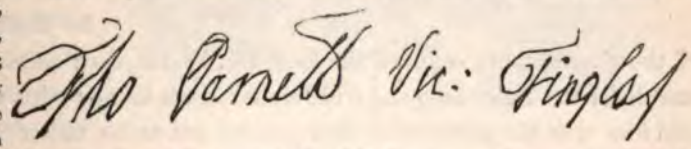
To put an end to this state of things, Lord Plunket, then attorney-general, brought in a bill by which a Protestant incumbent might give permission to a Roman Catholic priest to perform the service on his "asking permission in writing." But this did not satisfy the angry parties. The one would not ask the boon in the prescribed form, and the other would not compromise their "privilege" if the minutest formula were omitted. The evil remained unremoved, and the "squabbles" of St. Kevin's and St. Michan's were renewed in St. Bride's and St. Thomas's. The Catholic Association were at this time about to terminate their sittings, and there remained a balance of money in hand which they did not know how to dispose of—owing to the multitude of claimants. It was therefore proposed that it should be allotted to the establishment of a Catholic cemetery. "No," argued one, "let us not perpetuate animosity in this way; let our bodies at least lie side by side in the same grave-yard." He was not listened to, and the sum of £1000 was allotted for a separate burial-ground. It was commenced on the south side of the city, beyond St. James's Street, and laid out with all the regularity and attention to ornament of a Père la Chaise, planted with trees and flowering-shrubs, and proved a striking contrast to the filthy and disgusting state in which the old churchyards were kept. The profits arising from the fees are not divided by the company for their private emolument, but form a fund for the purposes of education. The success of this attempt induced the promoters to establish another, on a larger scale, contiguous to the Botanic Gardens; and it was so much "thronged" that it has been lately found necessary to close it. Protestants were invited to use it, and a chapel has been erected in it, in which clergymen of all religious persuasions may perform the service according to the rites of their own church; very few, however, have availed themselves of this privilege. Curran, the celebrated advocate, has a monument in it, and a tomb was commenced for Ruthven, the city liberal member for Dublin; but it was little more than commenced, and the fragments of it lie neglected and trampled upon.

A third cemetery has been established at Harold's Cross, exclusively

Protestant. It is of equal size with the former, and laid out in plantations and gravel-walks with great taste and beauty. Meantime the city churchyards are falling into daily disuse; and so far, the removal of putrid bodies festering among the crowded streets of the metropolis is a public benefit; but it has materially diminished the already curtailed income of the Established Church. St. James's and other churchyards were favourites with the Roman Catholics, because some spiritual benefit was supposed to be annexed to interment there. This superstition, however, has yielded to the popular feeling in favour of the new cemeteries, and has deprived the parochial clergy of a considerable part of the income arising from burial-fees.

The village of Finglas stands about three miles west of Dublin. It was early distinguished for its salubrity, and acquired the name of Fioun Glass, "the fair or pleasant green." It was the favourite residence of St. Patrick*, who predicted that it would be the future capital of Ireland —that it should be "lifted up into the throne of the kingdom"—and, in the mean time, conferred on it various gifts; among the rest a Well of many spiritual and physical virtues. It was particularly miraculous in restoring sight to the blind, and the quantity of rags hung round it as *votivæ tabellæ* attested the number of its cures. It is slightly chalybeate, and had some efficacy in cases of ophthalmia from its tonic quality. The reputation of these natural and preternatural properties induced a celebrated quack, who assumed

* Among the successors of St. Patrick were many distinguished saints. St. Canice, to whom the parish church is dedicated, and whose name is engraved on the ancient communion service plate, was followed by others, whose bones repose under the chancel of the church; and since the time of the Reformation the benefice has been filled by several distinguished men. The learned Archbishop Usher was incumbent of Finglas, and separated the vicarial from the rectorial tithes, because he thought he could not conscientiously receive the whole. Since then, the rectorial tithes form part of the corpus of the chancellor of St. Patrick's. Among the vicars of Finglas was the poet Parnell, whose autograph is still extant in the vestry books. During his incumbency a wing of the church was allocated for a public library for the benefit of the parishioners. He did not live, however, to enlighten them. There is an extraordinary inaccuracy in all his biographers with respect to the date of his death; Goldsmith, Johnson, Chalmers, &c., declare he died in July, 1717, yet his autograph is found in the vestry book on Monday in Easter week, April 14th, 1718. We annex a fac-simile, traced from the book. He went to London, to which place resolutions of the vestry, to complete his design, were forwarded to him; but he died at Chester on his way back. The empty wing of the church was never filled with books, but still remains to attest his zeal for literature. The present vicar is the Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D., to whose "History of Dublin" we have made such frequent reference. He was for a long period chaplain to the British Embassy at Constantinople; and his account of that country ranks among the standard works of English literature. Few men, indeed, have contributed more extensively or more beneficially to the great store of knowledge.



the name of Achmet, to build a pump-room over it, and for some time it was much frequented.

Finglas is distinguished as the scene of many historic events. Here it was that O'Connor, paramount king of Ireland, awaited the coming of the Anglo-Normans to decide the fate of Ireland. Thus, the battle of Finglas attached Ireland for ever as an appendage to England. It was also hither that James fled after the battle of the Boyne,—"stopping to take breath at Finglas wood." He was speedily followed by William, who encamped here with an army of 30,000 men. Hence he despatched the Duke of Ormond to take Dublin, and in the mean time strongly fortified his camp against any enemy. Part of these works forms one side of the garden of the glebe-house, and part is still very perfect in a meadow adjoining, called to this day the "King's Field," overlooking and commanding the then high road leading to the capital by Cardiff's bridge.

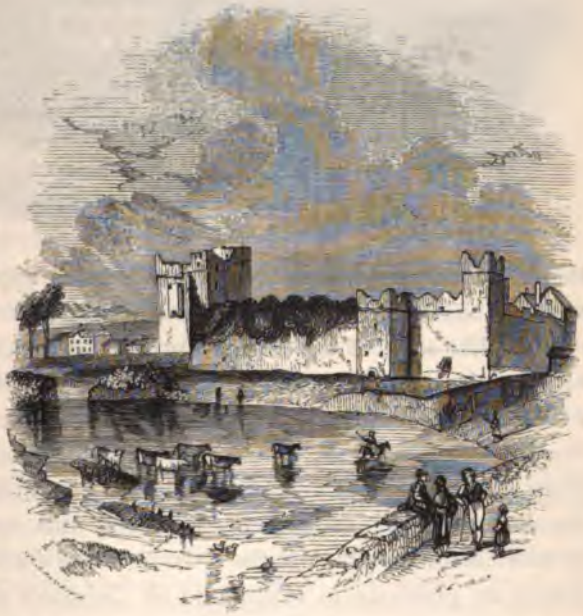
Among other remnants of antiquity is a ponderous stone cross, of rude but curious sculpture. The parish stands in the barony of Nethercross, so called, it was said, from a cross of great antiquity which stood there, but which had disappeared. The tradition was that a detachment of Cromwell's soldiers going to the siege of Drogheda, in passing by, had dashed it down as an emblem of superstition, intending to break it into pieces on their return; but the inhabitants to protect it from further profanation buried it, and when the soldiers came back it was not to be found. The rumour of the circumstance induced the Rev. Dr. Walsh, then curate of the parish, to search for it. After long and fruitless inquiries he met with an aged man, who told him that his grandfather had pointed out to his father the place where it had been buried. Taking the old man for his guide, and some labourers to assist him, he began to dig, and actually found the cross where it had been buried nearly two hundred years. It is of granite, with the arms issuing from a solid circle; curiously but rudely sculptured, and weighing with

its plinth several tons. It now stands in the old churchyard; but it is the intention of the discoverer to have it erected in the area in front of the new church, now building, as an appropriate ornament.

Among the customs of the village is a May fair, formerly celebrated with great pomp. A queen was crowned, and a court appointed to support her dignity, dressed in gorgeous apparel, and great crowds were in attendance from the city for several days to do her homage. But the scene of dissipation and profligacy into which it degenerated caused it to be utterly discountenanced. The last unfortunate queen died, not long ago, and she has had no successor; although the semblance of the fair is still kept up.

The village was formerly the abode of opulence and fashion, and supported two sedan chairs to convey the company to its evening card-parties. But the mansions of the fashionable are now deserted. Some are in ruins, and some are converted into lunatic asylums; while the population, consisting of 800 individuals, are among the poorest and most destitute in the empire.

About four miles north of Finglas, and on the road to Drogheda, is the ancient town of Swords; with its ruined castle, its round tower, and its monastic remains. The castle is very picturesque, standing on the banks of a clear and rapid river. It was formerly a palace of the Archbishop of Dublin, and must have been a strong as well as an extensive pile. It consists of ranges of embattled walls, flanked with towers. Swords was formerly a place of considerable importance, having had the honour to be repeatedly burnt and plundered by the Danes, who destroyed it no fewer than four times during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. It has also occupied a prominent station in the history of a more recent age: in this town the first Irish army of the Pale assembled on the 9th of November, 1641, preparatory to that frightful civil war which



caused such calamities to the country; and here they were defeated and put to the rout by the forces under Sir Charles Coote, on the 10th of January following, when he beat them from their fortifications, killing two hundred, without any material loss on his side, except that of Sir Lorenzo Cary, second son of Lord Falkland, who fell in the engagement.

Of the numerous ecclesiastical edifices there are now but few remains; the round tower—seventy-three feet in height—and the abbey belfry, a square building, of no more remote antiquity than the fourteenth or perhaps

the fifteenth century, and the modern church appended to it, convey but a very faint idea of the grandeur of the olden time.

But, like most of the ancient towns of Ireland, Swords was of ecclesiastical origin. A monastery appears to have been erected here as early as the year 512, by the famous saint Columbkill, who appointed St. Finian Lobhair, or the Leper, as its abbot; to whom he gave a missal, or copy of the gospels (then a rare treasure) written by himself. St. Finian died before the close of the sixth century. In the course of time this monastery became possessed of considerable wealth, and the town rose into much importance. It contained within its precincts, in addition to St. Columb's church, four other chapels, and nine inferior chapels subservient to the mother church. Hence, on the institution of the collegiate church of St. Patrick, it ranked as the first of the thirteen canonries attached to that cathedral by Archbishop Comyn, and was subsequently known by the appellation of "the golden prebend, on account

of its great value arising out of its considerable demesne, and tithes issuing from a large and fertile district." Near a small chapel, dedicated to St. Bridget, stood an ancient cross called "Pardon Crosse."

Some few miles farther north is the small town of Lusk, which almost answers to the description we have given of Swords; for here, too, in the earliest age of Christianity, an abbey was erected with its attendant chapels and cells; and here also the church was castellated for the defence of the monastic establishment. The architecture of this building, however, is remarkable and peculiar; it consists of two long aisles divided by a range of seven arches; the east end is the present church; at the west end is a square steeple (represented in our engraving), attached to three angles of which are round towers; and near the fourth angle is an insulated veritable "round tower," in a good state of preservation though deprived of its cap. Beneath the steeple is a stone-roofed crypt, in reference to which Grose takes occasion to remark, "I know from abundant evidence that all our most ancient religious edifices began in the ninth century with stone-roofed crypts, near which were erected our round towers; and numberless proofs occur of these being the work of the Ostmen."*

Returning towards Dublin, but along the coast, about a mile to the left of the road, is one of the most venerable and interesting castles of Ireland—the castle of Malahide, the old fortified mansion of "the Talbots"—

* There are several remarkable and interesting sepulchral monuments in the church of Lusk. Among them is one to Sir Christopher Barnewell, with this rather singular inscription, "This monument is made for the right worshipful Sir Christopher Barnewell, of Turvey, Knight, by the right worshipful Sir Lucas Dillon, of Moymet, Knight, and Deam Marion Sharl, his wife, who married herr three years after the deathe of the said Sir Christopher, herr first and lovinge hoosbande, who had issue five sons and fifteen daithers by herr." The names of the children are engraved on the north side of the monument; of the twenty children, fifteen lived to maturity; eleven of them were daughters who married into some of the noblest houses in the kingdom. The monument is composed of different materials; the principal figures being sculptured in grey Italian marble, whilst the lower part of the tomb is entirely of the marble of Kilkenny. Sir Christopher is represented in a rich suit of armour; the lady lies by his side, in the round cap and high ruff of the period. Her petticoat is of cloth of gold, and from her girdle hangs a chain of fine workmanship. Sir Christopher died on the 7th August, 1575; and his lady, then the widow of Sir Lucas Dillon, on the 8th of June, 1607.

happily not a ruin, for it is still the residence of the estimable representative of the Anglo-Norman who won the land with his sword in the reign of the second Henry. It retains many marks of antiquity; it is an extensive square building, flanked by circular towers; having received considerable additions of late years; but they have been made in keeping with its ancient character—and a very slight effort of the imagination will link its existing state with the history of the olden time.

The property has been held by the Talbots from the period of their first settlement in Ireland to the present time; they were deprived of it during the troubles that followed the melancholy year 1641, but it was returned to them at "the Restoration." In 1653 a lease of the castle and the lands adjacent was granted to Miles Corbet, one of the regicides, who made it for several years his place of residence. He must have led a very retired life in his new possession, for little or nothing is known of his career in Ireland; even the traditions of the peasantry are silent concerning him; the only one that exists having reference to his pollution of the old walls—being that, when he first entered them, a small carved statue of the Virgin miraculously disappeared and as miraculously returned to its proper place when the intruder embarked on ship-board, at the neighbouring port, and sought safety on the Continent. The circumstance may be very easily accounted for without the aid of supernatural influence; for the beautifully wrought model would, no doubt, have been consigned by the hands of the Puritan to the fire; it now forms a conspicuous ornament over the old carved pannels of the fire-place. Many of the apartments are wainscoted with oak; in the various compartments of which have been let in a series of finely-wrought *alto rilievos*, the subjects being scriptural. The hall is perhaps one of the purest examples of Norman architecture to be found in the kingdom. The mansion is beautifully furnished, and in admirable taste; and the collection of paintings, although not extensive, is unsurpassed in value. Among them are choice specimens of the old Dutch and Italian masters, in excellent preservation;

but the assemblage of portraits is of deeper interest. Close to the castle are the ruins of an ancient church, surrounded by chesnut trees of magnificent growth; it adds greatly to the impressive character of the whole scene, associated as it is with the memories of its heroic founders *.

Some three or four miles nearer to Dublin is the singular church of St. Doulough; forming, with its holy well and its stone cross, an assemblage of relics of antiquity, which rank among the most remarkable and interesting in Ireland. The church is one of the few remaining stone-roofed structures, which Dr. Ledwich considers to have been erected by the Danes, but to which other antiquaries assign a date much more remote †.

As we alighted to view the old church of St. Doulough, on our road from Malahide castle, where we had enjoyed the hospitality of its noble lord and his estimable lady, the carriage was surrounded by a troop of beggars—three women, two men, and a due proportion of children; a halfpenny to each sent them cheerfully away, and left us free to examine the churchyard without

* It is said that the church was unroofed by Miles Corbet, who converted it into an out-house for cattle. The only remarkable monument it contains is that to the memory of the Hon. Maud Plunkett, the lady of Sir Richard Talbot, knight, of Malahide. Her fame is derived from the fact that she was "maid, wife, and widow" in one day; for her first husband, son to the Baron of Galtrim, was summoned from the altar to head his followers and "scatter a gathering of the Irish;" and in the skirmish he was slain.

† Ledwich gives a view of this church in his "Antiquities." "It is," he says, "a curious structure; forty-eight feet long by eighteen wide. There is a double stone roof; the external which covers the building, and that which divides the lower from the upper story. You enter the crypt through a small door to the south. Just as you enter, the tomb of St. Doulough presents itself; the tomb projects so far into the room, that together with the stairs of the tower and the legs of the arches, it can contain but few people: it seems designed for no other purpose but the separate admission of those who came to make their prayers and offering to the saint. From this room, by stooping, you pass a narrow way, and enter the chapel. This is twenty-two feet by twelve, and lighted by three windows, one to the east and two to the south; the arches pointed, and decorations Gothic: these, with the tower, are later additions. The roof is of stone, and carried up like a wedge; the stones which cover it are not large, but so well bedded in mortar, that after many centuries the roof admits neither light nor water."

interruption. You may journey many a mile in England, and the people you will meet are in their manner and deportment so much alike, that they appear, if not members of one family, to have been all educated in the same school. It is otherwise in Ireland; everywhere there is some national characteristic, the ramifications of which are various and numerous. The English pauper is at once bowed down by misery, and murmurs and complains under its endurance from first to last. The Irish beggar wrestles with distress; he can exist upon so little food as to seem almost able to live without it; but he cannot do without his jest;—there are moments when the heart beats lightly, even in his starving bosom. The poverty of the English, except at stated times, is sullen; the poverty of the Irish is garrulous: the Englishman takes relief as a right; the Irishman accepts it as a boon. You may aid half a dozen English paupers without receiving thanks; you cannot relieve an Irish beggar without being paid in blessings.

On proceeding to the church-yard, our attention was arrested by a young woman, whom we at once perceived to be "no beggar." She was seated near a humble tomb-stone. Sorrow had evidently saddened her soft expressive face. She was very decently clad, and her straw bonnet, trimmed with a broad band of crape, betokened widow-hood. A bright-looking child was placed, according to the custom of the country, on her back, under the folds of her ample cloak—its little face and chubby arms just visible above its mother's shoulder. The little creature was lost in admiration of its fingers, which it expanded and contracted with instinctive delight in newly-discovered power; its round black eyes sparkling, and its young voice crowing forth its glee. The thoughtlessness of the young child—too young to know what grief meant, and conscious of nothing save the joyous vibrations of its own heart—was, indeed, a contrast

to the mournful aspect of its parent, whose features appeared subdued by the wearing anguish of bereaved affection; her eyes filled with tears, which she wiped away patiently; there were no sobs, no violent emotions, but the round drops welled as if their source were in her heart. The tomb she sat by was near the corner of the grave-yard, and to avoid disturbing her, we were going round by the other side. She saw this, rose up, curtseyed, and said, "I beg your honours' pardon, if I'd seen I was in the way, I'd have moved long ago; but the trouble blinded my eyes: the way's clear now. Sure it's wet your feet you would in the long grass." Her voice was as sweet to hear, as her gentle face to look upon; and a word or two expressive of the sympathy it was impossible not to feel, drew forth her story, which truly had but little story in it, and in her own words ran thus:—

"I am a lone woman now, though I'll not be in my twenty-one until next Candlemas. If I live to see it, it will be in a far land. My husband was a fine workman; and both my noble lord and my lady, up at Malahide Castle, kept him in constant work; God bless them for their good hearts! and every one said I was the lucky girl to have such a boy; and, indeed, I knew it, and always thought him too good for me; and sure I was right; for if he wasn't I'd have had him still. The thirteen months he was left with me, he never gave me an aching heart, or as much sorrow as made me shed a tear.

"One Sunday morning—we'd been to mass, and I was a little tired after the walk, for this craythur at my back had not come into the world then—and he says, 'Mary darling, (sure darling was the hardest word ever came out of his lips to me, but what need I say that, for the sound of his voice would make hard words like honey); 'I'll just go down to the Bay for a bit, to meet one or two of the boys, and have a walk upon the sand, and be back for the cup of tea you always make of a Sunday.' So I said, 'Very well;' and he kissed me; and then, after he went out at the door, he looked in at the window and came back again. 'And, jewel,' he says, 'maybe you'd rather I'd not go; and if you would, say so.' And, God help my foolishness! I said, 'Go;' though somehow whenever he went out of my sight I felt as if I should never see him again. And I thought to myself how fond the neighbours were of unlacing a boat of a Sunday afternoon, and taking a spell upon the water; and so I put on my shawl, and sure enough, when I got down on the strand, he and three others were just moving up and down—this way—as I move this feather, up and down, on the little shining waves, that looked like crystal for clearness, and yet were as blue as the heavens above them.—'Are you afraid for your husband, Mary aroon?' said one of the young girls that was down on the strand. 'Not afraid, Nancy,' I made answer; 'for the good Lord is above us

all; but the ocean's mighty treacherous.' 'Well,' she said, turning her face and hiding it on my shoulder, for her sweetheart was in the boat as well as my husband; 'I'd rather James wasn't in it, but did not like to say so before the other young girls, because they'd be laughing at me.' So we two sat together, holding each other's hands and watching the bit of a boat, until it danced on a sunbeam out of our sight. Presently I felt a little breeze of wind cold on my cheek, and it made me shrink.

"'What ails ye?' says Nancy. And I answered 'nothing,' for I was ashamed; but again it came stronger than before, yet not strong, only like the sigh of the wind, and the sky and sea as quiet as ever; but I could stay no longer on the strand, thinking I'd see farther if I was on the cliff; and Nancy at first didn't like to follow me, because of the others laughing; but she grew so anxious that she left them at last, never heeding: and, sure enough, they did laugh, and sing, and dance on the strand, to the music of their voices, and the waters, and their own light hearts, while we sat watching the sea from above, as before we had watched it from below. And boat after boat, and sail after sail, came and went, but not the one we looked for; until at last we saw it, and clasped our hands, and thanked God; and I never took my eyes off it. And I had just said that we'd go down to the strand again, and be ready to meet them, when I saw they were trimming a sail. In another minute it was up, and I trembled then worse than ever; for I thought of the sudden gusts of wind, and just as I thought, it gave a whirl and a flap, like the wing of a wounded sea-bird. Oh, my God! they were gone!

"I don't know what followed. The last thing I saw I have told you; *there*, in the sight of my eyes, and *gone!* The next thing I remember was waking up as from a dream, and finding my dead husband in the little room, and a live baby on my bosom; and they wanted me not to go near him; but I did. I laid his baby on his arm, and looked at them both together; and then, for the first time, I rained down tears, as well I might, and after that I prayed. I laid him there," she added, "and James is next to him. Poor Nancy has never been rightly herself since; and to-day I came here, maybe for the last time, for my father is going to emigrate, and I am going with him. That's his grave," she added, pointing out one that was distinguished from the rest by a new stone cross at the head, and a small stone at the foot. "It looks clean and cheerful for a grave," she said, with a faint smile, "and the sun is beaming on it, as it would on a flower-garden; and he's buried in his own land, among his own people. But I—but I," and her feelings overpowered her. She fell upon her knees on the turf, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes poured forth a few broken words of

prayer to the Almighty, that, go where she would, endure what she might, he would permit "her bones" to be laid beside his, and that in death they might not be divided. She uttered her petition in strong agony of mind; then flung herself upon the grave in the abandonment of sorrow, and embraced the very clay. The baby looked terrified; and as the mother placed it on the grave, speaking as if it could remember where its father lay, its little hand clutched a tuft of grass, and plucked it up. Again her tears burst forth, while she carefully folded up the memorial gathered by the unconscious infant, and placed it in her bosom.

We have—as we intimated we should be compelled to do—taken but a very superficial glance at the objects of interest with which the vicinity of the city, and the county, of Dublin so largely abound.

The County of Dublin is bounded on the north and north-west by the County of Meath; on the west and south-west by that of Kildare; on the south by that of Wicklow; and on the east by the Irish Sea. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, 240,204 statute acres; of which 229,292 are cultivated, the proportion of unprofitable mountain and bog being consequently very small. In 1821 the population, exclusive of that contained in the metropolis, was 150,011; and in 1831, it had increased to 183,042. It is divided into six baronies—Balrothery, Castleknock, Coolock, Nethercross, Newcastle, Half-Rathdown, and Upper Cross.

There are two institutions connected more especially with Dublin that demand a less limited notice than we have been enabled to give to others—the "Ordnance Survey," and "the National Education." Of the former we can speak only in terms of unqualified praise; but the latter we approach with considerable hesitation; for it is the subject of all others that has been most pertinaciously forced into the political arena; out of which it should have been as cautiously and perseveringly kept. Unhappily in Ireland, we too often realise the fable of the gold and silver shield; seeing only one side of an object, and "going a warfare" because the party opposite cannot behold it exactly in the same view.

The Survey of Ireland was undertaken by Government, on the recommendation of a committee of the House of Commons, which sat in 1824, of which the present Lord Monteagle was chairman. The immediate object to be obtained was a map sufficiently accurate and minute to form the groundwork for a new valuation of the country. The reader may, or may not, be aware that in Ireland various expenses are borne by the counties, which in England are the charge of local trusts, or committees, under special

acts of parliament; and the rates, or cess, as these assessments are commonly called in Ireland, are levied from the proprietors on the fiat of the respective grand juries. They amount on the whole to a very considerable sum, at present about £1,200,000 a year; and it is obviously of very great importance that so large a taxation should be levied, on such a scale as to press equally on all. No such scale, however, existed, worthy of the name. In some counties the scale was of the date of Elizabeth, in some of James I., or of William III.; in many there was no scale at all, but all town-lands paid equally, whether small or large: each of these, however, was probably fair at the time it was established; but town-lands originally rated the lowest, perhaps covered with wood or waste, have since been so improved as to be made more valuable than those once better. Many lands were wholly exempted, having been at the date of the scale wild, and unpenetrated by roads, and the exemption still continued, although these very lands may have been, under the grand jury system, in many cases those most benefited by the expenditure of county money, to which they contributed nothing; new roads having opened them to markets, and rendered them generally accessible.

The origin of town-lands, under the various denominations by which they are known in different parts of the country, is of great antiquity. In the published memoir of the Ordnance Survey of Templemore, p. 208, we are informed that "the term town-land is now applied in a more general sense than anciently. The Irish designation, *baile biatach*, victuallers' or farmers' town, originally denoted a tract of land, which constituted the thirtieth part of a *trioca cead*, or barony; and all the lesser divisions were known by the various appellations of quarters, half quarters, ballyboes, gneeves, tates, &c. In the Ordnance maps, however, in accordance with prevailing usage, all these names of subdivisions are discarded, and the name town-land is applied to every such division, whether great or small." Sir William Petty remarks on their inequality even in his time: "As to these town-lands, plough-lands, colps, gneeves, bulliboes, bullibellas, horseman's beds, &c., they are at this day manifestly unequal, both in quantity and value, being made on grounds that are all obsolete and antiquated." The evil continued without interruption to our own time. In 1815 a select committee of the House of Commons recommended that "some mode should be taken to render grand jury assessments more equal, by correcting the defects arising from apportioning the county rates according to old surveys, calculated on the measure of land formerly deemed profitable." In the subsequent year the same subject was again adverted to by the same committee, stating that "the different modes of levying the grand jury presentments, from the inequality of their pressure, arising out

of the distance of time and unsettled state of the country when such arrangements were made, require immediate and complete alteration." Indeed no stronger case can perhaps be mentioned than that, even to this day, the new survey not having come into operation, the county of Dublin, the metropolitan county, is assessed by a scale dividing the county into arbitrary *parts*, the number of *acres* not being known at the time the ancient scale was made.

The period at which the survey began was also one of great interest to Ireland, from the attention given in parliament and elsewhere to its backward state in roads, drainage, the improvement of rivers, internal navigation, and other measures of local improvement. For all such operations correct topography was the indispensable basis, and these objects, accordingly, did not escape the care of the remarkable person to whom this great operation was entrusted. After much inquiry, the committee of 1824, already referred to, in recommending the immediate extension of the Ordnance survey of England into the sister island, and an enlargement of the scale from one to six inches, in order to meet the civil purposes for which it was intended, had dwelt on the importance of military control, and organisation, in the management of operations so extensive, and embracing the labours of so large a number of persons; and in pressing the subject on the Ordnance, it was urged that "the general tranquillity of Europe enables the state to devote the abilities and exertions of a most valuable corps of officers to an undertaking which, though not unimportant in a military point of view, recommends itself more immediately as a civil measure," and dwelt on "the high character of the officer who conducts the survey of England, as affording sufficient security for the successful completion of the work."

Colonel Colby, of the Royal Engineers, was accordingly directed by the Duke of Wellington, at that time Master-General of the Ordnance, to make arrangements for extending the general survey to Ireland, and he proceeded to organise a sufficient force of officers and men to assist in its direction and execution, to whom large numbers of other persons were added from time to time, to expedite the great work. The mode of survey to be adopted, must, it was obvious, embrace not only present wants, but be sufficient for future use; and be not only available for the townland valuation, but topographically suited to subserve the general purposes of the civil engineer, without abandoning that high ground of scientific research which renders its labour available and indispensable to various physical problems, more especially those dependent on a correct knowledge of the magnitude and figure of the earth. Among the earliest objects, was a correct determination on the earth's surface of a line, in actual feet and inches, as the basis of linear and superficial measure

to be applied to the new survey. This operation, which to uninitiated readers may appear perfectly simple, involves in reality very considerable difficulties, because, as only a short distance can be so measured, and from that distance the longer lines of the triangulation have to be inferred by computation, the error, if there be any, will be multiplied; and an error which would be insensible in a few inches or a foot, would become very serious if extended into a hundred miles, and more so still when used as the groundwork for a whole arc of the meridian, and applied to the observations with which the astronomer endeavours to scan the planetary spaces. The measurement of a Base, as it is technically called, has accordingly been in all great surveys an object in which the utmost care has been bestowed. Rods of glass or of wood, and chains of elaborate workmanship, had been employed for this purpose; but each had proved liable to some peculiar objection, and all were subject to variations from changing temperatures.

Colonel Colby devised an entirely new apparatus, and for the first time applied to geodetic operations the principle of compensating expansions in metallic rods. With these instruments the base was successfully measured; and it may not be unworthy of notice, that as those instruments were constructed from the parliamentary standards of 1825, and those standards were destroyed by the conflagration which burnt in 1836 the venerable edifices at St. Stephen's; —the base line measured on the shore of Lough Foyle in Ireland remains at this day, perhaps, the best standard of the empire;—and being, as it were, recorded on the surface of the earth, by the erection of permanent marks at its extremities, is in no danger of destruction. The ingenuity of the late undersecretary for Ireland, Lieut. Drummond, was also successfully exerted at the commencement of the survey, in the invention of the lamp which bears his name, and other instruments for facilitating observations of the more distant stations.

Concurrently with these initial operations of the Ordnance, the Irish government had taken steps for marking out and showing the boundaries of the counties, baronies, parishes, and townlands; and now, from the base, a net-work of triangles was extended over the island, which, owing to the powerful means employed, were rendered of extraordinary magnitude, the points of one triangle being 101, 93, and 86 miles asunder. These, gradually diminishing, contained within them other triangles, successively smaller and smaller, till every boundary was crossed by various lines, and each townland consisted of portions of triangles, whose measurement has thus been traced in unbroken succession from the original base.

By an ingenious and very simple system of levelling, the altitudes of numerous points were ascertained; indeed, so thickly are the maps studded with them, that it may be safely said, there is no spot on the surface of

Ireland, but within a quarter of a mile of that spot, a point shall be found whose height in feet above the level of the sea is given on the maps. Already twenty-six counties are published, and the remainder, we learn, are in process of engraving.

The central office of the survey has been established in the Phœnix Park near Dublin; where, during the meeting of the British Association in 1835, it very deservedly attracted the attention of the eminent men of science there assembled. From that station, the director, Col. Colby, controlled the operations of his immense force, amounting to more than 2000 surveyors and others—of whom but twenty were officers and about 200 soldiers; by this means the whole machine was wielded with the energy of a single will, and the plans which began at first but slowly, in the year 1830, were gradually completed and produced at a rate of more than two millions of acres in a year. They were then forwarded to the central office, and another step began, viz., to fit them for the public by engraving. Persons were employed to examine them closely by a peculiar system devised for that purpose, and from hand to hand each plan was passed, till transferred to copper; when again, by divided labour, on a skeleton of trigonometrically-constructed points, they were ultimately engraved:—first in outline, in writing next, and then in the more elaborate work of ornament. Various instruments of considerable ingenuity have been invented and constructed for the execution of particular parts of this branch of the work, and of the whole establishment, the leading feature is a happy adaptation of the great principle of division of labour; till by again and again repeating the same process for the same purpose, *making* has been converted into *manufacturing*.*

But there is yet a portion of the survey to which a few words must be given—The Memoir. This was intended to be a textual elucidation of the various parts of the work which could not be exhibited on the face of the maps. One volume, containing the city of Londonderry and its north-western liberties, was published as an example, and by the public it was well received,—the whole edition being immediately sold. To the government, however, it appeared costly. It has been stated that it would have involved an outlay of about one year's expense, in addition to what was required for the maps. It was stopped. Its general scheme was

* This was not inaptly described in the Athenæum of 5th September, 1835, among other matters connected with the British Association, thus:—"To understand the care that has been taken to ensure accuracy, it would be necessary to visit the office in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, and investigate the complicated intellectual machinery, by which the detached observations of those employed on the survey are collected and reduced. We use the word 'machinery' because no other could express the regularity with which the minutest division of labour in the several departments is preserved, the strict limitation of every person employed to his own peculiar branch of business, and the steady union of all in producing an harmonious result."

peculiarly simple, but pervading and comprehensive. Taking for the thread of connexion, the order of Time, and therefore beginning with Geology, and its adjunct, Natural History, it embraced in the second place Antiquities, and finally the existing social and productive statistics of the country. Subsequently to the stoppage, however, one portion, the Geology alone, has been partially resumed, and there is reason to hope the present government is not indisposed to continue the other portions. If such should be the case it will only remain matter for regret, that the simplicity and oneness of a complete work will have been abandoned for separate and disjointed fragments.

Of this work Lord Brougham is reported to have said, that it was a corollary from the survey more valuable than the survey itself; and it was of this branch Mr. Babbage strongly declared, that its conductors had earned a right to the lasting gratitude of their countrymen as national benefactors. This branch is at present stopped.

Upon the value and beneficial working of this institution, all persons and parties are agreed; but it is far otherwise with regard to that which superintends a matter of still greater importance—the Education of the People as a duty, and at the charge of, the Nation.

The value of education to all classes of a community, from the highest to the lowest, is now acknowledged universally: it is only as to the safest and wisest mode of bestowing education that men differ and dispute. It is admitted, not alone to open up new sources of rational enjoyment to mankind, and to give to individuals increased "power;" but to aid in extending and establishing virtue, in bettering the social condition, and in augmenting national strength. Those who so consider, and so describe, it, cannot, therefore, hesitate to accept as an axiom, that to encourage, promote, and increase education, is a duty of the State. State assistance is required only by persons disabled, from local circumstances or pecuniary disadvantages, from obtaining it by other means: to such it should be freely given, and on a scale commensurate with the want of it. Unhappily, however, in Ireland, there are difficulties in the way of educating the people generally, which human wisdom cannot altogether remove; they are peculiar; exceedingly disheartening; often wilfully, if not wantonly, raised; consequently, not to be dealt with by any ordinary process; and cannot fail greatly to embarrass any Government, that would legislate for the benefit and improvement of that country.

We have had occasion to observe upon the avidity with which the Irish seek, and have always sought, knowledge. This is indisputable. The ground was, therefore, prepared for the seed; yet, for centuries, a most cruel policy not only permitted it to remain waste and unprofitable, but actually made its cultivation penal; and when, at length, a more rational

and generous principle prevailed, and education was not only tolerated, but encouraged, the result was scarcely more advantageous to the people; for the mode in which it was proffered was so opposed to their prejudices, and, as they imagined, their interests, that they refused to receive it upon the terms on which alone it was to be obtained.

A brief review of the various plans for promoting what has been termed "National" Education in Ireland, may be necessary in order to comprehend the precise position of the existing "Government Board."

From a very early period, the clergy of the established church, in Ireland, were bound by oath, on admission to a benefice, to teach, or cause to be taught, the English language in schools under their control; but the statutes, which so provided, fell into desuetude; the clergy very generally considered they fulfilled the contract by subscribing to one or other of the societies for promoting instruction; and cases are recorded of their so literally construing the obligation as to believe it terminated when "there were no children in their parishes ignorant of the *English tongue;*"—and yet, they so argued, perhaps, neither irrationally nor unjustly; for the act of Elizabeth, to which we principally refer, was, undoubtedly, part and parcel of the state-project for extirpating the "mere Irish" in name and in fact *. Out of this enactment grew the "Diocesan Free Schools." These have been considered in a report of "the Board of Education," and bearing date the 21st April, 1809. It then appeared that "only ten of the Dioceses were provided with school-houses in proper repair;" that "the whole number of effective schools in all the dioceses together was but thirteen;" that "the whole number of scholars in all the schools did not exceed 380;" and that "twelve out of thirty-four dioceses contributed nothing towards the object." In fact, the Diocesan schools became mere private speculations; the master derived a pittance of £40 per annum from the diocese; a degree of dignity was conferred upon his "establishment;" and he received scholars, and remuneration for teaching them, as ordinary schoolkeepers do.

By Charles I., also, schools in Ireland were founded and endowed; and the second Charles granted several large estates for their maintenance. These were at Armagh, Dungannon, Enniskillin, Raphoe, Cavan, Banagher, and

* The same policy was unhappily carried down to an age much nearer our own. One of the "Penal Statutes" enacted that "whatsoever person of the Popish religion shall publicly teach at a school, or shall instruct youth in learning in any private house within this realm, or shall be entertained to instruct youth in learning, as usher, under-usher, or assistant, by any Protestant master, be esteemed or taken to be a Popish regular clergyman, and shall be prosecuted as such, and incur such pains, penalties, and forfeitures as any Popish regular convict is liable to by the laws and statutes of this realm." A reward of ten pounds was given to any person "discovering a Popish schoolmaster or usher."

Carysfort; and, according to the report of the Board of Education, their estates extended to 13,627 acres. The number of boys then—*i. e.* in 1809—in course of education were 187 boarders, and 114 day scholars; all of whom paid liberally for their education. In one of these schools of "royal foundation" there were neither boarders nor day scholars; and in another, the lands appertaining to which were capable of producing £2000 per annum, there were 65 boarders, at 32 guineas per annum; and 12 day scholars, at 6 guineas. The "masters" were generally men of rank and fortune; and "the Board" pointed out leases as being granted by many of these school-masters 'during incumbency,' as if they had been in possession of church livings and glebe lands. To describe these schools as "National" is, therefore, a mockery.

The "charter schools" were incorporated by act of the Irish Parliament in 1733. These schools were objectionable on other and stronger grounds; the avowed object of their "incorporation" was to teach the "poor Irish" the "English language and the Protestant religion." In other words, the schools were machines for the manufacture of proselytes; and the "society," who received, first from the private purse of George II., and afterwards from Parliament, grants in aid of their project, carried it to such irrational lengths, that in 1775 they came to a resolution, confirmed in 1778, and not rescinded until 1803, "not to admit any but the children of papists into the schools." These schools were consequently viewed with dislike, amounting to abhorrence, by the great mass of the people and their teachers; and the children educated in them were chiefly the offspring of crime. Yet between the years 1789 and 1817, they received grants from Parliament to the extent of £554,713 12*s.* 9*d.* Irish currency; averaging £30,000 per annum, independently of the annual income of the society, not less than £10,000; while the average number of scholars scarcely exceeded 2000*. It is, therefore, not

* From 1789 to 1800, the Parliamentary grants averaged 12,500*l.* After the Union, however, they rapidly increased from 18,217*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* (in 1801) to 41,539*l.* (in 1817). The Commissioners of Inquiry give the following tabular view of the expenditure of the "Incorporated Society" and the results, between the years 1802 and 1808, inclusive :—

Years.	Expenditure.			Children Maintained, Clothed, and Educated.	Average Expenditure.	Average Number of Children.	Average Annual Expense of each Child.
	£	s.	d.				
One Year to 5th Jan. 1802	29,133	6	6½	2085			
,, 1803	27,040	5	9½	2055			
,, 1804	28,796	4	7	2015			
,, 1805	30,148	8	5	2083			
,, 1806	30,384	18	11	2094			
,, 1807	33,878	7	2	2137			
,, 1808	31,722	17	8½	2187			
	211,104	9	1½	14,656	£30,157 15 7	2093	£14 8 2

surprising that Roman Catholic writers characterise these charter schools as having "filled Ireland with vice and dissension;" as "fruitful sources of enmities, prejudices, and immoralities;" that the Roman Catholic clergy should have execrated them, in every possible way*, and that the Roman Catholic people, wherever virtue, honour, or decency existed, should have considered them as pest-houses, in which their children could only learn to be corrupt †. Thus, when a boy quitted one of these schools, he was regarded as a renegade by his neighbours; generally, he returned to the creed he had abandoned, without having been a free agent; or, under the name of "Protestant," he became too often a reproach to the faith he had assumed, and a warning to others against what they were thus induced to regard as the moral leprosy of conversion. There were other, but minor, evils connected with this "Association," to which it is needless to advert. We have known some of the masters, who farmed their lands almost solely by the labours of their pupils; bestowing upon them no sort of "learning;" and we could name one in particular, who actually let out to hire as messengers the boys entrusted to his charge.

"The Association for discountenancing Vice" was incorporated in 1800; it was supported by "voluntary contributions," but was, if we mistake not, originally formed merely for the issue of books; and annual examinations were held, in the several churches of the principal towns, at which Prayer-books and Bibles, "according to the authorised version," were distributed as prizes to the best answerers. We have at the present moment two copies of the Scriptures thus obtained by ourselves, in the years 1812 and 1813. Schools were established in connexion with the association about six years after its commencement; and for these parliamentary aid was obtained—of various amounts, but which for two or three years extended to £10,000 per annum. According to Dr. Elrington, in his evidence before the House of Lords, the numbers educated in these schools were in 1822, 5479 Protestants, and 4672 Roman Catholics; in 1828, 13,189 Protestants, and 5494 Roman Catholics; and in 1830 (after the withdrawal of the grant), 10,014 Protestants, and

* To account for this feeling, it will be necessary only to extract a few passages from the Catechism in use in all these schools; at least until within a comparatively recent period. "Q. Is the Church of Rome a sound and uncorrupt church? A. No; it is extremely corrupt in doctrine, worship, and practice. Q. What do you think of the frequent crossings, upon which the Papists lay so great a stress in their divine offices, and for security against sickness and all accidents? A. They are vain and superstitious. The worship of the crucifix, or figure of Christ upon the cross, is idolatrous; and the adoring and praying to the cross itself is, of all the corruptions of the Popish worship, the most gross and intolerable."

† "Few Catholics pass by these schools without looking on them with a jealous eye, and vent their feelings by curses and execrations, with gestures and emphasis, which bespeak their heartfelt anguish. I have myself frequently heard these people so express themselves."—Wakefield, vol. 2, p. 411.

3772 Roman Catholics. "National," therefore, assuredly, these schools were not.

In 1812, a new association, known as "The Kildare Street Society," sprang into existence. It was, at once, largely and liberally patronised; its members were a "numerous and influential body," and its exertions were infinitely more commensurate with the wants of the people. Great good was undoubtedly effected by it; but it had to encounter the insurmountable difficulties, raised by its predecessors—of prejudice, suspicion, and mistrust; and although based upon principles far more liberal, it was not framed altogether with a view to convince the mass of the community of the wisdom, charity, or generosity of its proceedings. The society expressly prohibited attempts at proselytism; and yielded, indeed, upon nearly all points on which the Roman Catholics demanded concession—upon all save one; they required that the Scriptures should be read in their schools. Unhappily, this was a barrier they could not overleap; here the society was compelled to stop; and, thus, were, for all practical purposes, as far from the goal as if they had never made an effort to reach it. An opinion largely prevailed among the Roman Catholics, that their secret but paramount object was to proselytise; an opinion that received weight from the over-zealous and most injudicious conduct of some of the members *. But, independently of any other cause, it was notorious that "the reading of the Scriptures, without note or comment, was inconsistent with the established discipline of the Roman Catholic church;" and that, consequently, the children of Roman Catholics, generally, would be precluded from the advantages offered by these schools as effectually as if the doors were closed against them. It was so, in fact; for although a considerable number of Roman Catholic children did receive instruction in the schools of

* *Suspicion* that proselytism was really designed operated as injuriously as if evidence of it actually existed; if, indeed, such evidence were not supplied by the fact that many of the schools of the Kildare-street Society were in connexion with other societies—the Hibernian and Baptist Societies—the avowed object of which was to proselytise. Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, in his answer to the Commissioners, grounds his objection to the Kildare-street Society (1824) mainly on this fact. The Commissioners appear to have taken great trouble in the hope of reconciling differences between the two churches; without effect however: neither would concede sufficiently; the Commissioners aimed at "a system of united and general education," "from which suspicion should, if possible, be banished." They were led to believe that "no system could obtain general and cordial support in Ireland which should not, in addition to elementary knowledge, afford the opportunity of religious instruction to persons of all persuasions;" and "the great difficulty they experienced was in endeavouring to provide a work compiled from the Four Gospels;" failing in this, which they considered an essential point, they "desisted from all further attempts to carry it into execution." The authorised version was refused on one side, the Douay version on the other, and a mixture of the two versions—suggested by Dr. Murray—was rejected as a "mutilation of the Scriptures," an unmeaning phrase, of which much evil use has been made. We do not perceive that any person suggested *a new translation*; but it is more than probable such a proposal would not have been listened to.

the society, the number formed but a small proportion of those who required, and ardently longed for, education; and the parents of those who accepted the boon were placed in a position of perpetual hostility to their priests—out of which arose many degrading and disgraceful scenes.

Before we proceed to consider "the National Board," which at present holds jurisdiction over "national education in Ireland," it will be desirable to offer a few remarks upon the condition, as regards instruction, of the Irish people, who, all this while, were in little or no degree benefited by the national supply of means for their improvement—liberal as it undoubtedly was for upwards of half a century.

The "Irish schoolmaster" has been pictured by nearly every writer of fiction, who has dealt with Irish character; and although commonly represented as odious and dangerous, the portrait has been seldom over-drawn. The high estimate in which the people, generally, hold "learning,"—a fact on which we cannot lay too much stress,—induced them not only to tolerate his evil habits, but tacitly to allow him a very perilous influence over their principles and conduct. Upon this topic it is needless to enlarge; there is abundant evidence by which the origin of nearly every illegal association may be traced to the cabin of a village schoolmaster*. The "school-houses" were, for the most part, wretched hovels, in which the boys and girls mixed indiscriminately; usually damp, and always unhealthy; so dark that it was a common practice for the pupils to learn their lessons among the adjacent hedges; and if they acquired knowledge, it was, not unfrequently, knowledge that led to evil rather than to good. Mr. Wakefield gives a list of the books in use about thirty years ago, which he calls "The Cottage Classics of Ireland"†; much more recently, we have found the same works in circulation —*and found no others*—among the cabins of the humbler classes. Of late years, however, a vast improvement in this respect has taken place; and

* "The common schoolmaster is generally a man who was originally intended for the priesthood; but whose morals had been too bad, or his habitual idleness so deeply rooted, as to prevent his improving himself sufficiently for that office. To persons of this kind is the education of the poor entirely entrusted; and the consequence is, that their pupils imbibe from them enmity to England, hatred to the government, and superstitious veneration for old and absurd customs."—Wakefield (1812). Mr. Spring Rice (Lord Monteagle) stated in the House of Commons (1822), that there were 8000 schoolmasters in Ireland; "among these, he was sorry to say, there existed much mischief." Mr. Grant (Lord Glenelg) corroborated this statement. "The schoolmasters and the books," he observed, "were of the very worst species."

† "History of the Seven Champions;" "History of Fair Rosamond and Jane Shore;" "Ovid's Art of Love;" "Irish Rogues and Rapparees;" "Francis, a notorious robber teaching the most dexterous art of thieving;" "History of Celebrated Pirates;" "Moll Flanders;" "The Devil and Doctor Faustus;" "History of Witches and Apparitions;" &c. &c. &c. The ballads in common circulation were of a still worse character; we have an extensive collection now before us; a large proportion of them are political, filled with the very worst sentiments; others contain expressions of sympathy for men who have died on the gallows; and all are pregnant with danger.

during our recent visits we found it difficult to obtain, at any of the low shops in the suburbs of large towns, copies of the books, of which formerly they were never without an ample supply *.

These remarks are necessary in order to exhibit, by contrast, the advantages obtained by a new order of things.

And so, we proceed to treat of the existing "Board for the superintendence of a system of National Education in Ireland;"—believing it to be, all circumstances considered, the wisest and most rational project that has been devised for educating the people; and the surest to attain the great aim and object of all education—right acting from right thinking †. We are very far from

* Even the "Life of James Freney, commonly called Captain Freney, from the time of his first entering on the highway in Ireland, to the time of his surrender, being a series of five years' remarkable adventures, written by himself," is now a "scarce book;" although an edition of it has been printed in nearly every town in the south of Ireland.

† The contemplated appointment of "the Board" was first announced in a letter—dated October, 1831—addressed by Mr. Secretary Stanley (now Lord Stanley) to the Duke of Leinster. It is expedient to extract the following passages from it:—

"The Commissioners, in 1812, recommended the appointment of a board of this description to superintend a *system of education from which should be banished even the suspicion of proselytism*, and *which, admitting children of all religious persuasions, should not interfere with the peculiar tenets of any*. The Government of the day imagined that they had found a superintending body, acting upon a system such as was recommended, and *intrusted* the distribution of the national grants to the care of the Kildare-street Society. His Majesty's present Government are of opinion that no private society, deriving a part, however small, of their annual income from private sources, and only made the channel of the munificence of the legislature, *without being subject to any direct responsibility*, could adequately and satisfactorily accomplish the end proposed; and while they do full justice to the liberal views with which that society was originally instituted, they cannot but be sensible that one of its leading principles was calculated to defeat its avowed objects, as experience has subsequently proved that it has. The determination to enforce in all their schools the reading of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment was undoubtedly taken with the purest motives; with the wish at once to connect religious with moral and literary education, and at the same time not to run the risk of wounding the peculiar feelings of any sect by catechetical instruction or comments which might tend to subjects of polemical controversy. But it seems to have been overlooked, that the principles of the Roman Catholic church (to which, in any system intended for general diffusion throughout Ireland, the bulk of the pupils must necessarily belong) were totally at variance with this principle; and that the indiscriminate reading of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment, by children, must be peculiarly obnoxious to a church which denies, even to adults, the right of unaided private interpretation of the sacred volume with respect to articles of religious belief.

"Shortly after its institution, although the society prospered and extended its operations under the fostering care of the legislature, this vital defect began to be noticed, and the Roman Catholic clergy began to exert themselves *with energy and success* against a system to which they were on principle opposed, and which they feared might lead in its results to proselytism, even although no such object were contemplated by its promoters. When this opposition arose, founded on such grounds, it soon became manifest that the system could not become one of national education."

Lord Stanley—some time afterwards—thus more definitely described the object of the plan:—"To diminish the violence of religious animosities by the association of Protestant and Roman Catholic children, in a system of education in which both might join, and in which the large majority, who were opposed to the religion of the state, might practically see how much there was in that religion common to their own;" and he further adds, as the main purpose of the institution—"to give the great bulk of the Roman Catholic population as extensive a knowledge of Scripture *as they could be induced to receive*."

placing the system before the reader as in a state of perfection; or even of completeness; nor do we argue that errors which have been undoubtedly committed, could not, some of them at least, have been avoided. Of late, it has been the policy to conciliate the one party in Ireland without consulting the wishes or the interests of the other; and a mistake was made at the outset which it will take years to rectify. The Board, as originally constituted, consisted of the Duke of Leinster, the Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Sadlier —three members of the established church; the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin and the Right Hon. A. R. Blake, a Roman Catholic gentleman, and the Rev. J. Carlile, and Robert Holmes, Esq., the one a Presbyterian, the other a Unitarian; men who, however estimable in private life, held opinions, political or religious, opposed to those of many whose suspicions were sure to be aroused, whose alarms were certain to be excited, and whom it was, at least equally, the duty of government to have conciliated. In consequence, there was "not a single member of the Board in whom the Protestants of Ireland had the least reliance "* —whether they ought or ought not to have had confidence in its judgment, integrity, and impartiality, is another question; but the Board was, undoubtedly, so framed as to increase rather than to allay the apprehensions generally entertained by the Protestants of Ireland, that "the education scheme" was a plan for their "discouragement." This feeling, thus created, was certainly not diminished when they saw the school-houses spring up in the chapel-yards, or immediately adjacent to the Roman Catholic chapels, and the Roman Catholic clergymen employing and paying the masons who built them, nominating the masters, and supplying the books†. The result was that the Protestants, generally, and their clergy, almost entirely, stood aloof from all contact with "the Board," declined to receive any portion of the state money, and permitted

* We quote this passage from the evidence of the Dean of Ardagh before a committee of the House of Commons; we do so, however, because we know it to express, not the feeling of a solitary individual, but that of the Protestants generally. The chief objection urged against the Kildare-street Society was, that it was "ruled by a majority decidedly partisan." The government sought the remedy of one evil by the creation of another; for not the majority, but the whole, of the Education Board was "decidedly partisan."

† We are fully aware that this fact is met, on the part of "the Board," by the assertion that wherever a school was so built, it was because *no other piece of ground* was to be procured in the neighbourhood; and that in erecting a school thus contiguous to a chapel, they had only "Hobson's choice." Indeed it is but just to state that the following passage occurs in one of the earliest of the plans circulated by the Board:— "Although the Commissioners do not absolutely refuse aid towards the erection of school-houses, on ground connected with a place of worship, yet they much prefer their being erected on ground which is not so connected, where it can be obtained; they therefore expect that before church, chapel, or meeting-house ground be adopted as the site of a school-house, inquiry be made whether another convenient site may be obtained, and the result of the inquiry stated to them." But we speak within our own knowledge when we state that, in many instances, very shallow arguments for preferring chapel-grounds were accepted as reasons cogent and conclusive.

the Roman Catholics to possess unlimited control over the funds granted for the benefit of the whole community.

Unhappily, in Ireland, among the clergy of the established church, the Presbyterians, and the Dissenters, there are too many who have not received "that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues*." A cry was raised against the projected scheme from the very moment of its announcement—upon the ground that the reading of the Scriptures, entire, was not to be insisted upon in the schools. The Kildare-street Society had made this a *sine quâ non;* although they permitted the use of the Douay version; but they expressly forbade any interpretation of the sacred volume, or of any passages thereof, as an infringement of their primary rule against attempts at proselytism. The Education Board provided that "one or two days in the week be set apart for giving, separately, such religious education to the children, as may be approved of by the clergy of their respective persuasions.†" This was, in reality, the only subject of complaint; yet it was one that gave rise to extensive bickerings, heart-burnings, and ill-will; and up to the present time, the Protestants generally, and their clergy almost universally, have not only taken no part in the State project, and derived no aid from its funds—they continue arrayed in hostility against it.

And this is grievously to be lamented; no doubt the evil is diminishing, and we trust will, ere long, be very considerably lessened; signs have been recently given, which lead to the conclusion that the Protestant Clergy are

* Of this we have an example in one clergyman who, in his evidence before the House of Lords, did not hesitate to express his opinion, that "it would be better for the government to leave the Irish children without religious education, or *without any education at all*, than to take a part in bringing them up as Roman Catholics." Akin to this, is the opposition of Dr. M'Hale, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam; characterised by intolerance and bigotry unworthy of a scholar and a christian; and reminding one of the foolish ignorance and gross prejudice of some of the Indian castes, who will die of starvation rather than receive food that has been polluted by the touch of an outcast Paria.

† Religious education is only *not enforced* in these schools; it is however inculcated as a duty on the part of those who stand in the relation of pastors to the children; and the Commissioners in their instructions to their Inspectors thus express themselves:—

"As the Holy Scripture is itself unhappily a subject of controversy in this country, both in regard to the books which constitute Scripture, and to the translation of it; and as the introduction of the Bible into schools for common education has created much contention and dispute, and prevented a very large portion of the poorer classes in Ireland from sending their children to schools receiving Government aid, it is not to be introduced during the hours set apart for common education; but every facility is to be given for the reading and explaining of the Scriptures, either before or after these hours, or for any other mode of communicating religious instruction by such pastors or other persons as are approved by the parents or guardians of the children." Very recently, however, this rule has been thus modified—whether wisely or unwisely is, we think, at least doubtful. "We therefore propose modifying the letter of the rule, so as to allow religious instruction to be given, and of course the Scriptures to be read, or the Catechism learned, during *any of the school hours*, provided such an arrangement be made as that no children shall take part in, or listen to any religious reading or instruction to which their parents or guardians object."

now disposed to avail themselves of a power which the state is not only willing, but anxious to place in their hands, and to leave no longer the benefit to be derived from it, exclusively, at the command of the Roman Catholic clergy; the accession of the Presbyterian synod has removed one very formidable barrier; and the clergy of the established church will no doubt consider it their duty as well as their interest—first to give to their flocks all the advantages freely offered them, and which are their unquestioned right; next, to exercise their privilege of inspecting the schools in their several parishes; next, to superintend the spiritual and temporal instruction of such members of their own church as are pupils in these schools; and next, to build, at the public expense, the schools that may be necessary for the education of the people committed to their charge. Recent changes cannot but have tended largely to convince them that instead of continuing to suspect a desire to discourage and depress the Protestants of Ireland, they may be assured of receiving the fostering care and zealous support of Government,—to which they are eminently entitled.

We should far exceed our limits if we were to attempt entering upon the less important points in dispute, or detailing the various arguments advanced, pro and con, in reference to the Institution. We must regard the existing "Board for superintending the Education of the Irish people" as a mighty engine for their moral and social improvement; believing that mistaken notions of religion will be far more surely removed by knowledge than by ignorance; and knowing that whatever defects may exist in the present system, it is immeasurably superior to the old methods of educating the lower classes of the Irish. In lieu of the schoolmasters of former times, —whose characters we have briefly sketched,—have been substituted a set of men, properly taught and prepared for their important task in the "model schools" of the institution; paid by the public, and therefore responsible to the public; their habits ascertained before they are employed, and their conduct continually watched during employment by proper "inspectors," duly appointed, who in their turn are frequently examined by the Board, and called upon to report regularly concerning all subjects connected with their respective districts *. The school-houses, instead of being dark, close,

* The training masters and mistresses to superintend the schools is a prominent and most important part of the system. The men, who are sent up to Dublin from the provinces, with proper certificates as to character and capabilities, are boarded and lodged at the agricultural school at Glasnevin; where they have, also, opportunities of noticing practical husbandry; the room in which they assemble is hung with large maps, &c., where, during the evenings, they go over and rehearse the lessons of the day; and the domestic arrangements are such as to inculcate neat and orderly habits. Our visit to this department of the establishment gave us a strong impression of the good likely to result from the arrangement. They attend at the Institution for

dirty, and unwholesome, are neat and commodious buildings, well ventilated and in all respects healthful. The books that have displaced the mischievous and deleterious publications formerly in universal use, are excellent in every sense of the term*. Lessons in virtue are conveyed in every page, with a degree of skill and judgment nowhere exceeded; they have been compiled with admirable tact, so as to communicate information by the simplest process; and although there is a manifest want of books that shall interest and amuse while they instruct, those that supply extracts from writers of acknowledged worth are altogether unexceptionable. Above all, the placards posted conspicuously in some parts of every school contain, in themselves, a code of wisdom†.

several hours on each day, except Sundays, during six months; and are daily subjected to examination by the resident directors. Public examinations, to ascertain their progress, take place twice a-year; they are *classed* according to their proficiency; and on proceeding to their schools are paid annual salaries, varying from 16*l.* to 30*l.* They are permitted to increase their incomes by receiving payment for education from the parents of the children. These payments are sometimes as low as 4*s.* per annum, and sometimes as high as 30*s.* It is very desirable that every pupil should pay something—no matter how trivial the amount. It relieves the party receiving the benefit from the weight of charity, and begets feelings of independence. We attended two or three of the ordinary examinations of the masters; and certainly found many of them to be persons under whom we would ourselves gladly have studied; they were subjected to very rigid examinations upon all the subjects in which they would have to instruct.

* We procured copies of, we believe, all the books that have been issued by the Board; and have no hesitation in stating that works better calculated for education, in all the leading branches, were never produced. We know of none that may be so safely recommended to schools, generally, of any grade, or to families of any rank. We have an "English Grammar" exceedingly simple and comprehensive; "Books of Arithmetic," for various classes; books on "the Elements of Book-keeping," and on "the Elements of Geometry;" "a Treatise on Mensuration;" "an Introduction to the Art of Reading, with suitable accentuation and intonation;" "Books of Lessons"—commencing with instructions for the very young, and advancing, so as to suit matured pupils;—these books consist of selections, in prose and poetry, from the best and most popular British authors, compiled with a view to the combination of amusement with information; the fifth of the series being more directly devoted to the useful, and containing a variety of extracts arranged under the following heads:—Physical Geography and Geology; History; Physiology, vegetable and animal; Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; and at the end of the volume are several "poetical pieces." The book is illustrated by explanatory cuts. "The Reading Book" is an admirable compilation, and, we venture to say, does not contain a single passage that could be objected to upon any ground.

† We print one of these, headed "General Lesson," because its "principles" are commanded to be "generally inculcated in all the schools," and "a copy of it on pasteboard" is required to "be hung up in each school;" we have never visited any school in which it did not immediately catch the eye:—

Christians should endeavour, as the Apostle Paul commands them, "to live peaceably with all men," (Romans, c. xii. ver. 18,) even with those of a different religious persuasion.

Our Saviour, Christ, commanded his Disciples to "love one another." He taught them to love even their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and to pray for those who persecuted them. He himself prayed for his murderers.

Many men hold erroneous doctrines; but we ought not to hate or persecute them. We ought to seek for the truth, and hold fast what we are convinced is the truth; but not to treat harshly those who are in error. Jesus Christ did not intend his Religion to be forced on men by violent means. He would not allow his Disciples to fight for him.

Perhaps no public establishment was ever subjected to so severe an ordeal as the Education Board. Every one of its acts has been sifted and scrutinised with the nicest accuracy, in order to detect error; its schools have been "looked into" very closely and frequently, to supply evidence of wrong-doing; the characters of its teachers have been subjected to inquiries which few could have borne unscathed; every page of its publications has been scanned with a critic's eye—every sentence duly weighed, and every sentiment canvassed, to see whether some "lurking" danger might not be discovered; yet it is only bare justice to say, that, during the ten years of its existence, the amount of its culpability has been marvellously small; that very few charges of impropriety or incompetency have been sustained, or even brought, against the persons, in various capacities, it has employed; and that, beyond all question, it has laboured through "evil report" without manifesting a design or a desire to oppose and annoy those from whom it has received both opposition and annoyance. We believe that a willingness to conciliate the clergy of the Established Church and the Protestants of Ireland, is as ardent and as earnest now as it has been at any period since the Board was established *. The charges that have been brought against the institution are, indeed, so limited, in number and character, as to excite astonishment, when we take into account the suspicious care with which it has been watched—

> "Men's evil neighbours make them early stirrers,
> Which is both healthful and good husbandry."

During our recent tours in Ireland we visited schools in nearly every county of the south, east, and north—inspecting, somewhat minutely, at least a hundred of them. We confess that conviction as to their unobjectionable character forced itself slowly upon our minds; that we commenced our examination predisposed to condemn them—or at least to take part with those who did condemn them; and that our prejudices have been overcome only by repeated proofs of the great good they are achieving—good that might be largely multiplied if all their opponents would ascertain, as we did, the actual and practical working of the system; and join—as we fervently hope

If any persons treat us unkindly we must not do the same to them; for Christ and his Apostles have taught us not to return evil for evil. If we would obey Christ, we must do to others, not as they do to us, but as we would wish them to do to us.

Quarrelling with our neighbours and abusing them, is not the way to convince them that we are in the right, and they in the wrong. It is more likely to convince them that we have not a Christian spirit.

We ought to show ourselves followers of Christ, who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again," (1 Peter, c. ii. ver. 23,) by behaving gently and kindly to every one.

* It is only justice to state that the Board has made continual and earnest efforts to induce the clergy of the Established Church to accept aid; and has gone great lengths to disarm hostility by persuasive gentleness; this is admitted by its warmest opponents.

and confidently expect they will—"heart and hand" in rendering them effective for the great and high purpose for which the State endows them*.

* From the seventh and eighth Reports of the Commissioners, which have just been laid before Parliament, we have compiled the following

TABLE, SHOWING THE PROGRESSIVE INCREASE IN THE NATIONAL SYSTEM.

Reports of the Commissioners of Education.	Number of Schools in actual operation.	Number of Children on the Roll.	Reports of the Commissioners of Education.	Number of Schools in actual operation.	Number of Children on the Roll.
No. 1, (1834)	789	107,042	No. 5, (1838)	1,384	169,548
2, (1835)	1,106	145,521	6, (1839)	1,581	192,971
3, (1836)	1,181	153,707	7, (1840)	1,978	232,560
4, (1837)	1,300	166,929	8, (1841)	2,337	281,849

Number of Schools in actual operation on the 31st December, 1841	2,337
Number of School-houses in progress of erection on the 31st December, 1841	382
Total number of National Schools on the 31st December, 1841	2,719
Number of Children in attendance upon the 2,337 Schools in operation	281,849
Expected attendance upon the 382 Building Schools	48,356
Total number of Children in actual attendance, and expected attendance	330,205

SUMMARY OF THE ABOVE.

Schools in operation.			Schools Building.		
Ulster	1005	91,700	Ulster	103	10,166
Munster	482	75,772	Munster	113	13,907
Leinster	642	88,258	Leinster	81	10,754
Connaught	208	26,119	Connaught	85	13,529
	2337	281,849		382	48,356

To which are to be added eight vested schools not included in the above, making the total number of schools on the 31st December, 1841, 2727.

Increase of Schools.—The increase of Schools during the year 1841 exceeds 300, and for the last three years upwards of 1147.

General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.—Upwards of 300 Schools connected with this Assembly, principally under the management of the Presbyterian Clergymen and Laymen, are in connexion with the Board. [We have reason to believe that the Honourable the Irish Society have determined to connect their schools in the County of Derry (in number about sixty), with the Board; so far as to use the books and avail themselves of the advantages of the training schools of the Institution. Salaries to teachers they will not, of course, require.]

Poor Law Schools.—About 20 Poor Law Schools have recently come under the Board. The conditions upon which aid is given to these Schools are, that they be subject to inspection by the officers, and that the provisions of the Poor Law Act, in reference to religious instruction, shall be faithfully observed.

Trained Teachers.—Number of male teachers trained in 1841 131
Ditto female ditto . . . . . 35—Total, 166.

The female teachers have had to support themselves—no accommodation for them having been as yet provided. A suitable building for the training of female teachers will be erected. Mrs. Drummond, the widow of the late Secretary, has given a donation of 1000*l.* for the purpose. [We trust that especial regard will be had to instruction in needlework; we found it taught in very few of the schools we visited; yet its importance cannot but be universally admitted. The indifference of the lower classes of the Irish to wearing torn and ragged clothes has long been a reproach to them; but, hitherto, it was really almost impossible for the wearer to get them repaired. "A stitch in time saves nine," would be a good maxim to inculcate among them—when instruction in needlework has made it something more than a mere caution.]

Lord Morpeth's donation of 1000*l.*—It is intended to apply the interest upon this sum in the distribution of prizes to deserving teachers. [Great good will inevitably arise out of this plan; for of all people, the Irish are the easiest to be improved by praise and recompense for good, and the hardest to be changed by punishment for evil.]

It is impossible that any scheme for the education of the Irish people could have been largely successful, unless concessions were made on both sides —on all sides indeed; for they were required to and from Presbyterians and Dissenters, as well as Roman Catholics and members of the Established Church. Unhappily, many Protestants succeeded in persuading themselves that the Roman Catholic Church was not destined to exist for a very long period; we say "unhappily," because they acted up to this opinion, and *postponed* the exercise of charity as prejudicial to "their neighbours." They were, therefore, wroth with state attempts to legislate, directly, in reference to it, as a solemn recognition of its existence. In no other way can we account for the intolerance of men who upon all other subjects are charitable, high-minded, just, and generous.

It has been a too common error, that "National Education" ought to emanate from "the Church," and not from "the State;" losing sight of the all-important fact, that very many who are sincerely attached to the latter are hostile to the former; and that, in this age, we have learned to question "the wisdom of our ancestors," who considered coercion more effectual than persuasion.

It is not our province to point out where the institution is capable of improvement; no doubt, time will have directed public attention to many matters connected with it, into which changes or modifications may be beneficially introduced; and no doubt, also, they will be taken advantage of by the parties more interested in its welfare,—*if they are sought to be effected gradually, temperately, and with due regard to the varied and conflicting interests, and prejudices, that will be involved, and must be taken into account.* But it is certain that any serious or extensive alteration of the existing system will do incalculable mischief—and consign to another generation the great, good, and merciful work of educating the Irish people.

We trust we shall not be considered presumptuous, however, if we venture to suggest that the readiest and most certain way of meeting and overcoming the difficulty, is *to exclude all direct religious education from the schools,* and to intrust that most essential part of the training of youth to the pastors and teachers of the pupils, either at their own homes or in their own places of worship. This is the course invariably pursued in all *day* schools for the upper and middle classes, and why not in those for the humble and the poor?*

* In day-schools for the better orders, in Ireland, the Protestants and the Roman Catholics have always mingled without hesitation or suspicion; and in all probability a pupil of either class would be immediately removed if the parents found that the master was giving him *religious* instruction. In our youth, we attended a day-school, the master of which was a member of the Society of Friends; his scholars were of various religious denominations. In the same city there were two other leading schools; the principal of one was a Roman Catholic, and we venture to assert that many of his pupils were Protestants; the director of the other was a Protestant, and we know that a very large proportion of his scholars were Roman Catholics.

The state would thus hold itself NEUTRAL in the contest—if a contest there must still be—about means for supplying a good and sound *literary* education, under salutary rules and judicious regulations:—contributing, *to any body of Christians*, aid in proportion to their want of it; and leaving to the natural guardians of the pupils the selection, not only of their spiritual teachers, but of the times when, and the places at which, they shall be taught.

The system of instruction occupies but a portion of each day—from ten o'clock, we believe, until four—and ample time and opportunity are afforded, daily, for inculcating and strengthening religious principles. It is, we think, certain that no evil of any kind could arise out of this plan; for the benevolent design of Lord Stanley "to diminish the violence of religious animosities by *the association* of Protestant and Roman Catholic children, in a system of education in which *both might join*, and in which the large majority, who were opposed to the religion of the state, might practically see how much there was in that religion common to their own," has failed—signally and *in toto*; the children of different persuasions do not, and will not, commingle in these schools *as at present constituted*. Occasionally we found, in the south, a few Protestants—averaging perhaps four to a hundred—among the Roman Catholic pupils; and in the north about the same proportion of Roman Catholics with Presbyterians and members of the Established Church; but in no instance did we find the opposite classes so mixed as to lead us to anticipate results such as those which the accomplished and generous statesman certainly hoped for, and, perhaps, expected; in this respect the plan has been a failure; in all other respects it has been, we think, successful beyond the expectations of its most sanguine upholders.

We believe, then, that the system is working well—marvellously well, considering the great and manifold difficulties by which it was formerly surrounded; many of these difficulties have been surmounted; others have been materially lessened; and those that remain may be removed by the cordial co-operation of the Clergy of the Established Church. Let us hope that this will be no longer withheld; "so that"—we quote an eloquent passage from one of the many 'Reports' submitted to Parliament—they may assist "in bringing up children of all denominations in feelings of charity and good-will, in making them regard each other not as belonging to rival sects, but as subjects of the same sovereign, as fellows of the same redemption, so that all may hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life."

MEATH.

The county of Meath is the great grazing ground of Ireland, and consists almost entirely of pasture-land, vying in its external aspect with the richest of the English counties, and, perhaps, surpassing any of them in fertility. The hedges are remarkably luxuriant; the trees (of which there is an unusual abundance) are of extraordinary growth; and the fields have, at all times and seasons, that brilliant green so refreshing to the eye, and so cheering to the mind when associated with ideas of comfort and prosperity. There is, indeed, no part of Ireland where the Englishman will find himself so completely at home; for, added to great natural beauty, he sees, on all sides, the beneficial results of careful cultivation, and marks, in every direction, the ordinary consequences of industry directed by science; while the poverty and wretchedness that are elsewhere forced upon his attention is here seldom perceptible; and "the clamorous voice of woe" rarely "intrudes upon the ear." Much of this apparently prosperous character is, however, hollow and unsubstantial; the large farmers are indeed wealthy, but of small farmers there are few or none; the policy of the "graziers" has been, for a long time, to devote the produce of the soil to the raising of cattle; and the "clearing of estates" in Meath has, therefore, been proceeding at a very disastrous rate. We quote the words of a common labourer with whom we conversed on the subject — "The land is given over to the beasts of the field!" The small plots of ground are "wanted for the cattle;" and as the cabins cannot exist without them, they are in rapid course of removal. The consequence is, that although misery is not to be encountered upon highways, or adjacent to pleasant meadows, the towns, into which the poor have been driven, are thronged with squalid countenances; starvation stalks at noon-day through their streets; and perhaps in no part of the world could be found so much wretchedness "huddled" together into an equal space, as the tourist may note in the single town of Navan. All about the suburbs, the cabins are filthy to the last degree; a very large proportion of them have no other outlets for smoke but the broken windows; the roofs of many have partially fallen in; and we examined several from which every available piece of wood had been taken for firing, at

periods when the pressure of immediate want had rendered the unhappy inmates indifferent to the future. We entered some of these hovels—within a dozen steps, be it remembered, of the centre of a town, and not hidden by distance and obscurity from the sight of sympathising humanity—and were shocked to find their condition wretched almost beyond conception, and certainly beyond credibility. The scene appalled us the more because of the lovely and plentiful land we had previously passed through; the fat cattle feeding upon pastures so fresh and green; the huge stacks; the full barns; the comfortable houses, midway between mansions and farmsteads—the air of luxury, indeed, that pervaded every object within our ken! It was a sad contrast; to be witnessed without heart-ache only by those who have become familiar with it, and have learned indifference from habit.

The county adjoins that of Dublin—its boundary, with the Irish sea, on the east; on the south, it is bounded by Kildare and the King's County; on the west, by Westmeath, and on the north by Louth, Monaghan, and Cavan. It comprises, according to the Ordnance survey, an area of 567,127 statute acres, of which 5600 only are unimproved mountain and bog. In 1821, the population amounted to 159,183; in 1831, to 176,826. Its principal towns are Trim, Navan, Kells, Slane, and Athboy. It is divided into the Baronies of Upper Deece, Lower Deece, Demifore, Upper Duleek, Lower Duleek, Dunboyne, Upper Kells, Lower Kells, Lune, Morgallion, Upper Moyfenrath, Lower Moyfenrath, Upper Navan, Lower Navan, Ratoath, Skreen, Upper Slane and Lower Slane.

We shall place the tourist, first, in the town of Trim, distant twenty-two miles from Dublin, situate in the south-west division of the county of which it is the assize town, although inferior to Navan in extent and population. It borders the "pleasant Boyne"—as the river was called by Spenser; but to which after-times gave the still more simple, and far more famous, title of "the Boyne water"—which divides Meath nearly into two equal parts, running from south-west to north-east. At the entrance to Trim, from the south, stands a Corinthian column of granite, erected by subscription in 1817, to commemorate the military achievements of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, to whose connexion with this county we shall presently advert. To the right, are the county jail, one of the best built and best conducted prisons in Ireland; and the ancient castle of the De Lacys—the Anglo-Normans to whom Henry the Second gave the largest share of the kingdom of the O'Melaghlins, monarchs of Meath,—formerly one of the *five* Provinces into which Ireland was divided—portioning the remainder among his principal followers; an arrangement with which the old possessors were so little satisfied, that, for centuries afterwards, the district was a

TRIM,

MEATH.

London, Published by Fisher & Fisher, 130 Fleet Street.

continued seat of war *. The history of this now dilapidated structure is full of interest; the remains are very extensive, and indicate its former strength, when it was a chief bulwark of "the Pale," and the great safeguard of the "English adventurers." In all the contests of after-times, it partook largely;

it was in military occupation so recently as 1688; now it is a mass of ruins, highly picturesque as they line the bank of the beautiful river, and recal, forcibly, the memory of its days of almost regal splendour. The walls are in circumference four hundred and eighty-six yards, defended by ten flanking towers, at nearly equal distances—including those at the gates, one of which is in a good state of preservation, as well as the arches over the ditch and the

* Hugh De Lacy, to whom Meath was granted, and who was one of the most conspicuous of the Anglo-Norman invaders, was treacherously killed at Durrow, in the Queen's County, by a labouring man; who, with his axe, struck off the head of the great soldier as he was stooping to give him some directions concerning the hewing of a block of timber. Cambrensis thus chronicles the event: "On a time, as each man was busilie occupied—some lading, some heaving, some planting, some graving, the general himself also digging with a pickaxe; a desperate villaine among them, whose toole the nobleman was using, espieing both his hands occupied, and his bodie inclining downwards, still as he stroke, watched when he so stooped, and with an axe cleft his head in sunder, little esteeming the torments that for this traiterous act ensued. His bodie," adds the chronicler, "was buried at Bective, and his head in St. Thomas Abbei, at Dublin." A valuable little book, giving a history of the De Lacys, and containing a mass of interesting facts connected with the castle and town of Trim, from the earliest periods, has been printed by the Rev. R. Butler, rector of the parish.

barbican beyond it; the south gate had its portcullis, the groove for which, and the recess for the windlass, may still be very distinctly traced *. The castle is by no means the only interesting relic of antiquity in the town of Trim. The "Yellow Tower," part of a tall steeple, marks the site of a famous abbey, said to have been founded by St. Patrick, and dedicated to the Virgin. Close beside it is a small building, now the residence of the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, the uncle and tutor of Sir William Hamilton, whose fame is European; and here, before science led him into more difficult paths, the accomplished Professor of Astronomy composed many graceful and beautiful poems, some of which we heard repeated with exceeding pleasure. It was, long ago, the dwelling of that Sir John Talbot who was "the scourge of France"

> "so much feared abroad
> That with his name the mothers still their babes;"

his armorial bearings carved on stone still stand above the antique door-way.

In this school-house it is generally, but erroneously, imagined the Marquis of Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington received their early education. Neither of them was educated here. Yet it would be difficult to convince the good people of Trim that to this honour they can lay no claim; and it is with regret we destroy so pleasant a delusion. The Duke, however, while representing the borough in the Irish Parliament, and serving as aide de camp to the Lord-Lieutenant, seems to have taken an active part in the affairs of the town; for his signature, "A. Wesley," is affixed to all the leading acts of the corporation from June, 1789, to September, 1793 †.

The neighbourhood retains but few anecdotes connected with the early life and habits of the extraordinary men who were destined to fill pages so large and full in the after-history of their country and of mankind: but they quitted this vicinity, and indeed, Ireland, when very young, and before any strong impression could have been left in reference to them.

Dangan, the former seat of the Wellesleys, is distant about seven miles from

* [illegible]

† [illegible]

Trim, and about twenty from Dublin. On the death of Lord Mornington, it became the property of the Marquis of Wellesley, from whom it was purchased by a gentleman named Boroughs; who, after residing there some time, and adding to it many improvements, let it on lease to Mr. Roger O'Connor—a person whose name is sufficiently notorious, not only in the county of Meath, but throughout the south of Ireland. While in his possession the house and demesne were dismantled of every article that could be converted into money —the trees (of which there was an immense variety, of prodigious height and girth) rapidly fell beneath the axe; the gardens were permitted to run waste; an application to the Lord Chancellor proved utterly ineffective; and at length, the premises being largely insured, the house was found to be on fire, and was, of course, consumed before any assistance could be obtained to extinguish it. Most unhappily, therefore, one of the most interesting mansions in the kingdom is now but a collection of bared and broken walls; a mere shell, indeed; and fancy seeks in vain to connect the early thoughts and habits of the great men who issued from it, to amaze the world, with some nook fitted for silent study, or some chamber sacred to nursings of the greatness that was to be theirs "hereafter." One portion of the building—the walls of which are of prodigious thickness — is still inhabited by a farmer who superintends the property; it is evidently much older than the other parts, —for the structure is comparatively modern, built of brick with a stone coping. The demesne is now completely stripped; so that, except a few stunted and very aged hawthorns, not a single tree remains of the many that grew and flourished when the Marquis and the Duke were in their boyhood. A small river, choked up by neglect, and apparently converting into bog the meadow that borders it, goes lazily along; now and then forcing its way through tangled underwood and rejoicing in the sun-light; but generally creeping onwards as if in sadness—harmonizing with the sensations to which the deserted scene gives rise. The place must have been very beautiful in

the days of its glory, for nature had not been a niggard of her gifts: and perhaps nowhere in the kingdom is there so singular and striking an alternation of hill and dale within the same space; it is, in fact, a succession of small hillocks, strongly recalling to mind the Raths so famous in Ireland; and having an artificial character, as if they really had been works of art. Indeed we are by no means certain that such may not be their origin. We can imagine the effect these miniature Raths produced when they were judiciously planted, or otherwise brought into the landscape, to render charming that which is now barren. We climbed several of these mounds, and the views on all sides were magnificent—stretching over hill and dale, mountain, plain, and river.

It was a calm and clear evening when we drove up to the gate of Dangan; and a deep rose tint imparted a warmth to what otherwise would have seemed a cold blue sky, in harmony with our musings as we thought how often the great hero had passed through it in the days of his buoyant youth. The glories of the Marquis of Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington have paled the lustre of the other branches of their family, but each has distinct and separate attributes of his own, sufficient to send a name down to posterity with glory and honour. So great a number of remarkable men—the son of a man also greatly distinguished—never issued from a single house. Neither the Marquis of Wellesley nor the Duke was born here; their birthplace is Dublin; but here their master-minds were created. The great iron-gate would not open; and the carriage-drive is overgrown with grass. We alighted, therefore, and entered through a small passage, to the exquisite little lodge, which, unhappily, is falling into decay, although occupied by a man who called himself "care-taker." A low line of cottages stretch to the right, outside the gate; and the dwellers therein came forward, as usual, to look at "the quality." We wound our way to the house, which stands a considerable distance from the road, and as we have intimated, has no tree near it, to take off from the grim and gigantic appearance of the ghost-like walls*.

* The "wreck" of the house is inhabited by a farmer and his family; a very pretty young woman was feeding a calf in a shed erected under shelter of the ruins.—"Many strangers," she said, "visited Dangan; and it was a lonesome place in the winter time, but she 'never heeded;' if there were any spirits, as people said, about the house, they had too much nobility in them to hurt the poor that, when they were in it, gave them all they had to give—their blessing." She gave us something more than that—milk fresh and warm, and frothing—and after going with us from place to place, refused, with a half indignant air, the money we tendered as remuneration for the trouble we had caused. In England, we never find any difficulty in prevailing upon this class of persons to accept a silver token of thanks; but in Ireland, although sometimes repeated offers will overcome their repugnance, they invariably refuse, and if they take it, apologise for so doing. "Sure I wasn't thinking of the like," or "Thank ye kindly, ma'am, and sure I wouldn't let on to have it at all—only out of a remembrance." Indeed, we have generally found it necessary, when we have given

"It wasn't always that way," said the care-taker. "What is now bare hills and hollows, in the great time of Dangan, was all laid out in a fair paradise, lashins of trees, and everything the heart of man could desire. My grandfather was in it in those days, and a fine man he was; and has often run at the Duke's bridle-rein, and he a slip of a fine spirited child, as well as the Marquis; and then the fire couldn't let the little luck left in the counthry alone, but must burn the place out of contraryness, and it belonging to the greatest that ever belonged to any country. Ah! it was a sight worth seeing—all them brave young gentlemen coursing over the country like so many greyhounds! Ah! the innocent hearts little knew the power they had in them! Sure it's the same nature after all, as my grandfather used to say—the acorn grows an oak, and the little withy a great tree."

The "care-taker" seemed poor in all things save a promise in "live stock" of rosy romping children, whose wild laughter and repeated shouts we heard through the still evening air, long before we returned to the lodge. "Times were hard," he said, "and the rale ould nobility had quitted the land; Dangan had changed masters; he had nothing to say against them that owned it now, but the poor man had only his drink of water to his potato; the country was given over to the bastes of the field, and there was no room for the poor man's garden—but God was good; they did not live as long as in the ould times when the ould lord was in it." To an inquiry concerning raths, he answered, yes, there was many a mark of great times through the country, and signs to prove it was a grand place once; the hills and rivers were to the fore, but the people his father and grandfather talked of, were not in it now; the day of the battle of Waterloo—he heard tell, but he did not see it himself, some people saw, just at sunrise, a great battle in the air right over Dangan House; that at first they looked and saw men fighting and the smoke of guns; and when they took their eyes off it, they had not the power to raise them again for ever so long; and when they did, there was not so much as a cloud in the sky. Such legends of "sights in the air" are scattered from Killarney to the Giant's Causeway; it is not singular that one of them should be attached to Dangan.

The entrance gates to the park of Dangan still exist—one of the gates, that is to say, for another is placed before a Roman Catholic chapel recently

trouble to, or incurred an obligation from, a peasant, to present our donation to one of the children, as the only way to avoid hurting very sensitive feelings. This girl, so pretty and so kind, would not barter kindness for anything save thanks. Though we shall never in all probability meet her again, we cannot forget her bland smile and the gentle tones of the cheerful confiding voice which clung like a strain of half-forgotten music to the honoured walls of Dangan.

erected at Navan. The gate that remains is of wrought iron, of very costly workmanship and great beauty; the lodge yet stands beside it—an exquisite example of architecture.

The sun had set when we resumed our seats, and as we turned—about a mile further on—to take a last view of this most truly interesting ruin, it looked so white, in the more prominent parts, and so shadowy and obscure in others, as to seem like a spectre house, rather than a veritable erection of human hands.

And this meagre sketch contains all the information we are enabled to communicate concerning one of the most interesting subjects upon which the pen could be employed—the early history of two such men as the Marquis of Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington!

A short distance from the Yellow Tower of Trim, and still upon the banks of the Boyne, are the ruins of another abbey—the Abbey of Newtown;

of which we supply two views from different points *. It is said to have been

* While examining the grave yard of this ancient abbey, a circumstance occurred to us that interested us much; the reader will, we hope, permit us to relate it. When "time-honoured monuments" are destroyed, there is certainty that the desecration is not the work of the peasantry, who venerate every stone connected with ancient places. They have, however, seldom an idea of decorating graves, though, of late, cemeteries have introduced a desire to combine veneration with good order and a respectful neatness; and the nettle and the dock are sometimes, if not uprooted, kept close to the ground —the very old people retain the superstition of not cutting down anything that grows in holy earth; but this, with other superstitions, is wearing away. Among the tangled and half-raised graves in Newtown Abbey

founded A. D. 1206, by Simon Rochfort, the first Englishman who sate as Bishop of Meath; abandoning, for his new structure, the church of Clonard,

the cathedral church of his Irish predecessors in the see. It was a priory of regular canons, and the prior was a peer of parliament.

we observed a young woman wandering—now pausing at one, then examining another. She wore neither cap nor bonnet, but the hood of her long blue cloak was somewhat drawn over her face, and pinned beneath her chin. She was young and very simple-looking, and her eyes were swollen with weeping.

"I'm thinking ye'r strangers in this place as well as myself," she said, curtseying.

We answered, we were indeed strangers.

"Ah then, I thought so; and I may look and look, and, God help me, never find it after all!—After all my trouble, never find it," she repeated, in a most melancholy tone. "And what do you want to find?" we inquired. She burst into tears, and when she could speak, replied, "*My mother's grave!*"

There was something in the answer so touching, that it increased our interest in the poor girl. Irish confidence, unless there be some very particular reason, is never given by halves, and this young woman began her story without being requested to do so. She had a brother, "a wild boy, but as kind a one as ever broke the world's bread; and he listed; and after a while, when he got tired of the fine clothes and gay music, his heart turned to the ould place and his mother—who need not have been over the year a widow, only for the love she bore her children; and he thought if he could see her once more before he'd leave Ireland, he'd be sure of a happy death—but not without. The regiment was quartered in Dublin, and to sail in a few days, when he wrote the word home, and begged for God's sake she'd come to him, that he might have her fresh blessing about him before he sailed. Well, the next morning she set out from our place, close to Athboy, if ye ever heard tell of it, and wouldn't let me come with her, on account of an ancient ould man—my father's grandfather, who always kept with us, and we kept him; and I thought the life would lave me when she turned the brow of the hill out of my sight. Och, mother, mavourneen! great was my trouble then! It was the Almighty's will that my brother set off the very morning of the day she reached Dublin, and the only thing she saw of him was the smoke of the steamer between the sky and the water. I know this crushed her heart, for she delighted in him more than in any living thing; and she said to a neigh-

In all directions about Trim, indeed, the remains of monastic establishments are to be encountered; on the foundations of several, various public buildings have been erected; of others the sites are indicated but by a few ivied walls; and of others—the records of which are preserved—not the slightest remnant endures to determine their existence. The old church, part of which is still used for service, is very curious; the tower or belfry is unimpaired; and affords ample proof that the building was resorted to not alone for purposes of worship, but as a stronghold of defence in cases of danger from the inroads of the native chieftains *.

But even a list of the ruined abbeys, monasteries, and churches, in this at all times rich and prosperous county, would occupy many pages†. The

bour that met her in Dublin, 'I'll turn to home,' she says, 'to Mary,'—that's me, plase yer honour, '—and pray that the Lord will give me the power to get so far; for if I was to die where she'd not be to say a prayer over my grave—and she all that's left me in Ireland now—sure I'd never have one easy minute under shine or shower.' And the neighbour thought the words had no meaning, only born of sorrow; for she was a young woman. She turned to go home," added the poor girl, renewing her tears; "but she never reached it; only died, as a body may say, like a foreigner; and I never knew it until she had lain somewhere in this churchyard for as good as ten days, and the people that were so good to her are gone a harvesting up the country, and his reverence the priest won't be in it till to-morrow; but I couldn't keep from the graves, thinking I might find hers by a feeling that might come over me — nothing more natural—and I brought these *herbs* from her own garden, and some of the earth from my father's grave, to put with hers; but it's killing me, so it is, to think of her being here all alone, away from her people, with strangers about her; if I had only closed her eyes, I'd have carried her on my back the weary miles I walked sooner than she should lie here. My own—own mother! out of whose arms I never slept a single night till she left me for the first and last time. I've got enough to pay for her funeral and the rest of her soul; but I must find her grave. I thought maybe it was the one over there, where the thrush sat so long; or the other, where the little threads of grass are shooting; but I can't find it—I've called, and told her who was here, but it's no use—if she heard, she'd answer me—I never called her before but she did! Oh, Queen of Heaven—most Holy Mary! look down in mercy upon me, that I may find my mother's grave!"

* We cannot part from Trim without a passing remark in reference to its schools. The rector, the Rev. Mr. Butler, kindly accompanied us first to the "national school"—adjoining the chapel; and subsequently to the school which he himself superintends. In the national school there were no Protestants; it contained two hundred boys and girls—one hundred and twenty boys and eighty girls. At Mr. Butler's school there are several Roman Catholics. There are seventy scholars on the books, the ordinary daily attendance is about sixty. The condition of both these schools was highly satisfactory; we heard the children examined at both.

† In a statistical survey of the county, by Robert Thompson, Esq., of Oatland, it is stated that "We have accounts of no less a number than seven bishopricks, viz.—Clonard, Duleek, Kells, Trim, Ardbraccan, Dunshaughlin, and Slane; all of which (except Kells and Duleek) were, in the year 1152, united by virtue of a bull from Pope Eugenius III. and sent by Cardinal Paparo, who held his synod in Kells. And in a few years after, Kells and Duleek underwent the same fate; and Clonmacnois was also united in the year 1569, so that in the present see of Meath are united eight bishopricks." The Bishop of Meath ranks next to the four Archbishops; the other bishops, except the Bishop of Kildare, take precedence according to the dates of their consecration. Our limits will not permit us even to notice the numerous ruins of ecclesiastical edifices—abbeys, priories, convents, chapels, and cells, that still exist in all parts of the county. A bare enumeration of them would occupy considerable space; and it might be largely extended by merely naming the many that are "now only discoverable by some local name, or traceable in historic records." The old monastery of Duleek is said to be the first monastic structure built of stone and mortar in Ireland, and

most majestic of them all is that of Bective, nearly midway between Trim and Navan, and also on the banks of the Boyne. The abbey was richly endowed, and the abbot, who was a peer of parliament, appears to have lived in considerable splendour. Under the arch—pictured in our sketch—tradi-

tion fixes the interment of the body of Hugh de Lacy, the first Lord Palatine of Meath; his head having been, as we have elsewhere remarked, buried in Dublin at the church of St. Thomas, A.D. 1195 *. The ruins comprise beauti-

presents some singular traces of rude architecture. At Kells—a town amazingly rich in antiquities—the stone-roofed cell of St. Columbkill is indicated by some remains. About forty years ago, it was "still standing," having "withstood the iron hand of time."

* We learn from Ware that "the body of De Lacy was long detained by the Irish; but was at last recovered, and buried with great solemnity in the abbey of Bective, by Matthew O'Heney, archbishop of Cashel, the Pope's legate, and John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin; but his head was carried to Dublin, and buried in the abbey of St. Thomas the Martyr, in the tomb of Rosa de Munemene, his first wife. A great controversy arose between the two abbeys respecting the whole of the body, which was at last decided in the year 1205, when it was adjudged to the abbey of St. Thomas by Simon Rochfort, bishop of Meath, the archdeacon of Meath, and the prior of Duleek, who had been appointed judges in the case by Pope Innocent the Third." Of Hugh de Lacy, Giraldus Cambrensis gives us this portrait:—"He was of a dark complexion, with black and deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, and his right cheek, down to his chin, sadly scarred by an accidental burn. He had a short neck, and a muscular and hairy chest. He was low, and badly made. His character was firm and resolute; and he was as sober as a Frenchman. He was always most attentive to his own business; and most watchful, not only over his own department, but, also, over everything that was to be done in common. Although skilled in military affairs, his frequent losses in expeditions show

ful specimens of pointed arches, and cloisters with a tower; in the centre is a square space, that seems to have been roofed at one period; in the south front is a tower with projecting angles,and access is obtained from the gallery to the cells under the chapel.

The county contains two round towers—that of Kells, and that of Donaghmore; of the latter, we introduce a sketch. It is about a mile from Navan, on the road to Slane; the circumference near the base is sixty-six feet; and its height to the slant of the roof, which is wanting, is about 100 feet. Over the entrance, as usual about twelve feet from the ground, there is a rude sculptured figure, in relief—bearing a very close resemblance to the Crucifixion — at least the attitude is that of one crucified, but we could detect no token of a Cross *. The legs are bent awkwardly as if to denote pain. On either side is a sculptured head; both heads have a sort of covering, resembling a monk's cowl, or the *glibbe* of the ancient Irish. Much importance has been attached to these unusual appearances; and they have been made formidable weapons in the controversy concerning the origin of the Round Towers—a subject into which we shall enter, when we describe our visit the most remarkable, picturesque, interesting and perfect of them all—the Round Tower in the little island of Devenish, in Lough Erne.

that he was not lucky as a general. After his wife's death he indulged in habits of general profligacy. He was desirous of money, and avaricious, and, beyond all moderation, ambitious of personal honour and distinction."

* "This religious establishment, which was anciently called *Domnach-mor muighe Echnach*, owes its origin to St. Patrick, as will appear from the following passage translated from the life of the Irish apostle, attributed to St. Evin :—'While the man of God was baptising the people called Luaignii, at a place where the church of Domnach-mor in the plain of Echnach stands at this day, he called to him his disciple Cassanus, and committed to him the care of the church recently erected there, preadmonishing him, and with prophetic mouth predicting that he might expect that to be the place of his resurrection; and that the church committed to his care would always remain diminutive in size and structure, but great and celebrated in honour and veneration. The event has proved this prophecy to be a true one, for St. Cassanus's relics are there to be seen in the highest veneration among the people, remarkable for great miracles, so that scarcely any of the visitors go away without recovering health, or receiving other gifts of grace sought for.'"

our way to Navan, we visited Ardbraccan, the palace of the Bishops
h; and paid our respects to the estimable Prelate who now presides
e See. The building is a very handsome one, and has recently been
o thorough repair. The gardens are nobly planted, and admir-
pt; perhaps nowhere in the British dominions do we find loftier or
uxuriantly grown trees; one of them is a horse-chesnut, of very
r growth; the lower branches of the parent-tree, when arrived at a
age, became depressed and touched the soil, into which it gradually
root; thence, again, sprang up a straight branch, which in process of
ecame a straight tree; and this, again, following the example of its
essor, lowered its branches, which became in like manner fixed in the
nd in the same way produced another tree; so that there is now
r a forest rising from a single root, and covering altogether a space of
; an acre. From Navan, we proceeded, about four miles on the
road, to visit the renowned "Hill of Tara," taking with us the
d elaborate "Essay" of Mr. Petrie, and recalling the words of one
weetest of the "Melodies*."

were not sceptical enough to throw aside, as fabulous, the ancient
s of Tara; although they may exist, exclusively, in the compositions
old Bards. Yet certainly, when we ascended to the summit, after
carefully perused the two hundred and thirty-two quarto pages of
trie, published in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,"
amined the maps and plans by which his Essay is illustrated, finding
hing met the eye but a succession of grass-covered mounds, with a
ounded stone, of no very great size, planted, as it were, upon the

* The harp that once through TARA's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on TARA's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of TARA swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

highest of them, we were, for the moment, tempted to exclaim with "The Critic"—

> "The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because
> It is not yet in sight!"

Farther consideration, however, and farther reflection, even without the aid of imagination, induced a conviction that we stood in the centre of an early Irish city; and a brief stretch of fancy might have summoned around us "chiefs and ladies bright," and awakened the echo of the harp in "the Halls" of Tara, in all their pride of "former days." The present character of the hill may be conceived from the appended sketch, by Mr. Wakeman. From the main road there is a considerable ascent, for about a mile, before we arrive at the commencement of the mounds, which are evidently artificial. It then seems, to the superficial observer, a mere assemblage of hillocks, the largest of which is about thirty yards long and of an equal breadth; upon this stands the marvellous pillar-stone—to which we shall refer, presently—nearly in the centre *.

There is, according to Cambrensis, "in Mieth, an hill, called the Hill of Taragh, wherein is a plaine twelve score long, which was named the Kempe his hall; where the countrie had their meetings and folkemotes, as a place that was accounted the high palace of the monarch. The Irish historians hammer manie fables in this forge, of Fin Mac Coile and his champions. But doubtlesse the place seemeth to beare the shew of an ancient and famous monument †."

* This hillock is now—alas for the degradation!—known as "Croppy Hill," from the fact that a large number of insurgents were buried there in 1798. The pillar (represented in the print) originally stood upon another and smaller hillock; it was moved to its present place to mark the spot (and to dignify it) in which so many "slaughtered patriots" were interred. It was fixed there, however, only so recently as fifteen years ago. Its weight is prodigious; and it excited our astonishment how it could have been conveyed, without the aid of machinery, to its present destination. Upon this subject we conversed with a peasant—"one Paddy Fitzsimmons," who assisted at the ceremony. He stated that it was effected by no more than twenty men; who performed the work gradually, an inch at a time; they sunk it about six feet into the ground directly over the bodies of their old friends, relations, or companions; and perhaps in the world there does not exist so singular a monumental stone.

† Mr. Wright—to whose kindness we have been so frequently indebted—informs us that the original name of the hill of Tara was Liathdruim, i. e. "The grey eminence;" and according to Keating, Thea, the wife of Heremon, the first monarch of Ireland, ordered a palace to be built on it for herself, whence it was called Temora (Temur), *i. e.* the House of Thea. But according to the Dinn Seanchers, an ancient Irish

Mr. Petrie, as we have intimated, does not thus briefly dismiss the "ancient and famous monument." His authorities are, chiefly, "the Bards" and the Bardic traditions. It would far exceed our limits to introduce even an abridgment of the Essay of the learned antiquarian—to whom Ireland is so

topography, the etymon of Temur is "The house of music" (from Teadh, a musical chord, and Mur, a house) and it was so called, adds that valuable MS. "from its celebrity for melody above all places in the world." The word Tara (Teamhair) denotes "a pleasant and agreeable place with a covered or shaded walk upon a hill, for a convenient prospect," and accordingly some tourists describe this hill as a miniature resemblance of Mount Tabor. Its ancient magnificence has been the dream of the Philo-Milesian, and has been as sturdily denied by writers of the Ledwich and Pinkerton schools, one of whom has gone so far as to deny that there are any architectural remains on the hill of Tara. Feirceartne File (the bard), who lived in the first century, mentions that Ollamb Fodhla, the 21st monarch from Heremon, erected at Tara the Mur Ollamhain, or "college of sages," and also instituted the celebrated Feis of Tara, which was an assembly of all the states of Ireland. This assembly, which probably resembled the wittenagemot of the Saxons, is described by Eochaidh (Hector) O'Flinn, a bard of the tenth century, as meeting every third year. He says that it was convoked by the monarch three days before the day of Saman (answering to our first of November) and continued for three days after. This week was spent in festivity, in making laws and correcting the annals and antiquities of Ireland. The same author adds, that during the session of the Feis, whoever committed murder or theft, or was convicted of quarrelling, &c. forfeited his life; although at other times these crimes were punished by fines. In an ancient Irish MS., preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, the following curious description is given of the Hall of Tara, in the reign of Cormac Ulfada, in the third century:—"The palace of Tamer was 900 feet square; the diameter of the surrounding *rath*, seven din or casts of a dart; it contained 150 apartments, and 150 dormitories: the height was twenty-seven cubits, there were 150 drinking-horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and 1000 guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, *engravers of gold and silver, carvers and modellers*, &c." The truth of this account is attested by the number of *gold and silver ornaments, beautifully carved and modelled*, dug up in the neighbourhood of Tara and other places. The MS. goes on to state that "the hall had twelve divisions on each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, eight for the *astrologers*, historians, and secretaries, in the rear of the hall, and two to each table at the door; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs at each meal, divided equally to all." In the convention of Tara, the monarch occupied an elevated seat in the centre of the hall, with his face towards the west. Facing him sat the king of Leinster, the king of Ulster on his right, the king of Munster on his left, and the king of Connaught behind him. Long-extended seats were disposed in rows, in the first of which were the Druids and bards, or philosophers (Filidhe), and in the other rows were respectively placed the antiquaries and genealogists (Seanachaidhe), the musicians (Oirfidighe), and after them the chiefs and beatachs, or representatives of the towns and villages. The first two days were celebrated in friendly intercourse, the third in celebrating the feast of Saman, or the moon. Another interpretation is given of this word in Part IX. of our work. Samen (Samhen) has also been rendered "Heaven," similar to the שמים of the Hebrews, and the Ουρανος of the Samothracians. The assembly was opened by the chief bard delivering an ode accompanied by the music of the Oirfidhighe. The Druidic rites being completed, the fire of Saman was lighted, and the blessing of the tutelar divinities invoked. The three succeeding days were spent in festivity, after which the proper business of the convention commenced. In that part of the palace of Tara already referred to, called Mur Ollamhain, or "the House of the Sages," the youth were instructed in poetry and music, and initiated into the mysteries of "the hidden harmony of the universe." In further illustration of the customs observed at the convention of Tara, we may quote a passage which may be at once regarded as an interesting description and a most unquestionable proof. It is from the Teagasy Flatha, or "Instruction of a Prince," ascribed on the most satisfactory grounds to one of the very "kings of Temora" themselves—Cormac Ulfadha (long-beard) already mentioned. He says, "A prince on the day of Saman should *light his lamps* and welcome his guests with clapping of hands, procure comfortable seats, the cup-bearers should be respectful and active in distribution of meat and drink; let there be moderation of music, short stories, a welcoming countenance * * * Let the prince *appear splendid as the sun* in

largely indebted. He has laboured to collect an amazing number of facts in support of the theory—borne out, indeed, by incontestible evidence—that Tara is the place celebrated in Irish history as having been for ages the chief seat of the monarchs of Ireland—whence their laws were promulgated; the resort of its Druids and "musicians," and the great stronghold of Druidism for centuries; having become the residence of its kings on the first establishment of a monarchical government, under Slanige, ruler of the Fir-bolgs or Belgæ, and so continuing until the middle of the sixth century—"a period during which reigned one hundred and forty-two monarchs, viz. one hundred and thirty-six pagan, and six christian." A considerable portion of his work is occupied by details of the contests between St. Patrick and the Druids,—a subject into which he enters with singular minuteness; tracing the history of the Hill, down to its abandonment in 565, as the seat of monarchy, "in consequence of the curse of St. Ruadhan," who, "with a bishop that was with him, tooke their bells that they had, which they rung hardly, and cursed the king and place, and prayed God that noe king or queen ever after would or could dwell in Tarach, and that it should be wast for ever without court or pallace—as it fell out accordingly."

The most interesting parts of Mr. Petrie's book, however, are those which explain an accompanying "plan of the earthen works still existing on the Hill of Tara." The principal in extent is Rath Riogh, the next is Rath Laogaire, the next Rath-na-Seanadh, the next Rath Eachhor, and the next Rath Grainne. Within the enclosure of Rath Riogh, are the ruins of the house of Cormac *, the Mound of the Hostages, the "Teach Miodhchuarta," or

the house of Midhchurta (*i. e.* the middle house of Tara)." To this valuable native authority, which possesses in the original internal marks of extreme antiquity, we shall add a *foreign* testimony, that of an ancient Scandinavian MS., translated in Johnson's Celto-Scandinavian Antiquities: it alludes to Tara, and is as follows. "In this kingdom (Ireland) there is also a place called Themor, formerly the chief city and *royal residence* * * * In the *more elevated* part of this city the king had a *splendid* (splendidum) and almost *Dædalian* castle; within the precincts of the castle he had a palace *superb* in its structure and *splendour* (nitore)." And we may observe further that none will be surprised at such descriptions as these, when we find at a still earlier period Ptolemy noting on his map of Ireland *fifteen cities*, on *two* of which he bestows the epithet of "*Illustrious*" (επισημος): and it is worthy of remark that these two cities in the Greek geographer correspond (with the exception of the error in the assigned localities) to the *Eman* and *Tara* of the native writers. If we admit (which is extremely probable) that Ptolemy has here, as elsewhere, mistaken the latitudes for the longitudes, he has indicated the exact sites of Tara and Emania.

* The old Bardic "historians" celebrate the wisdom and genius of Cormac, the grandson of "Con of the hundred battles," the wisest, bravest, and most accomplished of all the Irish kings. He ascended the throne of Ireland about the middle of the third century, and attempted to reform the religion of the Druids by substituting for their polytheism the more rational and sublime belief of one infinite and eternal Being, who was the author of the universe. His subjects, in consequence, rebelled against him; and in one of his battles he lost an eye, by which, being rendered unfit for government, according to the custom of Ireland, he resigned the crown to his son Cairbré *of the Liffey*, and retired to his cottage of Cletty, near the Boyne, where he devoted the

banqueting-house; 'Tobar Finn,' the well, and the two 'Claenferts'—of these "the northern was famous for the slaughter of the virgins by the Lagenians on Saman's day; and the southern, for a false sentence pronounced there by a king named Lughardh Mac Con, for which he was afterwards destroyed." Mr. Petrie's object has been to compare the ancient Bardic accounts with the existing evidence supplied by the remains; and he has found them to agree with exceeding accuracy. The most singular of all these ancient monuments, however, is that which still exists comparatively uninjured by time—the pillar stone to which we have already made some reference. This is the "Lia Fail," "the celebrated coronation stone" of the ancient Irish kings. It is composed of granular limestone, and is at present "about six feet above the ground, but its real height is said to be twelve feet." At its base it is, perhaps, four feet in circumference; but it tapers somewhat towards the top, not unlike the

remainder of his life to philosophic contemplation. During this time, he wrote many works for the use of his son and successor Cairbré, among which may be reckoned his *Royal Precepts* or *Instructions*, which he is said to have written at Cairbré's request, and to have drawn up in answer to different questions proposed by his son upon various subjects relative to government and general conduct. The Druids, finding the son regulated his conduct by the counsels of the father, contrived to poison the good monarch. The "Royal Precepts or Instructions" have been translated by J. O'Donovan. They are so full of beauty, wisdom, and virtue, that we cannot resist a desire to extract some of the passages:—"'O grandson of Con! O Cormac!' said Cairbré, 'what is good for a king?' 'That is plain,' said Cormac. 'It is good for him to have patience without debate; self-government without anger; affability without haughtiness; diligent attention to history; strict observance of covenants and agreements; strictness mitigated by mercy in the execution of the laws; peace with his districts; lawful wages of vassalage; justice in decisions; performance of promises; hosting with justice; protection of his frontiers; honouring the *nemeds* (nobles); respect to the *fileas* (priests); adoration of the great God.' 'O grandson of Con, O'Cormac,' said Cairbré, 'what is good for the welfare of a country?' 'That is plain,' said Cormac: 'Frequent convocation of sapient and good men to investigate its affairs, to abolish each evil, and retain each wholesome institution; to attend to the precepts of the elders; let every *Senad (assembly of the elders)* be convened according to law; let the law be in the hands of the nobles; let the chieftains be upright, and unwilling to oppress the poor; let peace and friendship reign—mercy and good morals, union and brotherly love; heroes without haughtiness—sternness to enemies, friendship to friends; generous compensations; just sureties; just decisions, just witnesses; mild instruction; respect for soldiers; learning every art and language; pleading with knowledge of the *Fenechas (the Brehon law)*; decision with evidence ———; giving alms, charity to the poor; sureties for covenants; lawful covenants; to hearken to the instructions of the wise, to be deaf to the mob; to purge the laws of the country of all their evils, &c. &c. All these are necessary for the welfare of a country.' 'O grandson of Con, O'Cormac,' said Cairbré, 'what are the qualifications of a prince?' 'Let him be vigorous, easy of access, and affable; let him be humble, but majestic; let him be without (personal) blemish; let him be a hero, a sage; let him be liberal, serene, and good-hearted; mild in peace, fierce in war; beloved by his subjects; discerning, faithful, and patient; righteous and abstemious; let him attend the sick; let him pass just judgments; let him support each orphan; let him abominate falsehood; let him love truth; let him be forgetful of evil, mindful of good; let him assemble numerous meetings; let him communicate his secrets to few; let him be cheerful with his intimates; let him appear splendid as the sun at the banquet in the house of Midhchurta, (*i. e.* the middle house at Tarah); let him convene assemblies of the nobles; let him be affectionate and intelligent; let him depress evil, let him esteem every person according to his honour—close sureties—let him be sharp but lenient in his judgments and decisions. These are the qualifications by which a king and chieftain should be esteemed.'"

Round Towers. Some remarkable relics of antiquity are also to be found in the grave-yard of a church near the summit of the hill; it is modern, but occupies the site of a very ancient structure, and which was also built upon the spot on which it is said formerly existed a Pagan temple. "Adamnans Cross" is still standing here; and it points out the place where, in the fifth century, stood "the house from which Benen, the disciple of St. Patrick, escaped, and in which Lucad the Bald, the Druid of King Laogaire, was burned*." Whether we reject these Bardic histories as mere fables, or only accept them as poetic exaggerations, it is impossible to consider the "Hill of Tara" in any other light than that of a place in which multitudes formerly assembled; there is abundant and conclusive evidence of this, apart from apocryphal authorities; not alone in the valuable ornaments in gold which have been, from time to time, dug up in the vicinity, a few of which are deposited in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and which are rightly assigned to a date long prior to the sixth century—in the existing names of the several neighbouring localities, still the same, or nearly so, as they bore many centuries ago—in the various roads that now lead to the hill, of which distinct traces remain; but the character and appearance of the place remove all doubt as to its having been the work of human hands, and not the production of nature. The "Halls of Tara" were composed of earth and wood; but, as Mr. Moore observes (in his "History of Ireland"), this fact is "by no means conclusive, either against the elegance of their structure or the civilisation, to a certain extent, of those who erected them. It was in wood that the graceful forms of Grecian architecture first unfolded their beauties, and there is reason to believe that at the time when Xerxes invaded Greece, most of her temples were still of this perishable material."

* The story of this event is very curious. "All these things being done between the magician and Patrick, the king says to them, 'Cast your books into the water, and him whose books shall escape uninjured we will adore.' Patrick answered, 'I will do so.' And the magician said, 'I am unwilling to come to the trial of water with this man, because he has water as his god;' for he had heard that baptism was given by St. Patrick with water. And the king answering, said 'Allow it by fire;' and Patrick said, 'I am ready;' but the magician being unwilling, said, 'This man alternately in each successive year adores as God, water and fire.' And the saint said, 'Not so; but thou thyself shalt go, and one of my boys shall go with thee, into a separate and closed house, and my vestment shall be on thee, and thine on him; and thus together you shall be set on fire.' And this counsel was approved of; and there was a house built for them, the half of which was made of green wood, and the other half of dry; and the magician was sent into that part of the house that was green, and one of the boys of St. Patrick, Bineus by name, with the vest of the magician, into the dry part of the house. The house then being closed on the outside, was set on fire before the whole multitude: and it came to pass in that hour, by the prayers of Patrick, that the flame of the fire consumed the magician, with the green half of the house, while the garment of St. Patrick remained untouched, because the fire did not touch it. But the fortunate Bineus, on the contrary, together with the dry half of the house, according to what is said of the three children, was not touched by the fire, neither was he annoyed, nor did he experience any inconvenience, only the garment of the magician which he had about him was burned."

And so we part from Tara; we shall not easily forget the morning we passed upon the hill, nor the magnificent prospect of a fair country we beheld from its summit;—although immediately around us we could see only "high barrows, without marble or a name:"

> "——But where we sought for Ilion's walls,
> The quiet sheep feeds and the tortoise crawls!"

We have been seduced, by the exceeding interest of the subject, into describing Tara at greater length than we designed, and must, therefore, be concise in our description of a scene still more singular and with claims to remote antiquity even less questionable. The tumulus of "New Grange*" is situated on the banks of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane; it is one of four tumuli in the neighbourhood, all of which, it is conjectured, cover remains equally wonderful; for all are nearly similar in appearance and supply the same external evidence of artificial origin. Of their Druidical character, no one can entertain the remotest doubt; they would carry conviction to the most sceptical even if ample corroborative testimony did not exist. The mound is said to cover two acres of ground; its elevation is about seventy feet; but its original height was considerably greater; for centuries it has been resorted to as a quarry; it is composed of small stones, heaped one upon another above the plain; and Time has covered it with a coating of earth, in some places not many inches in depth.

At the base, the hill was formerly surrounded by shapeless masses of rock, "supposed to weigh from ten to twelve tons each;" some of them still exist, partly sunk into the mould; the parts that are above ground being covered with lichen. "The single one at the top," to which reference is made in Boate's old "Natural History of Ireland," has altogether vanished. These stones, as well as those of which the interior is constructed, are not found in the vicinity; and must have been conveyed to the place from a distance of at least seven miles.

The interior was first explored in the year 1699 by a neighbouring gentleman, who while carrying away some of the stones to repair a road, "came at last to a very broad flat stone rudely carved and placed edgewise at the bottom of the mount." This opened into a long and very narrow "gallery," leading to the Druidic chamber. We crept, or rather crawled, along, a distance of about sixty feet; the height being no more than eighteen inches, and the breadth somewhat less than twenty-four. The passage is "roofed," and

* The singularity of the name, *New* Grange, caused us to make some inquiries on the subject; we had pointed out to us Little Grange and Rough Grange; but there was no place in the neighbourhood known as *Old* Grange.

the sides are supported by enormous slabs; about midway, a stone, which appears to have fallen from the perpendicular, seemed to forbid farther progress; this passed, however, by twisting the body onwards, the avenue gradually expands, and "the Dome" is entered. Here we were compelled to remain in darkness, until the arrival of a supply of candles. The effect of the light upon this most wonderful cave was startling and exciting in the highest degree; we stood where, above two thousand years ago, the Druids offered sacrifice; or, at least, where they held their solemn meetings; for of its origin there is no doubt, and almost as little, that it was the "Inner Temple" of their secret rites. The chamber is an irregular circle; "giving," according to Dr. Ledwich, "the exact form of a cross;" but the doctor likens it to the type of christianity, in order to support his theory of its comparatively recent construction—a theory altogether opposed to reason, fact, and history. Opposite the entrance, and at the sides to the right and left, are three cavities; each of which formerly contained oval basins; in one of them, that to the right, the basin is still perfect; as represented in the annexed sketch by Mr. Nicholl. There can be no question that the stone had been scooped into this form by art; the other, although much broken, completely tallies with it: and many parts of the cave contain sculptured marks, beyond all possibility of doubt, the production of human hands. These are of various forms—spiral, lozenge-shaped, diamond-shaped, zig-zag, and circular; and similar signs occur in the narrow gallery. They bear tokens of good and even refined workmanship. We found, however, nothing that bore the remotest resemblance to "letters;"—nothing that reminded us of the ancient Ogham character, so frequently encountered in the south*.

* Mr. Petrie considered that none of the marks bear affinity to language. He thus describes the dimensions and character of the chamber:—"It is about twenty-two feet in diameter, covered with a dome of a bee-hive form, constructed of massive stones, laid horizontally, and projecting one beyond the other, till they approximate, and are finally capped with a single one: the height of the dome is about twenty feet; the chamber has three quadrangular recesses, forming a cross—one facing the entrance gallery, and one on each

The appended print represents the less perfect of the cavities and basins; it is that which directly fronts the entrance; and which a very old man who accompanied us described as entire about forty years ago; but for the way in which it became broken he was unable to account. At the first examination of the interior, according to the statement of Dr. Boate, "several bones were in the cave, and part of an elk's head." Mr. Petrie states, and no doubt on good authority, that "a pyramidal or obeliscal stone, six or seven feet in height, is said to have stood in the centre, near which the skeletons of two human bodies were found; and about the same period, two gold Roman coins were discovered on the *top* of the Mount—the one of the elder Valentinian, and the other of Theodosius." For the purpose to which this rude, though most magnificent, monument was dedicated, we have no guide but conjecture. Whether "a place of sacrifice," or for "rites more than commonly mysterious," or "for sepulture," or for "storing rare treasures"—the secret is with the past, and will, in all human probability, remain with it for ever.

Of a later date, but in its way not less remarkable than Tara, New-Grange, and the many other curious remains and antiquities of Meath, is that extraordinary collection of bones and antiquities recently discovered near the village of Dunshaughlin, of which a detailed account has been laid before the Royal Irish Academy. From this description * (so interesting to the

side. In each of these recesses was placed a stone urn, or *sarcophagus*, of a simple bowl form, two of which remain. Of these recesses, the east and the west are about eight feet square; the north is somewhat deeper. The entire length of the cavern, from the entrance of the gallery to the end of the recess, is eighty-one feet eight inches."

The stones, of which the entire structure consists, are of great size: those which form the lintels or roof of the gallery, are but six in number; and, of these, the first is twelve feet four inches long, the third eighteen feet, and the fifth about twelve feet; the breadth of these stones is not less than six feet. The tallest of the upright stones forming the entrance to the recess represented in the engraving, is seven feet six inches in height, and its companion seven feet. The vase or urn within this chamber, is three feet eight inches in diameter; that in the opposite chamber is displaced from its supporter: these urns are of granite.

* Communicated by W. R. Wilde, Esq., Surgeon, M.R.I.A., whose frequent and valuable contributions to Science have been highly honourable to himself and useful to his country.

naturalist and the antiquarian), and from the accounts we have received from several men of science by whom the place and its singular "productions" have been frequently examined, we gather, that in a marsh called "Lagore," there existed a circular mound, the circumference of which was upwards of five hundred feet; and upon removing the surface of which, above "one hundred and fifty cart loads" of animal remains were found, together with a vast store of rare—and many of them hitherto unknown—weapons, ornaments, and domestic implements of some of the former inhabitants of Ireland, probably the Danes—or some military and, perhaps, invading people. The circumference of this circle was formed by upright posts of black oak, measuring from six to eight feet in height, mortised into beams of a similar material, laid flat upon the marl and sand beneath the bog, and nearly sixteen feet below the present surface. The upright posts were held together by connecting cross beams, and fastened by large *iron* nails. The space thus inclosed was divided into separate compartments, by septa or divisions that intersected one another in different directions, also formed of oaken beams, in a state of high preservation, but joined together with more accuracy than the former, and in some cases having their sides grooved or *rabeted* to admit large pannels driven down between them. The interior of the chambers so formed were filled with bones and black moory earth, raised up in some places within a foot of the surface. It was generally found that the remains of each species of animal were placed in separate divisions, with but little intermixture with any other; and the antiquities &c. were found with them, without any order or regularity, but for the most part near the bottom.

The most numerous class of bones were those of oxen, and of these the heads of several varieties were found in a state of great perfection. Some of these were identical with those previously discovered in the bogs of Westmeath, Tyrone, and Longford, as shown in the accompanying engraving.

Dunshaughlin is a village situate on the mail-coach road from Navan to Dublin, nine miles from the former, and fourteen from the latter, and about four miles east of Tara. The spot where the collection of bones has been found is at the north-eastern extremity of a bog called, from the colour of the peat, the Black Bog, in contradistinction to another in its immediate neighbourhood, called the Red Bog. The place where the bones are dug up is on the town land of Lagore, which has been well wooded and is still partially covered with trees. A stream runs through the tumulus forest of bones, and is the passage through which the waters of the bog are disembogued. There is another town-land skirting the north side of the bog, called Bones-Town; the name suggests the idea of bones having been plentiful in that part also. The coincidence has, however, we believe, escaped the notice of the various antiquarian visitors to the spot. Killeen Castle, the seat of the Earl of Fingall, and Dunsany Castle, the seat of Lord Dunsany, are within a short distance of Dunshaughlin to the west.

There were specimens of these oxen which, although of rather diminutive size, equalled, as to beauty of head and horn, the modern improved breed of the English short-horned Durham, and the middle-horned Devon and Ayrshire,—

being distinguished by the peculiarities of the head, and in particular of the *slug* or core on which the horn is moulded, and which had remained quite perfect, — although the cuticular horn had been destroyed, as we see in this very beautiful example.

Another variety was that which has been denominated the true Irish cattle, —the long-horned, or crumple-horned, the improved large breed of which still exists in some of the midland counties of Ireland, particularly Roscommon *. In this variety there is a very remarkable projection of the upper portion of the frontal bone between the horns, which latter turned downwards, and a little backwards, somewhat in the manner of the Craven or Lancashire stock.

* Mr. Ball, an eminent naturalist, read a paper on this subject to the Royal Irish Academy in 1839. Having alluded to the occurrence of fossil remains of oxen in Britain, and the existence of the Auroch or Wild Ox, in some parks in that country, he remarked on the old and generally received opinion, that Ireland could not furnish any evidence of having ever possessed an indigenous ox; and he stated, that a specimen which he received from the sub-marine forest, in the Bay of Youghal, seemed to have been the core of a horn of the fossil ox, often found in Britain, and supposed to have been the Urus; but this specimen having been lost, he alluded to it, to direct the attention of the Academy to the subject, in the hope of having his view confirmed. His principal object, however, was to show that the remains of oxen found at considerable depths in bogs in Westmeath, Tyrone, and Longford, belonged to a variety or race, differing very remarkably from any noticed in Cuvier's "Ossemens Fossiles," or any other work with which he was acquainted. He expressed his conviction, that Ireland had possessed at least one native race of oxen,

There were also several heads of the *polled* or hornless variety, called in Ireland *mhaol*, exhibiting some slight differences as to the fineness of their heads, but in general resembling the Galloway and Angus breeds.

A great number of these heads are broken in the centre of the forehead, as if by some blunt instrument—apparently the mode of slaughter. It might naturally be expected that the best breeds and the largest assemblage of these animals should be found (even at an early period) upon the fertile and extensive plains of Meath; and the whole collection offers an incontestable proof, that at a remote period Ireland possessed not only *several varieties* of horned cattle, but also breeds analogous to those most valued in England at the present day, and lately *re-introduced* into Ireland.

The animal whose remains were found in the greatest abundance next to the ox, was the pig—several of the heads of which were collected, of all ages and sizes, but of a smaller description than those at present bred in Ireland; and some appeared to prove the previous existence of the wild boar in the Irish forests.

There were one or two specimens of the horse and ass. The bones of a number of deer were likewise found in the collection, both male and female. The former, some of the antlers of which are quite perfect, prove the race to have been the common deer; and in no instance were horns of the fallow deer found—verifying the general opinion of naturalists, that the latter are an introduced race into Ireland. Large quantities of the bones of goats of all ages were dug up. The head of a *four-horned* sheep, similar to that from the Himalayas, was also discovered in the same locality, of this peculiar form in its posterior aspect. This was the only instance of the sheep that had been procured.

distinguished by the convexity of the upper part of the forehead, by its great proportionate length, and by the shortness and downward direction of the horns. As this fact seems to have escaped altogether the notice of British and continental naturalists, and as analogy in the case of other Irish mammals justified the view, he urged the great probability of the race in question proving to be one peculiar to Ireland. There are still some animals existing in Ireland peculiar to that country; but they are now rarely encountered, and are rapidly departing altogether. Upon this very interesting topic we shall have some remarks to make hereafter; as well as in reference to animals which have never been found in Ireland.

But some of the most remarkable animal remains found in this inclosure were those of a very large and powerful dog, apparently belonging to an animal of the *greyhound* tribe, but of enormous size—the heads measuring, in the dry bone, nearly eleven inches in length, and principally characterized by the great extent and magnitude of the crest on the back of the head, and the projecting muzzle. In this we have, for the first time, an opportunity of judging of the form and character of the dogs denominated *Irish wolf-dogs*, to which breed these heads must have belonged. There were also several foxes, but no wolves. With these remains were mixed up the shells of limpets and buccinums, and a few bones of birds, some portions of *burned* bones, and large quantities of hazel-nuts. Most of the bones of the larger ruminants were unbroken, and none of them were in a fossil state.

Nearly in the centre of the heap, and within two feet of the surface, were discovered two human skeletons, lying at length, and without any surrounding wood or stone work, whose heads bore a striking similarity to others found in ancient Irish monuments, and in particular to those found in the Cromlech some time ago opened in the Phœnix Park.

The antiquities found in this place may be divided into the warlike, the culinary, and the ornamental. They consisted of *iron* swords of different lengths, with straight edges and angular points, and bearing a strong resemblance to the ancient Roman swords; knives of different shapes and sizes, with spear, javelin, and dagger blades of iron, and part of the boss or central ornament of a shield, but *no brazen weapons* of any description. Two *querns*, or ancient corn-mills, were found on the marl, at the bottom of the inclosure; sharpening stones, iron chains, an iron axe, a brazen pot, and three small brass bowls of most elegant shape and workmanship; several antique Roman mirrors, circular discs of turned bone, wood, and slate, supposed to have been used at the end of the distaff; small shears, like the modern sheep-shears; brazen, bone, and iron pins, from four to six inches in length—the former of great beauty of construction; brooches, and parts of buckles, containing pieces of enamel and mosaic work; bracelets; wooden (yew-tree) combs, tooth-picks, *etwees*, and other articles belonging to the toilet. Several of these articles show an extraordinary state of perfection of the arts at the period of their construction.

A very curious bone was likewise found, with a number of devices carved on it, as if by way of practice in engraving; these devices consisted of scrolls and marks precisely similar to those formed on ancient Irish crosses, ornaments, and grave-stones. There were no crosses, beads, or *Christian* sacred ornaments found in the excavation; but a number of pieces of stags' horns sawn across, and also pieces of hazel wood, in great quantity, as if laid up for fire-wood, were found in one spot near the bottom.

It is difficult to assign either a precise date or purpose to this strange collection, to which nothing similar has been found in Ireland or in any other country. Small heaps of bones of somewhat analogous forms have been noticed in different parts of the country, in Cork, Down, &c. &c., and also in the bed of the Avon in England, but without any such arrangement. From an examination and comparison of these antiquities, we conceive it must have been constructed prior to the 10th century, at latest. The monument of some mighty hunter; a great sacrifice; an *abattoir*—and a piled fort or encampment, have each occupied our thoughts as a likely object for its creation, but the latter seems to us the most probable.

Before we part from the county of Meath—with its treasures of "old Time," and its abundant fertility in producing wealth—we must entreat the patience of the reader a little longer; for it is necessary that we mar the picture we have drawn of its pastoral beauty.

Perhaps it proceeds from our having "Inhabitiveness" largely developed that we are led so thoroughly to sympathise with those who are compelled, under any circumstances, to quit their homes. If a "flitting" occur with the most pleasant prospective, there is always something to regret—the discomfort, the bustle, the leave-taking, are sad enough, no matter how brilliant may be the anticipated future. There is ever a feeling of deep melancholy in parting, from a place that has been either the abode of joy or sorrow; for both equally, in our opinion, endear a locality. A change of residence is, at least, an inconvenience to the rich; to the Irish poor it is, too generally, only a change from the misery of a wretched hovel, to the exposure and starvation of the high road. We witnessed during our brief tour in Meath a harrowing scene of this description that we cannot easily forget; it is one which our English readers will imagine overdrawn, no matter how accurately we tell our story. Yet we shall relate it; for we believe the recital of a few simple facts may contribute more effectually than a volume of arguments to *warn* the wealthy graziers of this rich and, to them, prosperous, county.

An "example" may give emphasis to the solemn prophecy of Isaiah, —"Woe to you that join house to house, and lay field to field, even

to the end of the place. Shall you alone dwell in the midst of the earth?"

We had sent our car onwards; and were proceeding on foot, a practice that enables us to converse with the peasantry, and so increases our enjoyment, and adds to our information. It was a fine clear evening; the sun was sinking behind the pure emerald hill slopes; the air was mild and healthy; the "rail" was croaking along the hedges, and the thrush singing the sweet and varied melodies which Art can neither imitate nor teach; a lane, or, as the Irish so prettily call it, "a *bohreen*," branched off from the high road, and some noble old trees had interlaced their arms above it, so as to form a succession of living arches, the most perfect and picturesque we had ever observed; the elevated enclosures of the path were tangled by a profusion of flowers—the purple fox-glove, with its fairy-like caps, and the sparkling leaves and knotty twistings of sly robin-run-the-hedge, mingled with the tasseled meadow-sweet and broad leaved dock—all beautiful according to their kind; then there were occasional breaks amid the branches, through which the sun, so glowing before its departure, darted the most vivid light, showing the sylvan tracery to the best advantage: it was altogether so exquisite a bit of light and shade that until we had looked on it for some time, we had not perceived three young children huddled up together at the stump of an aged thorn, a few yards down the lane; the eldest, a grown-up girl, supported a sleeping infant on her knees; the third, whose costume was as slight as it is possible to fancy, was crying bitterly; and in his fruitless attempts to dry his tears, had smeared his face over, so as to give it the appearance of a mask. His trouble was of that nature which in England would be *alleviated* by bread and butter, and *cured* by bread and sugar; but the grief that caused emotion in the eldest girl was altogether different—it was such as strong women can hardly bear; her features were hardened into the expression of despair, and what is more at variance with the first hours of youth, *sullen* despair. An old blind dog sat at her feet with his head on her knee, his thick sightless eyes upturned to her, while she stroked his head mechanically, and without uttering a word.

"Let me go back, Essy, let me go back just for a minute, and I won't cry out; do let me, and I'll be as good as *goold*, I will," said the boy.

The girl made no reply, but clutched his shoulder and held him fast. There was some resistance on the boy's part, but it did not continue long, for he agreed to keep still if she'd "loose her hold;" which she did, though her hand still remained on his shoulder. We were so interested in the girl's sorrow, that we endeavoured to alleviate it by kind words, and asked if any

of her people were ill? Then she burst into tears, and the hardness which rendered her expression so painful to look upon relaxed.

"I thank you kindly for asking *; only the trouble, ma'am, is hard on us this evening. We're turned out—we, that never let the winter gale run till summer, that for all we took out of the bit of land put double in it, and did with half feeding, sooner than wrong the earth that gave us that same. We're turned out this blessed evening, to wander the world, or to starve in Navan; to die away from the light of the heavens, and the fresh air, and the fields. Oh, there's no use in talking, but my heart will burst—it will burst open in me, if I think of the cruelty of the world. How can my father live in a town where there are hundreds of men strong an' able to work as he? what can he get to do there? If they'd let us build a sod-house by the side of the road itself, in the place where he's known, he could get work among the neighbours; but that spoils the look of the country, they say. Och hone! sure the starving look of the poor spoils it worse."

"Ye'r crying worse than me, Essy, now," said the boy; "and you promised mother you'd keep in the tears—let me see if she is crying still."

"Stay where you are, Jimmy, my boy; there's a good child; mother can bear it better when she does not see us. Oh, I could beg the world's bread for her, from door to door; though, until this blessed hour, we never asked charity from man or mortial; but I could beg, starve (that's asy enough), or die for my own darling mother, if God laves her with us; but he won't; death was printed in her face this morning—she'll die from me. Oh, Holy Virgin! hear my prayer this evenin', and if one must go, take me, blessed Queen of heaven, and lave her with her husband, and her helpless childre."

The poor girl sank upon her knees, still pressing the infant to her bosom; and we walked on, anxious to ascertain the truth of so sad a statement.

A turn in the lane brought us opposite to what had been a nesting of three or four cottages; the greater number had been dispossessed of their inmates a few months before; there was evidence that some time had elapsed since the walls had been uncovered. The one farthest off was the present scene of

* An extraordinary contrast to such civility was told us the other day, as having occurred in Lancashire. A lady of considerable wealth and influence in the neighbourhood of Manchester, and who spends annually thousands among the poor, asked leave of a woman to sit in her cottage while some accident to the carriage was set to rights. "Oo-a, ye may if ye loike; who are ye?" She told her name. "Oh, you're the old ooman, then?" "Yes." "How many lads and wenches ha' ye?" "Five boys and one daughter." "Oo-a, quoite enoough; and who was that in the chaise wi' ye?" "Mr. ——" "Oo-a, they say many a bad thing of him; and I dare say they're a' true." On another occasion, the lady entered a cottage, when the following brief dialogue occurred. "You look ill to day, Mrs.—." "Yea, I'm summat puirly." "Better step up to the house for some medicine." "Oo-a, ye may send it down if ye loike."

distress; two men were busied in unroofing the small dwelling, while two others looked prepared to meet any outbreak on the part of the late tenant or his friends; several of the latter were assembled, but, for the most part, seemed bent on consoling rather than defending. There was the usual scene of confusion; yet it was plain to see that the ejectment had been served upon a cottage possessed of many comforts. A very pale, fragile, woman was seated upon a substantial bedstead, with her hand closely pressed against her side as if in pain, while tears flowed down her cheeks. Chickens of various sizes were crowded in an ancient coop, and a stout little pig had a "sougan" fixed to his leg, to prepare him for the road; stools and iron pots, a dresser, delf and wooden ware, were scattered about, and a serious-looking cat was seated on the top of a potato basket.

"It's Larkins' own fault, I must say that; when the lease of his little place dropped, he would not take 'no' for an answer, but would keep possession, and I wonder at his doing so, and he so well learned, and bright at everything," said one of the men.

"My own fault!" repeated a strong, though haggard-looking, person, advancing, while the group of countrymen to whom he had been speaking opened, and made way for him. "Who says it's my own fault, you? Sir, I was born under the thatch you stand upon; my father and grandfather held the bit of land, and we paid for it at the highest and to the last farthing."

"That ye did, poor man, God help you!" murmured many voices.

"I, with every hard-working soul on the estate, get notice to quit, because the agent wants it to be *cleared* of men, that it may feed beasts. I have acted all my life like a man, and I have the feelings of one; I love every stick of them blackened rafters; my father's own hands made the bed the poor broken-hearted woman is sitting on; on it I was born, and on it she brought me five children. The bees that are singing in the bushes came from the ould stock; and my father's mother—that they are bringing out now—has sat upon that stone bench for sixty-four years."

A very venerable woman had just been carried through the flakes of falling thatch into the open air; she seemed hardly conscious of what was going forward; yet she gazed around her, and from one to another, with an eager and anxious look.

"Well, we know all that," resumed the first speaker; "and you ought to know that I'm only doing my duty; and you ought to have sense. The gentleman's land is his own, and if he'd rather feed cattle for the market, than have the place broke up into little farms, sure, it's his own land, not yours: he let's you take away every stick that you like."

"The law," said Larkins, "gives me them."

"And he pays you for your crop."

"And that he can't help, either."

"And yet the granny there wouldn't leave it till the roof was off. Sure, any how, the gentleman had a right to do what he liked with his own."

"He had not!" exclaimed the peasant; firmly planting his foot on the ground, and instinctively assuming an attitude that would have added dignity to a Roman senator. "In the sight and light of Almighty God, no man has a right to say to another 'Go out and starve'—starve, as I shall, and all belonging to me.—Starve and beg, and beg and starve, till my bones whiten through my skin, and I die as others in this country have died before me, on the road. Oh, my God! if he had given me a piece of mountain, or a bit of bog, and time to bring it round, I'd have worked for it—as I have done all my life, and that's saying enough. Does he call to mind that the tenant's duty is to pay, and the landlord's to protect? Does he say, as a Christian, that any man has a right to turn over scores of his fellow-creatures to starvation when they are willing to be his slaves for food and raiment—for what more have any of us? We lay by nothing, and have nothing to lay by—yet we pay our rent: will any of you say God intended *that?*"

"Then why the dickons, Johnny Larkins, my jewel," exclaimed a tight concentrated fellow, walking up to the excited speaker, "why the dickons don't you let us serve them all out at once? Sorra a better sport we'd ax; and it's under yer roof ye'd be now if ye had let us take just one good hearty fling at them."

"I never broke the law in my life, James," replied Larkins.

"Sorra a better ye'r off than them that did," answered James, stepping back with a very dissatisfied air.—Two women were comforting the poor man's wife in the best way they could, and another was busied in adjusting a bed on a small car, upon which they intended to place the old woman so as to remove her comfortably. The landlord's agents, during this sad procedure, appeared resolved not to desist until the roof was entirely away*.

* This sketch may be considered exaggerated by those who are not aware of the singularly strong attachment of the lower classes in Ireland, to places where they have been long located. We, therefore, copy from an Irish newspaper the following "business record" of a fact of very recent occurrence. We feel how completely it weakens our own picture. We give it, however, chiefly because here the statement is authenticated by references to names and places—from the publication which we, in telling our story, have thought it right to abstain. The following scene occurred in the Quarter-sessions court of Trim. We insert it, as we find it, without the change of a sentence:—"On the conclusion of the Registry, and commencement of the Crown business, Mr. Despard, R.M., said that, by direction of the Petty Sessions bench of Athboy, he was desired to bring a case of nuisance under the consideration of the Court of Quarter Sessions, in order to obtain an order to have the nuisance abated by the police. The case was a simple one:—An individual had built a house within thirty feet of the centre of the road, at Moyagher, in this county, and the law made such an erection a nuisance. The party had been fined £10 by the Magistrates at Petty

"I wish, a lannan, ye'd be said and led by us," urged one of the neighbours to Mrs. Larkins, who was rocking herself as the wind rocks a tree that has been more than half uprooted. "What good can staying here do you, dear? Sure ye'll stop with us as long as ye like, before ye go into the close town; and yer breathing so bad—and ye so weak."

"If they had only let me die in it!" answered the wife and mother, whose weak trembling voice recalled her child's opinion so feelingly expressed a few minutes before—'that death was printed in her face'—"it wouldn't have been long—where's the children?"

"Sure ye sent them away, they were crying so."

"And where's John?"

Sessions, but had no goods out of which the amount could be levied, and the only way in which the nuisance could be got rid of was by order from the Quarter Sessions Bench to the Police. The court had jurisdiction under the Grand Jury Act. Mr. Hinds, one of the practitioners of the Court, desired to know was the erection he alluded to built in what was known as the churchyard, and was the application for the purpose of removing one of those unfortunate wretches who, guilty of no crime, were turned adrift on the world, under the present clearing out system, and who might have taken up his abode among the graves in the churchyard? Captain Despard said he was prepared to prove the case he had laid before the Bench, and proceeded to examine Chief Constable of Police Greaves, who said he had measured from the centre of the road to the erection, and there were not thirty feet to the wood supporting the entrance; it came within thirty feet by two or three inches. Mr. Ford desired to know from Mr. Greaves, was not what he was describing as a building, within thirty feet of the centre of the road, a hole dug through the road ditch into the churchyard, in which the poor man and his family lived? and was not what he described as a door, a piece of torn sack, hanging down in front of the hole? Mr. Greaves replied, that he, Mr. Ford, if he pleased, might call it a hole in the ditch. Mr. Ford then stated he was agent to the gentleman who held the land of Moyagher from the Provost, and begged to be permitted to interfere in this matter, lest it might be thought for a moment, that either he or his principal had any connexion whatsoever with the present proceeding. He himself had passed the place about three weeks ago, and what was termed an erection was literally what he described; it was a hole dug through the ditch into the churchyard, and in that wretched place was this very miserable habitation for a fellow-creature. The Act referred to by Captain Despard, was the Grand Jury Act; now, that was a very recent statute, and Mr. Ford submitted, that it should appear to the Court that the erection complained of was made since the passing of the act. The Hon. Mr. Plunket, the Assistant Barrister, after reading the section, agreed with Mr. Ford, and thereupon Mr. Despard directed the Crier call Michael Brady—he was the man himself; he might not have done so, but he thought, although the act did not direct it, yet that notice should be given to him, and he had, accordingly, caused notice to be served on him; and thereupon, Michael Brady, who appeared to be an able-bodied man, about forty-five years of age, came on the table. He was asked, when did he build the cabin in the churchyard? 'It is no cabin at all, your Worships—it is only a hole in the churchyard,' was the reply. 'I'll tell your Honours all about it: On the 8th of May last, I was turned out of my cabin by a decree. I was an under tenant only; and myself, and my wife, and my five children, were left without a house over our heads, and I could not get a house from any one—because it is now very hard for a poor man to get a house from any one, for the people won't let them in for fear of displeasing the gentlemen, and so I could not get a house, and no one would let me in; and, after lying nine nights out in the ditches, I did not know what to do, as no one dared take pity on me; and as the children would be perished if they slept out any longer, I dug in the churchyard, seeing that another person like me had gone to live there before me; and we have lived there ever since, and I do not know where to go if your Honours turn me out of that.' The order of the Court was that the nuisance should be abated by the police; but the order not to issue until the workhouse of Kells union, in which district the place is situate, shall be opened."

"Is the sight leaving yer eyes that ye can't see him forenent ye, dear!" answered the woman, at the same time looking anxiously into her face.

"John, darling!" she exclaimed fervently; in a moment her husband was by her side.

"There's a change over her!" whispered the woman to the young man who had proffered to take the law into his own hands; "there's a change over her—run for the priest, if ye love yer own sowl!" Even the men who had been so busy with the roof paused; and the silence was only disturbed by the prolonged whistle of a distant blackbird.

"John, my blessing—my pride—the only love I ever had—you'll forgive any hasty word I ever spoke—won't ye, my jewel?"

"Ye never did," answered the poor fellow; "but what's over ye, darlin! what ails you? what ails her, neighbours? Blessed Queen of heaven, what ails my wife!"

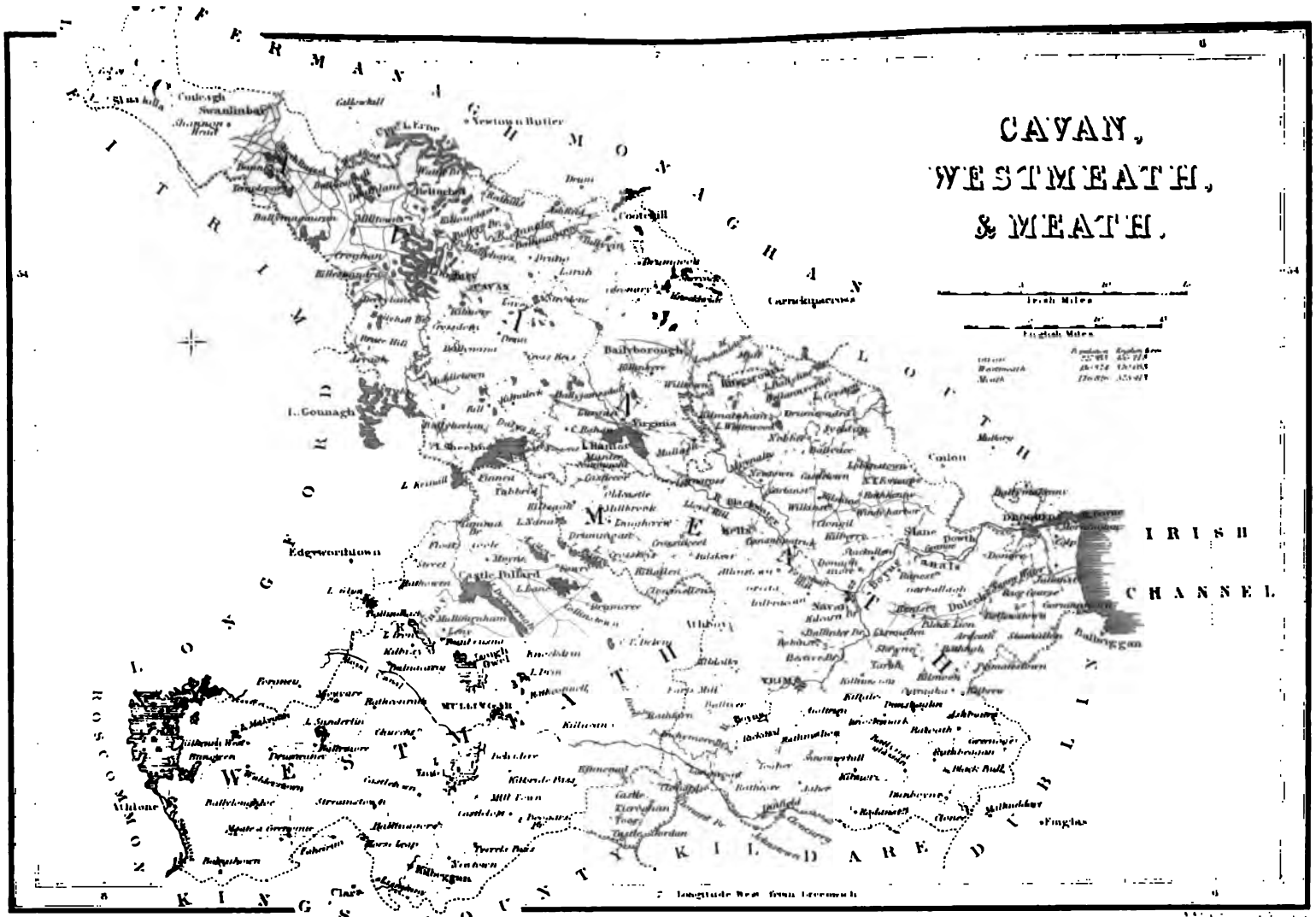
"Whisht, dear!" she said, and raising her hand to his face, she pressed his cheek still closer to her own; "I've been sickly a long time, John, and was going fast—but I knew I should die before we got into the town. I *must* have died then, you know; your face is very thin, darling, already. Oh may the holy saints love ye as ye are, that I may know ye in heaven! but I would, any way; spake to me, my bird of blessings! kiss me, dear, and let me lay my head on yer bare breast. Neighbours, ye'll look to him, and the poor motherless children."

"It's only a faintness, my jewel," said the husband; "it's nothing else—fetch her a drop of water." She drank eagerly, and then nestled her head on [illegible]'s breast as a child would have done in its mother's bosom.

"[illegible]," murmured the man, "to rebel while my angel was left [illegible]" "[illegible] again, if the Lord spares her. Pray for her, good [illegible]" [illegible] a homely phrase a dry eye in the circle [illegible] ministers of the law sympathised with the [illegible] the old woman, who had been forgotten in the [illegible] the little crowd right and left, with her long [illegible] her white hair streaming from [illegible] wrinkles of her sharp face, thickened by a [illegible] curtseying as deeply as the [illegible] "I ask yer pardon," she said, curtseying as deeply as the [illegible] would permit—"I ask yer pardon, but I don't [illegible] it is a wedding or a berrin?"

"[illegible] look," said Jenkins, "some one look in my Mary's face: [illegible] right for my heart!"

[illegible]


CAVAN,
WESTMEATH,
& MEATH.
IRISH
CHANNEL
Irish Miles
English Miles
Longitude West from Greenwich
Swanlinbar
Cootehill
Newtown Butler
Ballyborough
Virginia
Edgeworthstown
Castle Pollard
Athlone
Clara
Dunleer
Dundalk
Drogheda
Finglas
Balbriggan
Colon
Mullingar
Tullamore
Kilbeggan
Rathowen
Ballymore
Killucan
Kilcock
Maynooth
Naas
Kilcullen
Baltinglass
Rathvilly
Carlow
Tullow
Rathdrum
Wicklow
Arklow
Gorey
Enniscorthy
Wexford
Ross
Monaghan
Carrickmacross
Kells
Navan
Trim
Athboy
Kells
Oldcastle
Kilbeggan
Moate
Ballymahon
Longford
Granard
Edgeworthstown
Lanesborough
Roscommon
Ballinasloe
Tullamore
Philipstown
Kilcock
Clane
Naas
Kilcullen
Baltinglass
Rathvilly
Carlow
Tullow
Rathdrum
Wicklow
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Rathdrum
Wicklow
Arklow
Gorey
Enniscorthy
Wexford
Ross

WESTMEATH.

The inland county of Westmeath is bounded on the east by Meath; on the south by the King's County; on the west by Roscommon, from which it is separated by the river Shannon; on the north-west by the County of Longford; and on the north by the County of Cavan. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 386,251 statute acres, of which 55,982 are unimproved mountain and bog, and 16,334 are under water—the lakes of Westmeath being very numerous and extensive and famous for picturesque beauty. The population of the County was in 1821, 125,819; and in 1831, 136,872. It is divided into the Baronies of Brawney, Clonlonan, Corkaree, Delvin, Demifore, Farbill, Fartullagh, Kilkenny West, Moyashel and Magheradernan, Moycashel, Moygoish, and Rathconrath. Part of Athlone is also in Westmeath. The principal towns are Mullingar—the assize town—Moate, Rathowen, Ballymore, Castletown-Delvin and Ballynacargy.

The history of the county very closely resembles that of Meath; it was settled under the same circumstances; it is as full of ancient remains both of the Anglo-Normans and the earlier inhabitants; but it is far more abundant in natural attractions; and some of its lakes—Lough Ree in particular—may vie in interest and beauty with those of the south.

The limits of our work will not permit us to describe, at length, the Counties which have no very remarkable or peculiar feature; and we avail ourselves of the opportunity presented to us for supplying some information concerning Irish music*. We shall consider the subject first in the abstract, and secondly in reference to musical instruments—the division under which it naturally presents itself.

Under the first head we may observe that the Irish were a musical people

* For much of the information we communicate to the reader, we are indebted to Mr. J. B. Wright of Clonmel, a gentleman who has devoted many years of his life to the study of ancient Irish history; and is justly regarded as an authority upon all matters to be treated in connexion with it.

from the earliest periods of their history *. The ancient Irish had three musical modes, corresponding in some respects to those of the ancients. 1st, The Luinneach, like the Phrygian, was of a lively and exciting character, or it was perhaps a compound of the Phrygian and the Dorian. 2nd, The Geantraicht was of a soft and soothing character, used (as the name would seem to imply) in love-songs. It seems to have resembled the Lydian mode,

> And ever against eating cares
> Wrap me in *soft* Lydian airs.

3rd, The Suantraicht was intended for composing the mind to rest, and for inducing sleep after the toils of the chase, war, or study. A similar species of composition prevailed among the Pythagoreans (who resembled the Druids in many points) and the lively music which these philosophers playedto cheer their spirits in the morning was analogous to the Luinneach of the Irish.†

The general characteristic of Irish music is the presence of the major sixth. Another characteristic, but not of constant occurrence, is the absence of the *fourth* and *seventh* in the diatonic scale. This accounts for the soft and melancholy expression which in general pervades Irish music, but cannot apply to all the airs; those of a cheerful character, for instance, that belonged to the mode which Selden designates "the sprightly Phrygian." Cambrensis describes the Irish style of music as belonging to the *enharmonic genus*, "full of minute divisions, with every diasis marked." "Their modulation," he adds, "is lively and rapid, but of soothing and agreeable sound * * * and hence

* That music was cultivated as an art among the Irish from a very early period, and was in fact *indigenous* among them, appears from the following judicious observation of Mr. Bunting, the venerable preserver and guardian of native Irish music :—"The Irish harpers, when assembled at Belfast in 1792, uniformly made use of technical terms, designating the several notes of the instrument, and their various combinations, shakes, moods, &c. which, *although admirably characteristic and descriptive in themselves, are altogether unlike the language of modern musicians*—a language which is well known to have been invented at a comparatively recent period by the continental nations. Had the Irish derived their knowledge of music from nations making use of the continental vocabulary, they would have received the terms of art employed by these nations into their own language, either by adopting them absolutely or by translating them into corresponding Irish phrases. But the contrary is invariably found to be the case. Thus, the combination of notes termed a *shake* by modern musicians, is, by the Irish, denominated baṫluiġ, 'activity of the fingers,' (literally 'swift top'); a *beat* again is termed baṫluiġ buaiḋ aṅaiṁde, or 'activity of the finger ends striking upwards;' and a run of execution Sruiġ mór, or 'the great stream.' In like manner the principal times have their peculiar designations, as Cumaḋ, 'lamentation time;' cruaḋ-cleaṫaḋ, 'heroic time' (literally 'hard playing'); Puirt, 'lesson time' (literally 'a tune'); corresponding to the modern terms, Adagio, Larghetto, Andante, and Allegro. So also of the chords, moods, keys, &c."—Ancient Music of Ireland.

† The following are the musical modes of the Irish according to Mr. Bunting, which, on comparison with Beauford's (first adopted), we are inclined to think more correct. 1. Geantraicht, or music of a graceful and expressive order. 2. Goltraicht, melancholy music. 3. Suantraicht, soothing or sleep-composing strains. 4. Luiḋeaċ, merry or sprightly music. In the above enumeration the first mode corresponds to the Lydian; the second is *sui generis*; the third answers to the evening music of the Pythagoreans; and the fourth either to the Phrygian or Dorian.

it arises that they who have most subtle understanding and acute discernment in the mysteries [arcana] of the art find *internal* and *ineffable* delight*."

These observations will be verified by an examination of such of the national airs as have escaped the wreck of time and of legislative proscription—especially as regards the antiquity of Irish music. The most ancient airs now existing in Ireland are the music of Deirdre, and the chaunts to which the Fenian poems, ascribed to Ossian and Fergus, were sung, as Erragon More, the Death-song of Oscar, &c. Next, if not equal in point of antiquity, is "The Song of the Banshee." This is the archetype of the different Keens, and is the air supposed to be sung by the Banshee at her ominous visits. Of this aërial being we shall speak more fully hereafter; introducing, perhaps, a copy of the air.

The next species of musical composition we shall notice is the war-song,—perhaps, next in antiquity. The war-songs of the Irish resemble very much in their construction the *πυθικοὶ νόμοι* of the Greeks; for as the latter were divided into parts representing the contest and victory of Apollo over the Python; as the preparations—the first attempt—taking breath and collecting courage—the insulting sarcasms of the god over the vanquished enemy—the imitation of the hisses of the serpent, &c. So the former had divisions corresponding to the various circumstances of a battle, as the gathering—the advance—the conflict—the shouts of the victors—the retreat—the lamentation over the dead, &c.; and it is a curious circumstance that it was a description of one of these war-songs which the late Mr. Bernard Wright, of Clonmel, gave Kotswarrow, that suggested the music of "The battle of Prague." The war-song in question, is that called Marsal Ailisdruem, or "Alexander's march," and is given in Mr. Bunting's collection.†

* "The feature which in truth distinguishes all Irish melody, whether proper to the defective bagpipes or suited to the perfect harp, is not the negative omission, but the positive and emphatic presence, of a particular tone, and this tone is that of the Submediant or major sixth, or in other words the tone of E in the scale of G. This it is that stamps the true Scotic character on every bar of the air in which it occurs. So that the moment the tune is heard we exclaim, 'That is an Irish melody.'

"Independently of these particular features, Irish melody has also its own peculiarity of structure and arrangement, but this is more observable in the very old class of airs. These are for the most part in a major key, and in triple time; the modulations of the first part of the melody may be said to consist of the common cadence; the second part is generally an octave higher than the first; it begins with the chord of the Tonic and proceeds to the Dominant with its major concord; it then returns to the Tonic, from which it progresses to the tone of the Submediant with the major harmony of the Subdominant, or to the Submediant with its minor concord; but the harmony of that peculiar note is most frequently accompanied by the major concord of the Subdominant; the conclusion of the air is generally a repetition of the first part of the tune with a little variation * * * * The most ancient of these airs, it may be observed, will be found more easily harmonised than those of a more modern date; a certain indication of the great purity of their structure."—Bunting.

† Mr. Bunting classes all Irish airs with reference to three distinct epochs, viz., the very ancient, the ancient, and the modern. "The extreme antiquity of the first," he writes, "consisting of Caoinans,

We shall now advert to the musical instruments of the Irish, and first, the harp, which has been so much associated with Ireland, as to become its emblem. This instrument was in use among the Irish from the remotest periods, as appears from one of the earliest notices of the island; viz., that of Diodorus Siculus, who in his account of the Hyperborean isle, which he says was situate *opposite the Celtæ, who were inhabitants of Britain and Gallia*, mentions that "the priests frequented a grove and a round temple *with their harps* to sing the praises of Apollo." Diodorus professes to give this account from Hecatæus, an earlier writer; and that Ireland is the island in question is evident from the assigned situation, while the "grove" and "the round temple" of Apollo (the sun), perfectly correspond with its existing monuments of sun-worship.

In an ancient Erse poem a bard is represented addressing a very old harp, and inquires what has become of its former splendour? The harp replies that it had belonged *to a king of Ireland*, and had afterwards been in the possession of *Daryo, son of the Druid of Baal* (the sun), of Gaul, of Fallan, and then passed into the hands of *a priest with a white book*; thus tracing it down from Pagan to Christian times. It is also worthy of note, that "the Druid of Baal" corresponds to "the priest of Apollo" in Diodorus.

Ledwich supposes that the Irish derived the harp from the Saxons; but unfortunately for his hypothesis, the authority he brings foward to support

dirges, and the airs to which Ossianic and other old poems are sung, is proved, as well by the originality of their structure, being neither perfect recitative nor perfect melody, but a peculiar combination of both, as well as from the fact of their being sung with the same words in different parts of the country, these words in many instances corresponding exactly with poems of an extremely early date."

Mr. Bunting instances the Lamentation of Deirdre, still preserved in the county of Antrim, and perfectly corresponding to that sung in Argyleshire; the Caoinan answering exactly to the rhythm and cadence of words recorded in the book of Ballymole to have been sung by a choir of mysterious beings over the grave of a king of Ossory in the tenth century, which confirms the opinion we have advanced that the Caoinan has its origin in the song of the Banshee. The air of "Erragon More," Mr. Bunting particularly notices among the Ossianic airs, being that to which the Antrim glen people sing the fragment published from another source by Dr. Young, in the Transactions of the Royal Academy. Dr. Young's translation of this poem is from a very imperfect Erse copy. A much better version exists in Irish. It corresponds exactly with the Battle of Lora, in M'Pherson, and (what M'Pherson is deficient in) contains some curious allusions to ancient and now obsolete customs.

Mr. Bunting observes that "judging from the words now sung to many of these antique melodies, we might be disposed to refer them at first to comparatively modern times, but it will be found that in every instance where this difficulty presents itself the genius of the tune and that of the words are altogether dissimilar." From which circumstance he justly argues, that the music is far more ancient. "Of this class," he continues, "is the air called Ballinderry, which although now sung to English words in the counties of Down and Antrim, bears unequivocal marks of very high antiquity."

Would it be too much to assert that the very name of the tune (taken in connexion with its internal evidence) denotes its antiquity for "Ballinderry." baile an daimh signifies "the dwelling of the oak," and like Dairo (Derry), Coil-daire (Kildare), &c., seems to indicate one of the dwellings of the Druids, which were always near groves of oak.

it proves the very contrary. It is a passage in Venantius Fortunatus, who wrote in the fifth century, where, speaking of the various nations that inhabited Gaul at his time, he thus distinguishes their musical instruments :—

> " Romanusque lyrâ, plaudet tibi, barbarus harpâ,
> Græcus Achilliaca, Crotta Britanna canat."

Now of these different instruments, the one which corresponds to the Irish harp is the *Crotta*, which the author assigns to the *British or Celtic inhabitant*, and distinguishes from the Roman *Lyra* and Gothic (which he terms barbarian) *Harpa*, for it is evidently identical with *Cruit*, the Irish word by which our national instrument is most generally designated. The passage therefore affords very respectable proof that the Irish have had *their* harp, in common with the Britons, from their Celtic ancestors. The word " harp " we should observe is not Irish, but was applied by the English to the Irish *Cruit*, from the general resemblance between the two instruments. This misled the doctor *.

* In Mr. Bunting's work there is a very ingenious dissertation on the antiquity of the Irish harp by S. Ferguson, Esq., M. R. I. A., in which it is satisfactorily traced to a very remote origin, from an examination of existing monuments. Thus, by comparing the beautiful harp in Trinity College, assigned by Mr. Petrie, on very good grounds, to the beginning of the fourteenth century, with a representation of the instrument on the Fiachal Phadruig (or portable shrine, in which the tooth of St. Patrick was said to have been formerly preserved), bearing date 1350, and testing both by the celebrated description of Cambrensis, he has identified the Irish harp in use in the beginning of the present century with the instrument used at the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion. The next question that presents itself is, how long anterior to this period had the Irish been in possession of the harp? To ascertain this point, Mr. Ferguson adduces—First, external evidence from a passage in Galilei the elder, who, speaking of the Irish harp, says, " *This most ancient instrument* was brought us from Ireland, as Dante (born A.D. 1265) says, where they are excellently made, and in great numbers, the inhabitants of that island having practised on it *for many and many ages ;*" and secondly, the internal evidence afforded by two very interesting monuments. The first of these is the ornamented cover or " theca " of an Irish MS. preserved in the library of the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe, which cover appears, from inscriptions remaining on it, to have been made and ornamented prior to the year 1064. Among these ornaments are five delineations of the harp of that period, containing, however, two pairs of duplicates, fac-similes of which are given in the second Vol. of O'Connor's Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres. Now, in the first of these ornaments it appears that the method of holding and playing on the harp had altered nothing from the practice of the time of Cambrensis, and both harps correspond in their general form in a remarkable manner with the harp of Arthur O'Neile, one of the last of the Irish harpers. This carries it back more than a century beyond the Anglo-Norman invasion. The other monument is a sculptured cross at Ullard, in the county Kilkenny, which, from the style of the workmanship, may be safely assigned an antiquity of 1000 years. Speaking of a representation of the harp on this monument, Mr. Ferguson remarks, that " *it is the first specimen of the harp without a fore pillar that has been hitherto discovered out of Egypt.*" This opens a field for some very interesting speculations respecting the origin of the Irish harp, and he considers the fact as affording presumptive evidence that the Irish have had their harp from Egypt, a circumstance in accordance with the tradition which represents the Celto-Scythian colony, from which the Irish nation principally claims descent, as passing through Egypt. He considers the Egyptian harp as the *testudo* enlarged, by the substitution of a wooden chamber and wooden curved upright, respectively, for the tortoise-shell and goat's horn, which appear to have been the principal materials in the original cithara ;

The Irish appear to have had two kinds of harps, the Cruit and Ceannairdcruit. The first, a small harp, strung with single chords, was used chiefly for religious purposes; such a harp was probably employed by the Druids in their rites (alluded to by Diodorus), as it was in after times by the Christian bishops and abbots. The second was a large harp, used in public assemblies, and perhaps in battle: it appears to have been strung with double chords. We may imagine such a harp accompanying the voice of Fergus, the Fenian bard, when he pronounced his celebrated odes to Gaul and Oscar. The number of strings in the Irish harp in the time of Cambrensis was thirty, and an improvement seems to have been made in process of time by the Irish Oirfidhighe, or musicians, in its original form (supposed to have been a right-angled plain triangle —like the Phrygian harp), by changing the right angle to an oblique one, and by giving a curvature to the arm. The form thus produced is one which Mr. Beauford has demonstrated to be constructed on true harmonic principles, and such as will bear the strictest mathematical and philosophic scrutiny. The accom-

a conjecture which receives a certain amount of confirmation from the fable of Mercury finding the tortoise, from the shell of which he formed the first cithara, *in the mud of the receding Nile*. "Now the transition from the Theban harp," he continues, "to that at present in use, is by no means difficult to be traced. The introduction of a front arm, suggested by the many defects of the instrument, would reduce it to a shape corresponding very closely to the quadrilateral harp represented in the theca of the Stowe MS.; and the incorporation of the sounding chamber with the other upright, would, by an equally obvious improvement, bring it precisely to the modern model."

Mr. Ferguson's account of the origin of the Irish harp perfectly agrees with our own; the substance of which is, that the Irish had the instrument from the earliest ages in common with the other Celtic nations, who, in all probability, received it from the Egyptians when they adopted their god *Mercury* (Taautus or Hermes), among their divinities. Vid. Cæsar. One of the earliest allusions to the harp in the Irish language, occurs in that very ancient mythological fragment in the book of Lecan concerning the Tuatha-de-Dannans, ceol ḃḟ⁊ ceĉbḟṅ cṛṫ cṛuıtcṛṫ i. e. "Music, melody, and *harmony of strings* were their three *harpers*." The Tuatha-de-dannans are said in Irish histories to have come from *Thrace*, and it is worthy of remark, that Mr. Ferguson notices the resemblance between the harp of the *Thracian Orpheus*, as delineated on a monument in the reign of the Emperor Aurelian, and that of the Irish harp on the theca of the Stowe MS., already mentioned, being the Egyptian harp in its transition state.

It is also worthy of note, that in these Irish triads the harp is expressed by the term cṛuıtc, which identifies it with the Celtic *crotta* in Venantius Fortunatus.

panying engraving is from a harp in the possession of T. Crofton Croker, Esq.,* now in his Museum, at Rosamond's Bower, Fulham. It is, we believe, the only Irish harp to be found in England. On the front, a rudely-engraved inscription records that it was "MADE BY IOHN KELLY FOR THE REVD. CHARLES BUNWORTH, BALTDANIEL, 1734."—Mr. Bunworth was rector of Buttevant, in the county of Cork, and the maternal great-grandfather of the Chronicler of the "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland;" who has related in connexion with his ancestor's name a very remarkable anecdote respecting the supernatural appearance of the Banshee at the time of Mr. Bunworth's death.—It probably originated in the fancy of some of the wandering minstrels, whom he appears from motives of Christian charity to have relieved and befriended.

As the other musical instruments hold a very subordinate place, a brief notice of them will suffice. The bagpipes are said to have been introduced into Ireland from Caledonia; though if such be the case, a very early period must be assigned for their introduction, as we find them alluded to in the very ancient tale of Deirdre, supposed by the best judges to be an undoubted relic of Pagan times. It had the same use among the ancient Irish armies that it now

* There exist very few of the ancient Irish harps. A very small one—said, but not upon good authority, we believe that of Chevalier O'Gorman, a manufacturer of Irish pedigrees, and the brother-in-law of the notorious Chevalier D'Eon,—to have belonged to the famous King Brien—is preserved in the museum of Trinity College. The following history and description of it we extract from the Dublin Penny Journal:—It is well known to all our readers that the great monarch, Brian Boroihme, was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. He left with his son Donagh, his harp; but Donagh having murdered his brother Teige, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father, which he presented to the pope. These regalia were kept in the Vatican, till the pope sent the harp to Henry VIII., but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came, by a lady of the De Burgh family, into that of M'Mahon of Clenagh, in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Commissioner Mac Namara of Limerick. In 1782, it was presented to the Right Honourable William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College museum, where it now is. It is thirty-two inches high, and of good workmanship; the sounding board is of oak, the arms of red sally, the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone now lost. The buttons or ornamented knobs, at the side of this arm, are of silver. On the front arm, are the arms chased in silver of the O'Brien family, the bloody hands supported by lions. On the sides of the front arm, within two circles, are two Irish wolf-dogs, cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding board, where the strings entered, are neatly ornamented with an escutcheon of brass, carved and gilt; the larger sounding holes have been ornamented, probably with silver. The harp has twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes, consequently there were as many strings. The foot-piece or rest is broken off, and the parts round which it was joined are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an expert artist.

has among the Highland regiments. But the Irish made in the course of time an improvement, by using a bellows to fill the chanter instead of the mouth, and continued making various additions until they produced that delightful instrument the union pipes, on the splendid effects of which it is needless to enlarge.

The Irish had various kinds of trumpets—as the Stuic, the Adharc (eyarc), the Beann Buabhall, &c. Numbers of these have been discovered in our bogs. They are made of brass or bronze, and seem to have been similar to those terrific instruments of the Celts, of which Polybius writes:—"They made a clamour so terrible and so loud, that every surrounding echo was awakened, and all the adjacent country seemed to join in the horrible din." Lib. iii. Supernatural effects were sometimes attributed to them in Ireland; and as we read in Spenser's Faerie Queen (B. 1, viii.) of a single blast of a bugle dissolving an enchantment, so we find in the Fenian poems, that the horn of Fin could in an instant throw all his warriors into a deep slumber.

The *corn* was, as its name implies, made of horn, and served also for a drinking vessel. According to Vallency, it was sometimes used for religious purposes in Pagan times, and was sacred to Ann, the presiding divinity of the produce of the earth and waters.

Mr. Bunting makes the following enumeration of the different kinds of harps among the ancient Irish:—1. The Cinnard Cruit, or high-headed harp. 2. The Crom Cruit, or bending harp. 3. The Clairseach, or common harp. 4. The Ceirin, supposed to be the portable harp used by the priests and religious people. 5. Craiftin Cruit Craftin's harp*.

The accompanying figures represent the Irish bagpipes in their primitive and improved form. We have here the original Irish bagpipes,

which were originally the same as the Scotch, as appears from a drawing made in the sixteenth century, and given in Mr. Bunting's work; and now differ in having the mouth-piece supplied by the bellows A, which being blown by the motion of the piper's arm, to which it is fastened, fills the bag B; from whence, by the pressure of the other arm, the wind is conveyed into the chanter C, which is played on with the fingers, much like a common pipe. By means of a tube the wind is conveyed into the drones *a*, *a*, *a*, which, tuned at octaves to each other, produce a kind of cronan, or bass, to the chanter.

The adjoined cut represents the improved or union pipes, the drones of which, tuned at thirds and fifths by the regulator A, have keys attached to them, which not only produce the most delightful accords, but enable the player to perform parts of tunes, and sometimes whole tunes, without using the chanter at all. Both drones and chanter can be rendered quiescent at pleasure by means of stops.

As the treatment of this subject, however necessary, may appear dull and heavy to the general reader, we ask leave to introduce a sketch of an old piper—one of a very numerous class, of which, perhaps, we may have more to say hereafter; for the subject is very fertile in Irish character. The race are gradually departing, or, at least, "sobering" down into the ranks of ordinary mortals; but there was a time when the piper stood out very prominently upon any canvas upon which was pictured Irish life. Anecdotes of their eccentricities might be recorded that would fill pages of our book. For the present, we content ourselves with setting down one.

In our younger days every district had its own appointed and particular musician: "Kelly the piper" belonged exclusively to the sweet sea-shore of Bannow; "Andy the fiddler" to the sunny hill-village of Carrick; and Tim Lacy to the townland of Ballymitty. Tim's instrument was not specified, for he was a universal master; could take a "turn" at the pipes, a "hand" at the fiddle, a "blow" on the flute, or, for aught we know, a "bate" on the big drum, and was, in fact, so desultory in his habits as hardly to excite the jealousy of any one in particular; for Irish fiddlers and pipers are a most captious and irritable race, as combative for precedence as a bevy of courtiers.

We remember "Kelly the piper" and "Andy the fiddler" challenging, each the other, to a musical contest, which was kept up during five successive Sundays after mass, and only brought to a conclusion by Andy's "letting the music" out of Kelly's pipes with a reaping-hook; while, in return, Kelly immolated Andy's fiddle on the prongs of a pitchfork. The parish was in despair—neither weddings nor merry meetings of any kind could go forward without music, and Tim Lacy, the boy who, according to common report, made a fiddle of the priest's tongs, and a *bow* of the priest's poker, when he was only three years old—poor Tim Lacy was "down in the fever."

When, on the very day before Mickey Donovan's pretty daughter, Biddy,

was to be married to Mogue Maguire, and the father and mother were debating the possibility or impossibility of getting "the music," a thin, spare, plaintive-looking man, very small of stature, and much bent either by age or sorrow, or perhaps by a mingling of both, entered the farm-house, being led by a pretty sunny-haired little maiden, of apparently some nine or ten years old; the man was perfectly blind, and his thin hand rested upon the head of her who might have been termed both his guide and his guardian; his appearance was hailed with sincere delight by every member of the family, busy though they were, preparing for the next day's fête, for he carried his welcome with him in the shape of the bagpipes.

"What can you play, sir, if you plase?" questioned the pretty bride.

"'Haste to the Wedding,' or whatever *you* plase, miss," was the little girl's answer, with a half shy, half modest look, as if she perfectly understood the hint conveyed by the name of the country-dance.

"And why can't yer father answer for himself?" inquired Biddy.

"If you plase, miss, *it's a vow* that's on him, for a rason he has," replied the child; "and so I'm his speech as well as his eyes, myself, miss!"

"Oh, indeed!" "Poor man!" "See that now!" "A vow!" "Oh musha, musha, but sin 's a shockin thing!" were the exclamations that followed.

"It's no sin of his own," observed the child; "only one he took upon himself to answer for, for one he loved."

The Irish are a very inquisitive people, and though Biddy had too much delicacy to urge the young girl to betray the secret of her protector, the other members of the family were in no way restrained by such consideration. After the strangers had been fed and warmed, and every one who could dance had "taken a turn on the flure," just for "divarshun," or to try "the strength of the music," the child was subjected to the interrogatories of the whole

family, who, after all, only learned that the blind man, known by the sobriquet of the "silent piper," was her father; that her mother, when dying, "left a vow on him;" that he had never spoken since, but that his fondness for, and love towards, her, was "past telling;" she'd rather not say where they came from; she could not tell where they were going to; and that was all!

Kelly the piper was obliged to confess, on the wedding-day, that he was not fit to "hould a candle" to the "silent piper;" and everybody declared they had never heard such beautiful music; one or two very old people hinted that all was not right, for they had heard pipers and pipers in their youth, but such piping as *that* had never been heard before.

The fame of the "silent piper" reached the houses of the gentry, and we can well remember the first entrance of father and child into the old hall, which in those days often echoed to right merry music—we were all charmed. Liberal offers were made to the blind man, if he would settle in the neighbourhood; he should have a cottage built for himself and his child on the demesne, and never want. In reply, he only shook his head, and sighed; and the little maid, with tears, observed, "they had but a short time to stop now, as father seldom staid more than a week in any one place."

We knew that such "obligations" were not uncommon among the peasantry, though we did not remember ever meeting a piper under the influence of a "silent vow" before. His pretty gentle child had achieved as much popularity as himself; and there were very few who had not bestowed some slight token of remembrance on one or both. The little maid had accumulated many gifts of love—the small-change of the affections—and the smart blue riband snooding her fair hair, and garnishing a broad-leaved hat, the string of brilliant beads around her neck, the bright kerchief that sheltered her bosom, or enshrouded her bundle, contrasted in as picturesque a manner as an artist could desire, with her bare and slender ancles and half-sandalled feet. They departed with much regret, the old man playing "Carolan's Lament," until he drew tears from many eyes.

The interregnum caused by the visit of the "silent piper," however, allowed time for the excitement that had existed between the Kellyites and Andyites to subside; in the end they reappeared with new pipes and a new fiddle.

In a few months after this little incident, we left the neighbourhood; time passed, we visited and revisited Ireland, and seldom did the notes of the bagpipe strike upon our ear without recalling the "silent piper" and his pretty guide. Those who do not see the young grow, seldom imagine they are grown; certainly we never fancied the sweet child sprung up into womanhood. We thought of her still as the fair-haired girl,—more a vision than a reality.

During our visit, about two years ago, to the ancient and picturesque town of Kinsale, we heard the sound of a bagpipe, and followed it to be nearer the player. Had a spectre risen from the earth, we could not have been more astonished! for there—standing upon the edge of an old quarry—after a lapse of nearly twenty years, with the very same blooming child at his knee—there sat the "silent piper!" What a flood, what a torrent, of remembrances did the meeting pour into our heart! We noticed, indeed, after the first start of recognition, that the brow of our old acquaintance was seamed with wrinkles, that his hair was white; but the mystery of all mysteries remained unsolved—the child was fair and young as ever!

He played again the bold brave notes of Brian Boru's march; and the women stamped their feet to the time, and hoisted their little ones in the air, until, when it was finished, they gave so loud a cheer, that it animated the old man to an encore of the national march; and all the time we were deeply pondering at the marvel of finding the "silent piper" of Bannow, after so long a lapse of years, in the town of Kinsale.

"Eh, dear!" said the old man when questioned, "do I mind Bannow! to be sure I do; God be with it!"

"And you?" to the girl, more, of course, than half-doubtingly.

"I never was so far as Cork," she answered; while the well-remembered bead necklace—we could have sworn to it—glittered in the sun, and the very same blue riband seemed to us to confine her silver hair.

"Eh, eh," laughed the old man, the thin cackling laugh of old age—"eh! eh! eh! that was her mother, bless ye! her own mother; my daughter Kathleen, that married Jim Lycett, the boat-builder, and has had twins twice besides Tommy and little Kathleen here; like her mother, I make no doubt, only her nose a bit shorter—I can tell by the feel; I can tell by the feel,"—and he passed his shadowy hand over her soft features, and while we were thinking over our own absurdity, the original Kathleen made her appearance—a stout, gleeful-looking woman, still with sunny hair and eyes, and a mild, bland laugh, but — with twins in her arms, and twins at her feet. Certainly the realities of life sadly upset the imagination; the sweet Kathleen of Bannow, with three brace of children, and a boat-building husband!

"Sure," she said, "I have all the little keepsakes and tokens I got still, and the tears do be coming in my eyes when I think of them, and the penance my poor father took on himself that time; he's half childish now, and would be whole so, but for the music; that raises him up in himself."

LOUTH.

MANY circumstances contribute to render the maritime county of Louth, although the smallest county of Ireland, exceedingly interesting—either in reference to its existing remains, or to the prominent station it occupies in Irish history. The siege of Drogheda is scarcely paralleled for atrocity, on the part of the besiegers; and the "memory" of the battle of the Boyne-Water is, as it must ever be, "glorious and immortal."

The county comprises an area of 200,484 statute acres, of which 14,916 are unimproved mountain, and bog. It is bounded on the east by the Irish Sea; on the north by the bay of Carlingford and the county of Armagh; on the south by the county of Meath; and on the west by the counties of Meath and Monaghan. In 1821, the population of Louth was 101,011; and in 1831, 107,481; not including, however, the county of the town of Drogheda, which contains between 15,000 and 16,000 inhabitants. It is divided into the baronies of Ardee, Ferrard, Louth, Upper Dundalk, and Lower Dundalk. Drogheda and Dundalk are the only towns of note, if we except the once famous, but now decayed, port of Carlingford. The county abounds in vestiges

of very remote antiquity; some of these we shall, briefly, describe; limiting ourselves, however, to the monastic remains, as we have, so lately, treated

largely of those of still earlier ages. First in interest and importance is the Round Tower, with its usual accompaniments of ruins, at Monasterboice; distant about four miles from Drogheda; lying in the centre of a small valley, a short distance from the main road, seen from which the effect is singularly striking. The group of "sacred glories" is comprised within the boundary of a small churchyard, and consists of the shells of two chapels, two perfect stone crosses, of very beautiful and elaborate workmanship, and the Round Tower. The tower is one hundred and ten feet high; yet the height must have been considerably greater, for the cap and the upper parts were destroyed some years ago by lightning. The chapels are obviously of ages widely remote; the larger is perhaps of the twelfth century, but the smaller supplies evidence of being some centuries older. The religious establishment of Monasterboice was for a long period ranked among the most celebrated of Ireland; its origin has been traced to St. Buite, or Boetius, a disciple of St. Patrick, about the close of the fifth century. The stone crosses are of exceeding magnificence; some idea of their elaborate carving may be gathered from the sketch by Mr. Nicholl; they are entirely covered on both sides by sculptured images — the subjects of some of which are easily ascertained. One of them is about twenty feet high; the other about eighteen. Of a singular mark and inscription under the arm of one of them we procured a copy. The solitude of this assemblage of picturesque ruins is in fine keeping with the associations it cannot fail to arouse; the narrow churchyard is crowded with graves; among which the "fat weeds" grow in great luxuriance; a single blasted tree speaks of death more emphatically than even the broken head-stones; and the surrounding mountains seem to throw an eternal shadow over the solemn and impressive scene *.

* It was in bright sunshine that we set forth from Drogheda to visit these ruins; but, as our guide observed, "all the heat that was in the sun wouldn't give a warm look to the ould place." Viewed from the road, its magnificent round tower, mysterious crosses, broken churches, and blighted tree, form a picture of utter loneliness and desolation almost without parallel. We were subdued by the silence of the scene; even the merry bugle of the Belfast coach, as it rattled along with its load of laughing and jesting passengers, served only to make us feel the solitude the more when we were again alone. A farm-house and two or three cottages are near; not so near, however, as to injure the picturesque effect. A woman accosted us with a smile and a curtsey, saying she would "show us" the ruins. We told her we could *see* them very well at that moment. "Why then the Lord lave you your eyesight," she replied good-

The Abbey of Mellifont is on the little river Mattock, near the banks of the Boyne and on the borders of Meath County. The ruins are not extensive; but in architectural beauty they are surpassed by few in Ireland. The

humouredly, "it's a fine thing to have—and sure I thought that maybe you'd understand them better if I stepped over the stile with ye—and is it some of the holy moss you want gathered? or are ye only foreigners coming to look at the curosity of the place?" We confessed to being 'only foreigners.' The good woman first called our attention to the round tower. "It has one window, which is a great mystery to the quality; indeed I heard two gentlemen argue together what brought the window in it at all, for the length of a summer morning, and they grew so angry with each other, that they walked off without taking any notice of the crosses or holy things about. And that tower, big as it is, was built every inch by a woman—a holy woman she was; and she had great trouble when it was nigh finished least the two men that carried the stones would *sell the pass on her* (betray her), and tell how it was done; so she watched her opportunity, and when Con brought up a load of stone, just as he was putting his foot on the ladder she gave him a clip, and over he went; and then, my dear, the *yellock* she gave, the wirrasthrue she raised, was heard miles beyond Drogheda; and the other man, Fion by name, looks up; and 'What ails ye, my lady?' he says. "Oh wirrasthrue,' she says again; 'look at the accident that's happened,' she says, 'to my darlin' Con,' she says,—'and I just on the finish, and no man on the townland able to bring up that *baste* of a stone,' she says. 'I can,' says the innocent Fion. '*You!*' she says—and tosses the feathers in her fine head—'Is it a shrimp of a thing like you—a daddy-longlegs—with neither blood, bone, nor beauty? Oh, Con! darlin', why did ye break yer neck and die?' And with that Fion shoulders the stone like a man o'war—and with the scream of an eagle; and he lays no hand to the ladder, but runs up it like a young *giount;* and his head was stooped with the power of the stone so that he could not see. And just as he reached the top, she laid her little finger against his hair and backwards he went like the other; and then the screech she gave with joy, caused a storm in the ocean for three whole days! 'Success!' she shouts, and claps her hands like thunder, and jumps off the scaffold; and sure enough there's the mark of her two feet in that stone until this day." "And who took down the scaffold?" we inquired. "'Deed, I never heard," she answered with a laughably serious face, "but maybe them that brought those three holy crosses took it away with them." A dry whitish lichen, such as we frequently find upon old stones, thick and crusted, nearly covers one of the old crosses. "Don't take any of it off, lady dear!" exclaimed the woman, "except for a monument, like, of the place, when you'd be far from it; for every bit of it is a charm—dry and white as it looks, it's the finest cure that ever was for the chin-cough! An aged man came here after some this day month, and I saw him looking up at the cross; and he knelt and got through with some of his beads, and yet he never raised a hand to pick off a bit, though as he had been here before I judged what he wanted but he came at last and sat just under the tower. So I said to him, 'I hope, sir, what you took home did good to the little darling grandchild you told me about,' and he shook his head melancholy, and made no answer. 'She's not worse, I hope, sir?' I made bold to say again. 'She's not better,' he says, 'but the fault is mine, not hers; I am too great a sinner to pluck the moss,' he says, 'I am, and I know it; for to do good it must be gathered by sinless hands,' he says—'and them's hard to find!' 'They are,' I answers, 'but I have a *wee* colleen—a little snowy child—and every hair on her head is like a thread of silver, and her eyes have no understanding for sin—the Lord didn't put anything in her head, but he put a dale in her heart; and all the delight she has is in sharing her potato with the innocent birds, and dancing to the robin's song, and shouting at the sunbeams. She will look into a bird's nest without bratheing on the eggs; she will go all day long after a butterfly, and yet would not try to catch it; she holds the wild bees in her hand and they never sting her; she shall come and gather the moss for you, my poor man, for she's free of all knowledge, and so, free of all sin, and your little grandchild shall be cured of the chin-cough, plase God. And do you know, ma'am," continued the poor woman, looking quite happy, "do you know he was here only this day week, and the sick one is well, and he brought my wee child a white rabbit; and you can see her now out in *yon* field watching it eat the clover.'" The woman was, of course, eloquent on the subject of the crosses, which she affirmed came from Rome in one night. And she said that "a woman of great holiness lived 'hard by,' and she used to bake cakes of bread with her own hand in the times of great trouble and famine; and whenever the hungry went to her door, her hand was outstretched with the cake thereon ready

chapel of St. Bernard seems partly imbedded in the rock, the floor being considerably lower than the outer surface, and consists of a crypt or underground chapel, and an upper apartment. The crypt is a chaste specimen of the most elaborate and finished workmanship; the roof is groined, the arches springing from the clustered demi-columns on each side;—the capitals are all richly carved, with rich designs of foliage. There are three windows and two arched recesses, the windows are also groined and pillared at the angles, the capitals of the pillars representing grotesque heads, apparently pressed flat by the superincumbent weight. The mullions are all destroyed, but some portions of the tracery of the tops remain, and a handsome lozenge or nail-headed moulding is continued round the interior of each*.

to give them food: and this rejoiced them all, for no matter how many came, each received a cake. And when she died, one talked of one monument, and another of another; but a holy man told the congregation to assemble at her 'month's mind,' and they did so; and after first mass he told them to go to the churchyard of Monasterboice, and bring him word what they saw new; and sure enough there was her open hand stamped with the cake on it, to the sight and light of all eyes—and there it is to this day."

* In this chapel probably were interred the remains of the founder of the abbey, Donough McCorvoill, or O'Carroll, who undertook the work, it is said, at the solicitation of St. Malachy. It was the first Cistercian abbey erected in Ireland. It is recorded that, at its consecration, A.D. 1157, a remarkable Synod was held here, which was attended by the primate Gelasius, Christian bishop of Lismore and apostolic legate, seventeen other bishops, and numerous clergymen of inferior ranks. There were present also Murchertach, or Murtogh O'Loghlin, king of Ireland; O'Eochadha, prince of Ulidia; Tiernan O'Ruarc, prince of Breiffny; and O'Kerbhaill, or O'Carroll, prince of Ergall, or Oriel. On this occasion the King (Murtogh O'Loghlin) gave as an offering for his soul to God, and the monks of Mellifont, 140 oxen or cows, 60 ounces of gold, and a townland, called Finnavair-na-ningen, near Drogheda. O'Kerbhaill gave also 60 ounces of gold, and as many more were presented by the wife of O'Ruarc. She likewise gave a golden chalice for the high altar, and sacred vestments, &c., for each of the nine other altars that were in the church. This was the unfortunate Dervorgoil, whose abduction by Dermod Mac Morrogh, king of Leinster, led to the introduction into Ireland of the English with Strongbow. Her donations to the abbey of Mellifont appear to have been intended as an expiation of her crime; and hither she retired towards the end of her life. Some dungeons, "horribly dark and dismal," are pointed out as the place in which she closed her eventful career "in mortification and repentance." The dungeons are two in number, having one small aperture in each for the admission of light, and small recesses in the walls, apparently for holding the bread and water of affliction, doled out to the unhappy inmates.

An object of equal interest is the remain of an octagonal building; conjectured to have been the baptistery, on the top of which, according to Archdall, was a reservoir for water, conveyed by pipes to the several offices of the abbey. The doorways are arched and pillared, the arches are semicircular or Saxon, and together with the pillars are models of exquisite workmanship; if the productions of a native artist, they are highly valuable as specimens of the state of the fine arts in Ireland prior to the English invasion. The ornamental parts are composed of a red granite, and were formerly painted and partly gilt. The ruins are situated in a secluded little valley, and are highly picturesque; their present lonely and desolate character singularly contrasts with the tokens of ancient grandeur everywhere apparent*.

Before we visit Drogheda and the Boyne water—subjects that will demand no inconsiderable space—we must intreat the reader "to step across the county," from the extreme south to the "far" north, and, passing through the poor town of Louth, and the neat, clean, and apparently prosperous town of Dundalk †, examine awhile the beautiful seaport of Carlingford, with its

* The former wealth of Mellifont and the immense number of its monks, are implied by a tradition that "going on one occasion in procession to Drogheda, the abbot, who was at their head, perceiving, on entering into the town, that he had forgotten his missal on the high altar, gave the word to the next, and so passing it from one to the other, the last man in the procession brought it with him": it is certain that at the Dissolution it contained one hundred and forty monks, beside lay brothers and servitors. It was then granted to Sir Edward Moore, ancestor to the Marquess of Drogheda, and under him and his descendants underwent many alterations and vicissitudes. Among other ornaments, were the statues of the twelve apostles in stone, and "Sir Edward, or one of his immediate successors, conceiving they were as efficacious in a temporal as in a spiritual capacity, clothed them in scarlet, clapped muskets on their shoulders, and transforming them into British grenadiers, placed them to do duty in his hall; they occupied this station for some time, but are now gone to the moles and the bats." A fine Gothic doorway, said to have been composed of blue marble richly ornamented and gilt, is reported to have been "staked at a game of piquet" by one of its proprietors, and lost.

† Dundalk is famous in history as the place in which Edward Bruce was "solemnly crowned" king of Ireland, in 1315; and where, for a short period, he maintained the pageantry of a court. On the 28th of May of that year, a battle took place in the immediate neighbourhood between his forces and those of England, under the command of Sir John de Birmingham, in which Bruce was slain by an English knight named Maupas, whose body was afterwards found stretched over that of his antagonist. Lodge, in his

fine castellated and monastic remains. A just idea of their number and splendour is conveyed by the engraving from Mr. Gastineau's drawing. We append, however, another view of "the castle" from the pencil of Mr. Nicholl. As with so many of the "stone houses" of Ireland, the build-

ing of this structure is attributed to King John, whose name it continues to bear. The town was situated on the frontier of "the Pale;" it became of importance, therefore, soon after the Anglo-Norman invasion, and fortifications as well as religious establishments rapidly sprung up within its precincts. On the southern side are the ruins of a Dominican Monastery. This still extensive and picturesque ruin exhibits, in the long aisle and central belfry, traces of the pointed architecture of the fourteenth

"Peerage of Ireland" describes the death of Bruce as having occurred under circumstances less heroic, although more romantic. According to his account, "Roger de Maupas, a burgess of Dundalk, disguised himself in a fool's dress, and in that character entering their camp, killed Bruce by striking out his brains with a plummet of lead."

Dundalk was, from a very early period, "a walled town;" it was strongly fortified and garrisoned for James II. in 1689; in the autumn of that year, Schomberg formed his camp about a mile to the north of the town, and remained for above two months idle and inactive in the neighbourhood—a circumstance which very nearly ruined the cause of William the Third, for the English army suffered greatly; according to Story, the historian of the period, "the sufferers became at length insensible to the emotions of sympathy, using the dead bodies of their comrades as seats on the cold swampy ground, and murmuring when they were deprived of such an accommodation."

CARLINGFORD.

SOUTH

century. About midway between it and King John's Castle are the ruins of a square building, with windows of an ecclesiastical character, curiously ornamented with carvings of animals, human heads, and sundry fancy wreathings. Near this on an adjoining eminence is a church of ancient foundation.

The Bay of Carlingford and the adjacent scenery are of exceeding beauty; both its north and south borders are lined with villas, and small white villages —the resorts of bathers; trees grow in great luxuriance and abundance; it is surrounded by magnificent mountains, and a few small green islands, nearly at the entrance, give interest and variety to the scene.

One of the most picturesque and remarkable of the ruined castles of Louth is Castle Roche; which even now varies little from the account given of it, long ago, in the "Antiquities" of Grose. It stands on the summit of a rocky hill, and was formerly one of the frontier castles of the English Pale; the area within the rampart walls bears the form of a triangle, but more inclined to a semicircle, following the uneven form of the hill, taking advantage of the rock on which it stands; the great chord, which is the longest side and front, is about eighty yards, and the reverse is about forty. At the

opposite corner to the main dwelling there has been a tower of defence, and under it a sally-port. It is reported to have been constructed by a Rose

Verdun, of an ancient English family of large possessions, and from her was called Rose Castle, corrupted into Roche Castle; in the year 1649 it held out for King Charles, and was demolished by Oliver Cromwell.

We must request the reader to return with us to Drogheda—a town very rich in historical associations, and memorable as the scene of a massacre hardly equalled for atrocity in the records of human-kind.

At present the character of Drogheda is that of a "compact" town; the suburbs indeed are sufficiently wretched, but the leading streets present an appearance of bustle and business; the quays look as if they were trodden by the foot of commerce; and the exhibition of a coarser kind of linen, on stalls, in various places, gives tokens of an approach towards the "manufacturing north." The sea is close at hand, and vessels of burthen may discharge their cargoes at the Bridge—a bridge which divides the town, part of which is in the County of Meath. Few towns are more advantageously circumstanced for trade with England; it lies nearly opposite to Liverpool, is the great outlet for the produce of the rich counties adjacent; the river Boyne runs through it to the ocean, and a navigable canal facilitates intercourse with several districts of Meath: these advantages will be considerably enhanced when the railway, now in progress, is completed to Dublin—so that a journey to the capital, from which it is distant no more than twenty-two miles, will be made in less than an hour.

At a very early period Drogheda was a fortified town; and in the fourteenth century it had attained to considerable commercial importance. But until the year 1641—the year of the "famous rebellion,"—its annals contain no records of stirring events. Then, however, while in the occupation of the royal army, under the command of a gallant officer, Sir Henry Tichborne, it became distinguished for a successful defence against the Irish forces, under the command of Sir Phelim O'Neil. A narrative of the siege, written by Nicholas Bernard, dean of Ardagh, was subsequently published; it is, of course, an ex-parte statement, but the defence was certainly conducted with much skill and bravery.

A far more fearful and disastrous visitation, however, awaited Drogheda in 1649; when Oliver Cromwell commenced, by his assault upon that town, a ruthless and bloody career in Ireland, the remembrance of which is still freshly preserved in the expressive execration so common in the mouths of the Irish peasantry—"The curse of Cromwell be upon you!"

Cromwell landed in Dublin, early in August, with an army consisting of "8000 foot, 4000 horse, £20,000 in money, a formidable train of artillery, and all other necessaries of war." At the head of all his forces, he at once

ceeded to Tredagh—the ancient name of Drogheda—then garrisoned by 2500 foot and 300 horse, under the command of Sir Arthur Aston, the governor, "a brave and experienced officer."

"A resolution being taken to besiege that place," writes Ludlow, "our army sate down before it, and the Lieutenant-General caused a battery to be erected, by which he made a breach in the wall." The spot from which he first assaulted the town is still known by the name of "Cromwell Fort," and is introduced into the accompanying print.

It stands on the summit of a hill, that completely commands the town; but the fortifications, which now crown it, are of comparatively recent erection. "The garrison were not dismayed," they expected succour from Ormond; and, according to Mark Noble, "seemed to be unanimous in their resolution rather than deliver up the town to expire with it—which," he coolly adds, "they did, not long after."

Twice they repulsed the enemy; but a third assault, led by the Lieutenant-General in person, was successful. "Our men," says Ludlow, "entered pell-mell with the enemy;" but "Aston's men,"—we quote from Noble, more generous to an adversary,—"did not fall unrevenged; for they fought bravely, and desperately disputed every corner of the streets, making the conquerors win what they had by inches;" indeed, Cromwell himself, in his despatch to the Parliament, admits that "the enemy disputed it very stiffly with us." Leland asserts, and he is borne out in the assertion by various safe authorities, that "quarter had been promised to all who should lay down their arms;" but

the moment the town was completely reduced, Cromwell issued his "infernal order" for a general and indiscriminate massacre. He himself best tells the horrid story of his butchery, in a letter to the Speaker Lenthall, dated September 17th:—"The governor, Sir Arthur Aston*, and divers considerable officers, being there, our men getting at them were ordered by me to put them all to the sword, and indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to the sword about two thousand men; divers of the officers and men being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about one hundred of them possessed Saint Peter's church steeple, some the west gate, and others a round tower, next the gate, called Saint Sunday's; these being summoned to yield to mercy, refused, whereupon I ordered the steeple of Saint Peter's to be fired, when one of them was heard to say, in the midst of the flames, 'God damn me! God confound me! I burn! I burn!†' The next day the other towers were summoned, in one of which was about six or seven score, but they refused to yield themselves, and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only a good guard to secure them from running away, until their stomachs were come down; from one of the said towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men; when they submitted themselves, their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes."

The butcher thus blasphemously sums up the history of his atrocity:—"And now give me leave to say how it came to pass, this great work is wrought; it was set upon some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God; and is it not so, clearly, that which caused your men to storm the breach so courageously, it was the Spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again, and gave the enemy courage, and took it away again, and gave your men courage again, and therewith this great success, and therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory." A few days afterwards, in another letter to the Speaker, alluding to the wholesale massacre, he thus writes:—"I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, he will give you a heart to improve them to His glory

* Ludlow states that when the gallant governor, Sir Arthur Aston, was slain, "a great dispute there was among the soldiers for his artificial leg, which was reported to be of gold; but it proved to be of wood."

† The steeple of St. Peter's church was composed of wood, though the body of the building was of stone. The most respectable of the inhabitants sheltered themselves within the body of the church. Cromwell, after some deliberation, resolved upon blowing up the building. For this purpose he laid a quantity of powder in an old subterraneous passage which was open, and went under the church; but changing his resolution, he set fire to the steeple, and as the people rushed out to avoid the flames, they were slaughtered. Mark Noble relates that one man leapt from the tower, and received no further hurt than by the breaking of his leg, which the soldiers perceiving, took him up and gave him quarter.

alone, because He alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience, and long-suffering, extended towards you." From the same unquestionable authority—Cromwell himself—we learn that the murders were as cold-blooded as they were extensive; and continued long after the excitement of the contest had subsided. The hideous execution of the savage order for indiscriminate slaughter was continued "during five days, with every circumstance of horror;" it was stayed at length—according to tradition, for history has no record of the fact—in consequence of a touching incident arousing the lingering spark of humanity in the iron heart of Cromwell; walking through the streets, he noticed, stretched along the path, the dead body of a newly-made mother, from whose breast the miserable infant was vainly endeavouring to draw sustenance. A single touch alone is necessary to complete this picture of horrors: the Parliament, on the receipt of the letters of General Cromwell describing the massacre—ordered a day to be set apart as a day of solemn thanksgiving "for the mercy vouchsafed," throughout the whole of the kingdom—and the first day of November was "set apart accordingly."

The storming of Drogheda was but the first act of a terrible tragedy; every step which Cromwell took through Ireland was marked with blood; and his frightful example was too closely imitated by his generals *.

* Ludlow, in his "Memoirs," does not hesitate to claim his full share of iniquity. "I went," he says, "to visit the garrison of Dundalk, and being upon my return, I found a party of the enemy retired within a hollow rock, which was discovered by one of ours, who saw five or six of them standing before a narrow passage at the mouth of the cave. The rock was so thick, that we thought it impossible to dig it down upon them, and therefore resolved to try to reduce them by smoak. After some of our men had spent most part of the day in endeavouring to smother those within by fire placed at the mouth of the cave, they withdrew the fire, and the next morning supposing the Irish to be made incapable of resistance by the smoke, some of them with a candle before them crawled into the rock. One of the enemy who lay in the middle of the entrance fired his pistol, and shot the first of our men into the head, by whose loss we found that the smoak had not taken the designed effect. But seeing no other way to reduce them, I caused the trial to be repeated, and upon examination found that though a great smoak went into the cavity of the rock, yet it came out again at other crevices; upon which I ordered those places to be closely stopped, and another smother made. About an hour and a half after this, one of them was heard to groan very strongly, and afterwards more weakly, whereby we presumed that the work was done; yet the fire was continued till about midnight, and then taken away, that the place might be cool enough for ours to enter the next morning. At which time some went in armed with back, breast, and head piece, to prevent such another accident as fell out at their first attempt; but they had not gone above six yards before they found the man that had been heard to groan, who was the same that had killed one of our men with his pistol, and who resolving not to quit his post, had been, upon stopping the holes of the rock, choaked by the smoak. Our soldiers put a rope about his neck, and drew him out. The passage being cleared, they entered, and having put about fifteen to the sword, brought four or five out alive, with priest's robes, a crucifix, chalice, and other furniture of that kind. Those within preserved themselves by laying their heads close to a water that ran through the rock. We found two rooms in the place, one of which was large enough to turn a pike; and having filled the mouth of it with large stones, we quitted it."

Of the old walls and fortifications of Drogheda, there are still some interesting remains; the most perfect is the Gate of St. Lawrence. Ancient monastic relics are also of very frequent occurrence within the early boundary of the town. Among the more remarkable is the ruin of St. Mary's Church —"founded by the citizens of Drogheda under Edward I.; it was originally a convent of Carmelites, and called Saint Mary's of Mount Carmel; a name very expressive of its situation, being erected on the most elevated part of the southern division of the town, and occupying the south-east angle of the town wall."

But Drogheda fills a far less dismal page in Irish history; the name is associated with a triumph stained by no after atrocities; within sight of towers, blackened by the ruthless soldiery of Cromwell, a victory was gained, pregnant with more beneficial results to Great Britain than all her conquests before or since achieved: —The Battle of the Boyne must be regarded as the key-stone of the Temple of civil and religious liberty in these Kingdoms.

The conduct of Schomberg in Ireland was a striking proof of imbecility; he

was upwards of fourscore years old when—having first received the honours of a dukedom and the garter, and the more substantial gift of £100,000 in money, as retaining fees for "services to be performed"—he was sent with sufficient forces, as commander-in-chief, to Ireland. Occasionally, indeed, he exhibited evidence that his natural energy was not quite extinguished; but the system of useless and needless procrastination, upon which he acted, had very nearly destroyed the army of William—a system for which it was his wont to apologise, or rather to account, by a solemnly ludicrous reference to "les règles de la guerre," which he considered absolutely necessary to direct the actions of a soldier under all circumstances.

Famine and pestilence thinned his ranks; and but for the timely arrival of the king, the cause would have been, for a time, inevitably lost: indeed, it could not have been retrieved, but that James seemed as much incapacitated by indecision and pusillanimity, as his opponent, Schomberg, was by age.

The army of William consisted of troops levied from various nations. Europe was, at the period, divided into a Catholic and Protestant interest; at the head of the former was the King of France, the leader of the latter was the Prince of Orange; his forces were consequently recruited from the ranks of nearly every European state; animated, indeed, by one sentiment as to religion, but divided "by the various jealousies of country, language, and habits:" discordant materials, the management of which required consummate skill, prudence, temper, and courage—qualities for which the "Protestant Defender" was pre-eminent.

Upon the issue of a battle, to be fought in Ireland, depended then, not alone the sovereignty of Great Britain, and the lives and fortunes of a large proportion of its people: it was to determine whether Protestantism or Roman Catholicism was to be the dominant religion in Europe; or rather—for, in truth, no less mighty was the stake—whether the former was to continue triumphant, or be entirely erased from existence in the old world; and the latter restored to its ancient power over civilisation, to resume its influence over the civil and religious liberties of mankind.

There is no necessity for describing the awful position in which the Protestants of Ireland had been placed, while James II. held his brief rule in that country: the cruelties exercised against them, the injuries they endured; the temporary deprivation of their properties and personal freedom; with the imminent peril in which their lives were placed—arose more from the hatred of his counsellors than his own bigotry; but it was made sufficiently certain that oppression and persecution were designed to destroy all that the Reformation had effected in Ireland; and the terrible

drama had actually commenced when, under Providence, William III. "came to the rescue;" landing at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June, 1690.

France has, at all times, acted as a treacherous and a ruinous ally to Ireland; the French have studiously pushed on the Irish to danger, and given them just sufficient aid for evil—but none for benefit; invariably leading them into "a gap," from which even honourable escape was impossible, and then leaving them to "shift for themselves;" evermore making—like "horses hot at hand;"—

> "Gallant show and promise of their mettle;
> But when they should endure the bloody spur,
> They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades
> Sink in the trial."

Louis had indeed made "gallant show" of timely and efficient succour, but when the moment of contest arrived his help amounted to very little; while the English army was augmented by troops from various nations—Danish, Brandenburgers, Dutch, and above all, the gallant Huguenots of France, who had wrongs to avenge, rights to protect, and the holiest of all causes to stimulate their energies;—to this small but veteran and united body of men the after victory was mainly owing, when they rushed to action, excited by the pithy address of old Schomberg, as he pointed out to them their countrymen in the ranks of James,—"Voilà vos persécuteurs!"

James, moreover, took the head of his army without confidence in their zeal; he had previously succeeded in disgusting its officers by bestowing all preferments upon Frenchmen, "to the utter discontent and indignation" of his Irish allies; in fact, there is abundant evidence to prove that while the monarch distrusted and disliked them, they hated and despised him. When before the walls of Londonderry, he had insulted them, and damped their ardour, by asserting that "if his army had been English they would have brought him the town stone by stone;" and it is asserted that, at the Boyne, when the dragoons of Hamilton were hewing down the cavalry of William, over whom they were gaining some advantage, James, regardless of the brave fellows who were fighting for him, and caring only for those by whom he had been rejected, repeatedly exclaimed, "Oh! spare my English subjects."

William, immediately on his arrival in Ireland—where, as he said, "he came not to let the grass grow beneath his feet"—changed altogether that Fabian policy under the evil effects of which the troops of Schomberg were rapidly perishing; and the war commenced in earnest.* The Boyne lay in

* William gave instant indications of his seriousness of purpose, which strongly contrasted with the indecision of his rival. He almost lived on horseback during the period between his arrival and the battle for the crown; when questioned as to wine for his own table, he commanded that the necessities

extensive view of the adjacent country, and the opposite or south side of the river—the whole range, indeed, from Drogheda to Oldbridge village—and looked directly down upon the valley in which the battle was to be fought, and the fords of the Boyne, where there could have been no doubt the troops of William would attempt a passage. From this spot, James beheld his prospering rival mingling in the thick of the mêlée, giving and taking blows; watched every turn of fortune, as it veered towards, or against, him; saw his enemies pushing their way in triumph, and his brave allies falling before the swords of foreigners—a safe and inglorious spectator of a battle upon the issue of which his throne depended. The preceding night he had spent at Carntown Castle, from whence he had marched, not as the leader, but as the overseer, of the Irish army *; having, previously, given unequivocal indications of his prospects, his hopes, and his designs, by despatching a commissioner to Waterford "to prepare a ship for conveying him to France—in case of any misfortune."

* This castle is situated on the summit of a rising ground, in the townland of Carn, about two miles and a half due north of Drogheda, on the road from that place to Clogher. The view from it is very commanding, the ground rising gradually from the Boyne; allowing the spectator not only a prospect of the S. E. portion of the county of Louth, but also that of a great part of the northern portion of the county of Meath. To the south the view is less extensive, as the country rises gradually for the distance of about a mile.

William had been early astir; the night previous he had passed at the old house of Ardagh *; from hence he had ridden to ascertain, as nearly as he might, the position and numerical strength of his enemy †, and here he no doubt uttered that famous sentence—"It was a country worth fighting for;" the rich plains of Meath were within ken; the clear river ran through a fair pasture-land; the very summits of the hills were clad in verdure; and the broad sea was—at no great distance—in sight. Between this remarkable spot and the ford he was to cross, the field is yet pointed out where the mighty interests of mankind were very nearly determined by the King's death. Surrounded by his staff, he rode slowly along the river, and had settled upon the spot at which his army should pass. Standing within musket-shot of the village of Old-Bridge, he was recognised by the leaders of the Irish—Sarsfield, Berwick, Tyrconnel, and Lauzun, from the opposite bank of the river. Quietly and very secretly, for it was unnoticed by the King's attendants, two field-pieces were planted behind a hedge; and the moment he had remounted his horse to retire, two shots were fired—one of them killed an attendant at his side, and the other, "grazing on the bank, did, in its rise, slant on the King's right shoulder, took away a piece of his coat, ruffling the skin and flesh." The confusion that followed among the group which surrounded his

* This house is situated on the side of a ridge of limestone which runs northward of the domain of Townley Hall, and is about two miles and a half from the scene of the battle at "Oldbridge town." The view given is taken from the orchard attached to the house.

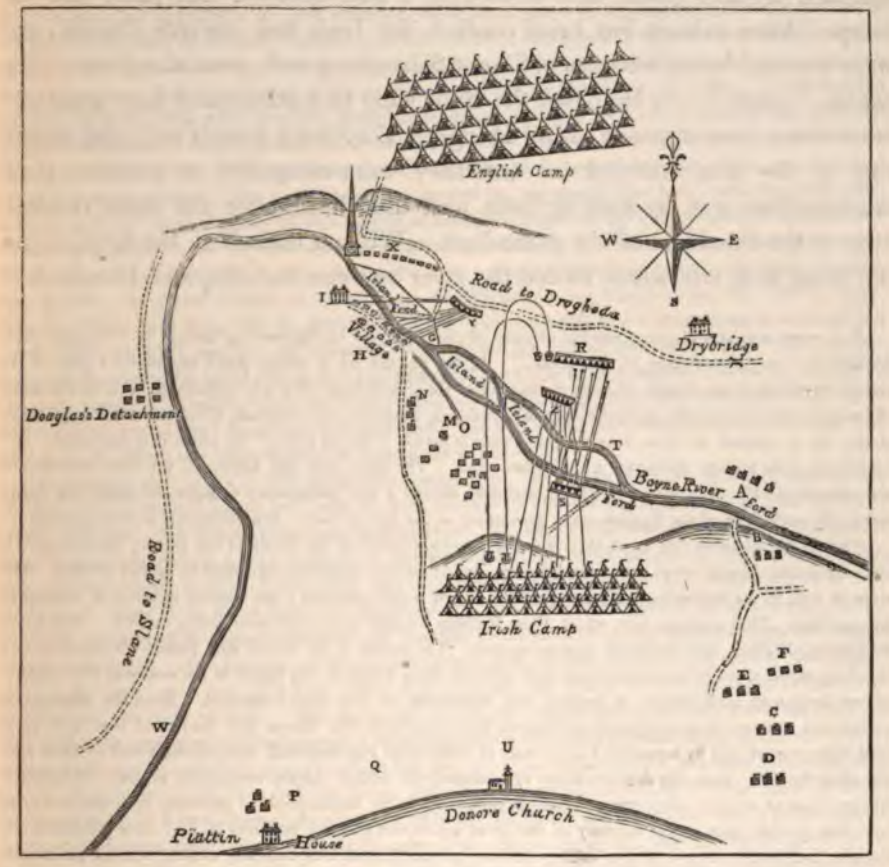
† William appears to have been ill informed as to the number of the Irish forces; a subject on which, however, he manifested intense anxiety. A deserter from the Irish camp so magnified them as to have "greatly disconcerted" the king; at this juncture, Cox, the secretary of Lord Southwell, and afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland, relieved the anxiety of his master and laid the foundation of his own fortune. He led the deserter through the English camp, and then desired to know his estimate of its strength. The man "confidently affirmed them to be more than double their real number." Whence, adds the historian Harris, "his majesty perceived he was a conceited ill-guesser."

majesty, conveyed to the Irish camp an impression that he was slain; the triumphant cheers of his enemies were distinctly heard by William, as he rode calmly off, coolly observing that "there was no necessity the bullet should have come nearer." His slight wound was instantly dressed, and so little concern did he give to it, that during the remainder of the day he continued on horseback, and "dined in a field." News that the Prince of Orange had been killed was, however, rapidly carried to Dublin; thence it was speedily conveyed to Paris, where Louis received it with ecstacy; the guns of the Bastile were fired in triumph, and the city was illuminated. Before the lights had burned down in their sockets, however, other news was wafted to the French court—that James the Second was a fugitive, on his way to claim a dishonoured grave in a foreign soil.

Both monarchs held councils of war on the eve of the encounter. From the tent of William the order of battle was despatched to the tent of Schomberg; his advice had been slighted, and he received it angrily, observing, "It is the first command that was ever *sent* me." William directed that the river should be passed in three different places: by his right wing, commanded by Lieutenant-General Douglas and Count Schomberg (son of the veteran), on the west, at a ford near the bridge of Slane; by the centre, commanded by Duke Schomberg, in front of the Irish camp; and by the left wing at a ford between the army and Drogheda—this wing being led by the King in person. William having ridden through his camp, accompanied by attendants bearing torch-lights, ascertained that all was "ready," directed the men to wear green branches in their caps and helmets, to distinguish them from their enemies, who wore "pieces of white paper in theirs," and giving the word for the day—"Westminster"—retired to rest "impatient for the morrow." James, on the other hand, manifested to the last his characteristic indecision. Hamilton having advised the sending of eight regiments to protect the Bridge of Slane, where there was little doubt the right wing of the enemy would attempt a passage, the infatuated monarch said he would order thither fifty dragoons; at which the astonished general bowed and said nothing. As if to give additional assurance to the Irish that victory was out of the question, it was resolved that the army was not to be committed to a decisive engagement, but to "retreat during the battle;" and the retreat was to have been led by the French, who were to "take care" of the person of the miserable monarch; and who were consequently, although they composed the best disciplined of his forces, kept from the brunt of the fight, in which, indeed, they scarcely took any part, leaving the post of honour, and the work of glory—such as it was—to the Irish.

Before we proceed to describe the battle of the Boyne, we direct the attention

of the reader to the appended plan, copied from the old map of Captain Richardson, "an eye-witness," to whose account of the contest we shall presently have to refer:—the descriptive notes are also borrowed from the same source.



A. Here King William passed the Boyne at the head of four troops of Iniskillen horse, one regiment of Danish horse, and one regiment of English foot.

B. A regiment of Irish Dragoons posted on high ground near the river, who fired at the King when in the river.

C. A regiment of Irish horse, in a fallow field, defeated and pursued by the said four troops of Iniskillen horse.

D. A body of Irish horse, who repulsed the said four troops, and pursued them up to the Danish regiment at E.

E. A regiment of Danish horse, who gave way, upon which King William was obliged to retreat a little.

F. A regiment of English foot, who made good their ground, and repulsed the Irish horse, upon which King William rallied the Danes and Iniskilleners, and cut to pieces the said Irish horse and dragoons.

G. The Ford where the Blue Dutch Guards passed the river. Schomberg also passed the river here, after the Blue Dutch had cleared the way.

H. The village of Old Bridge.

I. A slated house full of Irish soldiers.

K. Here the Blue Dutch Guards attacked a body of Irish foot, and routed them.

L. Duke Schomberg, Doctor Walker, and Colonel Callimote were killed here by a squadron of Parker's horse.

M. The Blue Dutch fought another body of Irish foot here, and repulsed them.

N. A body of Irish horse were repulsed here by Colonel St. John's regiment of foot.

O. The Blue Dutch Guards, together with Callimote's and St. John's regiments of foot, fought a large body of French and Irish foot and beat them, upon which the Irish army abandoned their camp and baggage, and retreated towards Duleek in great haste.

P. Here General Hamilton, with a large body of horse, attacked and routed eight troops of the Iniskillen horse, and pursued them with some slaughter.

Q. King William put a stop to the pursuit here, took General Hamilton prisoner, and cut this party to pieces.

R. The English Battery.

S. The Irish Battery.

T. The place where eight troops of Iniskillen horse and some more forces passed the Boyne.

U. Here King James stood during the action.

Tuesday, the 1st day of July, was ushered in by a calm bright morning; soon after daybreak, the right wing of William's army, consisting of 10,000 horse and foot, commanded by General Douglas and Count Schomberg, marched towards Slane, and crossed at a ford between that place and the camp. After a sharp but brief conflict, the Irish fled towards Duleek, and were pursued by the troopers of Count Schomberg with great slaughter. The centre, "when it was supposed the right wing had made good their passage," entered the river opposite to Old-Bridge. The Dutch guards led; the stream rose as the men crowded in; and they were compelled to preserve their muskets from wet, by holding them over their heads; for the water reached even to the shoulders of the grenadiers. William himself at the head of the left wing soon afterwards forded the river between the camp and Drogheda *.

* A most concise and circumstantial account of the Battle of the Boyne was written by "Captain John Richardson," an "eye-witness of the scene." It was printed on a single sheet, headed by a plan of the ground on which it was fought, and the disposition of the rival forces. We met with a copy of it in the north of Ireland; but the number published at the period was, no doubt, very limited, if indeed it were published at all; for it appears to have been produced merely for the "Boyne Club," to which it is dedicated; and, we believe, it is almost unknown to the historians. The plan, and the key to it, we have introduced; and we add to this note the whole of his account, except a few preliminary passages, in which he briefly details the operations of the English army previously to the 1st of July. His statement is thus prefaced:—

"In all the accounts (no fewer than eight or nine) published of the Battle of the Boyne, the narration is not only in too general terms, but also defective, and in several instances repugnant to matter of fact. The order of time in the beginning and progress of the action is not observed; the manner in which it was fought not specified. That glorious part which King William himself acted, not particularly related. The fall of Schomberg, Walker, and Callimote misrepresented. The valour of the Dutch and French Protestants, who had the greatest share in the transaction, and bore the main brunt of the battle in the centre at Old Bridge, not set forth with such marks of honour and distinction as they highly deserved. Even the remarkable bravery and courage of that regiment of English foot, who (after the Danes had fled) stood firm and made good their ground, and by repulsing a large body of Irish horse and dragoons, and putting a stop to their pursuit after the king, gave the decisive blow, and secured the victory, hardly mentioned at all. Wherefore, that an event of so great importance to this kingdom might be transmitted to posterity in a true and clear light, and justice done to the memory of the chief actors and greatest sufferers in it, I have published this draught and true narrative of the battle, which as it is more particular than any extant yet, so I presume it will not be unacceptable to all those who have the cause of liberty and truth at heart.

* * * * * * * *

"About an hour before the main battle came on, the English artillery was removed to a convenient place, very near the ford at Old Bridge, from whence the Irish trenches and a slated house at the end of the village, full of Irish soldiers, were furiously battered with great success, until all things were ready to begin the attack. Then our artillery was removed from thence about a quarter of a mile down the river and planted near it, on convenient ground, just opposite the field of battle, from which they had a fair opportunity of cannonading the Irish forces as they marched from their camp to attack our men after they had passed the ford. As soon as the firing of the great guns ceased, King William, having passed the river by a ford lower down, within a mile of Drogheda, made the first onset, and Duke Schomberg, at Old Bridge, much about the same time. When this great and valiant prince came to the river-side, at the head of four troops of Iniskillen horse, one regiment of Danish horse, and another of English foot, he drew his sword and spoke thus to the Iniskilleners: 'I have heard a great deal of your bravery, and now I make no doubt but I shall be an eye-witness of it.' The four captains thereupon requested him not to expose his person to so great danger by crossing the river within shot of the enemy. 'No!' said he, 'I will see you over the river.' When the king was in the

And so dawned the eventful morning of Tuesday, the 1st of July, 1690. We give in a note so complete a history of the events of the day that to enter into farther details will be unnecessary. The recital of a

middle of the river, a regiment of Irish dragoons, which were posted on a rising ground within shot of the ford, fired at him, and immediately retreated to a body of horse drawn up at a little distance behind them in a fallow field. A bullet hit the cap of the king's pistol, Captain Blackford had his horse shot under him, and there was one man killed, which was all the execution done here, so far as I could learn. As soon as the king came up to the place which the Irish dragoons had quitted, he drew up the four troops of the Iniskillen horse, and then ordered them to attack the aforesaid body of Irish horse. Immediately they marched up to the enemy with great intrepidity and charged them sword in hand; upon which the Irish gave way, and retreated in great disorder. The Iniskilleners, not content (as they should have been) with this, broke their ranks and pursued them violently through a cloud of dust until they were repulsed by the fresh fire of a body of Irish horse, posted at the far end of another fallow field, who, in their turn, pursued them back again through the said two fallow fields, until they drove them up to the Danish regiment, at the head of which King William had placed himself, a regiment of English foot being drawn up on the left of them. Here the Danes (not being able to distinguish friends from foes, galloping towards them in a crowd and a great cloud of dust), gave way and retreated, which obliged the king to retire with them. The regiment of English foot disdaining to fly, stood firm and made good their ground, and repulsed the enemy; by which seasonable instance of English valour, the pursuit being stopped, the king immediately rallied the Iniskilleners and the Danes, and charged the enemy with such vigour that they fled in great disorder, upon which they were pursued by the Danes and Iniskilleners and entirely cut to pieces.

"Concerning what passed at Old Bridge, the passage from the English camp was by a path between two steep hills descending into a plain very near the ford, but sheltered from the musquetry in the Irish trench by a small eminence. On this plain the three regiments—viz., the Blue Dutch Guards, Callimote's regiment of French Protestants, and St. John's regiment of Derry-men, drew up under the fire of the English artillery, which played furiously upon the Irish trench, beat it down in several places, and killed some men in it; they also fired one round at the slated house full of soldiers with such effect that they fled out of it in great precipitation, our artillery all the time continuing their thunder so vehemently against the trench that the soldiers did not peep over it. The regiment of Blue Dutch Guards then entered the river, and received the enemy's fire from the trench with very little loss. When they came near the trench, the Irish quitted it and ran away, before a shot was made at them. As soon as the Dutch had thrown down a sod wall which the Irish had made across the road, they marched through a short defile after the enemy into the village of Old Bridge. On the south side of this village the regiment which had fled out of the trench rallied, in a field of standing corn, and having exchanged some shot with the Dutch, fled again across the field towards Duleek. Then the Dutch left the village, and formed themselves about the middle of the field of battle. Upon this, a much superior number of Irish foot came against them with a great shout. As they came on, they were much galled by our artillery, and several times put into disorder. When they approached within the usual distance, they stood a good while, until the Dutch and they had fired three or four discharges at one another, and then retreated in the smoke, which saved them from being cannonaded as they went off. The next regiment which passed the river were French Protestant refugees, commanded by Colonel Callimote, an officer of very good character.

"Duke Schomberg, with a small retinue of about eight horsemen, crossed the Boyne at some little distance before the front of this regiment; and as, after passing a defile, he had just entered the field of battle, a squadron of the enemy's horse, commanded by Colonel Parker, came up, and killed the duke, Doctor Walker, and Colonel Callimote, the aforesaid French regiment behind them being then in the defile and their muskets shouldered, so that they could not give them any assistance. Some of this squadron rode quite through the French regiment and came to the ford, and then made off through the village; the rest went back the same way they came. Then Callimote's regiment joined the Blue Dutch to the left, and as St. John's regiment was marching to join them on the right, a regiment of Irish horse, attempting to take them in the flank, were repulsed by their fire with loss. Immediately after this, the aforesaid three regiments being joined, a large body of the enemy's foot, consisting of French and Irish, attacked them; but after firing two or

few anecdotes, however, illustrative of the subject, cannot fail to interest the reader.

Authorities differ as to the relative amount of forces on both sides; they

three rounds they retreated, as before, in the smoke, which covered them until they got out of the reach of our shot. When the smoke cleared up, and no enemy was to be seen, the said three regiments marched slowly after them to the top of a little hill, from whence they perceived that their camp was abandoned, and saw their army retreating from them, about the distance of half a mile on the road to Duleek, in good order, but, nevertheless, making what haste they could to gain the pass there; and it was well for them that they did so, for had they stayed a little longer, they had been intercepted by the detachment under Douglas sent in the morning to Slane. When they had got through the pass, some French regiments (sent from France to assist King James) faced about, and planted cannons at the mouth of the pass to defend themselves from a body of English horse who were pursuing, and very near overtaking them. Our foot being far behind, and it being impracticable for horse alone to force the pass, they drew up hard by, in a convenient place, where they were covered from the enemy's shot. The Blue Dutch Guards, Callimote's and St. John's regiments, who had sustained the main shock of the battle, being reinforced, marched also slowly and in good order after the enemy towards the pass, and drew up to the right of this body of horse. In the mean while, General Hamilton, in order to favour the retreat of the Irish and French foot, drew up a body of horse, very artfully, near Plattin Castle, in an inclosed field, into which there was only one entrance, through a gap made by his pioneers. The other eight troops of Iniskillen horse, commanded by Colonel Holesley, not thinking it necessary to wait for help, and being desirous to be sharers of the transactions of that day, went on with a resolution to attack this party, though under great disadvantage. There was no way of coming to this gap but by marching first by the enemy's front, almost within the reach of their shot, in a narrow lane fenced on each side with a dry double ditch; however, they were suffered to pass unmolested. When two troops had gone through the gap, and it was time to form them in order to face the enemy, who were drawn up on their right, the Colonel, by mistake, commanded them to wheel to the left; whereby, instead of facing, they turned their backs to the enemy, which the Lieutenant-Colonel perceiving, cried aloud to them to wheel to the right, on which, some wheeling to the left and some to the right, they ran into great disorder and confusion. In this instant, before they could recover themselves, the enemy fell upon, routed, and killed about fifty of them on the spot. The pursuit was carried on, with General Hamilton at the head of it, but it was very short, for the king by this time came up himself with great expedition, and put a stop to it. Here General Hamilton was taken just before the king's face, and his body of horse entirely routed and dispersed by a long pursuit. Then the whole English cavalry drew up in a plain near Duleek, being joined by the right wing under the command of General Douglas, from Slane, where they had met with some opposition from Colonel O'Neal's dragoons, who were soon forced to give way, and retired with loss. When the enemy faced about at Duleek, it was thought they intended to renew the fight and dispute the pass; for which reason the cavalry stood still a good while, until the enemy went off, which they did at the approach of the English foot and train of artillery; whereupon, the cavalry marched immediately after them through the pass; but as this took up some time, the rear-guard of the Irish army got about a mile before them.

"Our cavalry pursued them, gaining ground very fast, and might have come up with them in a little time and have cut them to pieces; but as it was thought that there would be no more fighting that day, and that the war of Ireland was at an end, King William, who was a merciful as well as a valiant prince, was pleased to put a stop to the pursuit, and to prevent the further effusion of blood.

"The number of the slain in this battle was not near so great on either side as is commonly represented; because the situation of the ground was such that the English could attack the enemy in small parties; and the defeat of their right wing by King William, in the beginning of the fight, hastened the retreat of the whole army. And as it is no easy matter to bring a body of troops together that have been let loose for a pursuit, before this could be done by the king, the centre of the army, attacked by Duke Schomberg, at Old Bridge, got out of reach, so that, to the best of my conjecture, they had not above eight or nine hundred killed in the whole action. As to the loss on our side, of the Blue Dutch Battalion (who, to their immortal honour, bore the main brunt of the battle in the centre), there fell one hundred or upwards, which was near as many as were lost in our whole army besides."

were, however, nearly equal in number—about 30,000 on each—but animated, as the reader will have gathered, by very opposite expectations as to the result: the Irish army of James, despising their commander, knowing that he had made preparations for a defeat, and designed to peril nothing, save his chance of regaining the crown he had abandoned, were indisposed to act in concert with their French allies; moreover, a large proportion were raw and undisciplined recruits, badly armed, ill fed, and supported only by their native and natural courage. The forces of William, on the other hand, were—we quote from Harris—"strangers to fear, familiar with victory, and emboldened by plenty." "As for the generals," he adds, "not to mention the other officers, there was as much disproportion between Schomberg and Lauzun as between their respective kings; so that the odds lay visibly on the English side, notwithstanding the advantageous situation of the Irish camp."

The death of Caillemote was almost the first memorable incident of the fight; he was the gallant leader of the French Protestants—a small body of men who did good service to the cause, and fought with strong memories of the persecutions they had undergone; and hopes equally strong of renewed freedom under the sway of a Protestant monarch. He received a mortal wound at the head of his men, who were attacked and routed by a party of Irish horse; and as he was borne across the river bleeding upon the shoulders of four of his comrades, he repeatedly cheered his troops by the exclamation—"A la gloire, mes enfans! A la gloire!" The brave soldier was buried at a short distance from the field; his grave is still indicated by a slight elevation of the earth that covers it, and two finely-grown elm trees overshadow his remains:—

"There Honour comes, a Pilgrim grey,
To kiss the sod that wraps his clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping Hermit there."

The death of Caillemote * led, probably, to that of Schomberg; for the veteran soldier saw his old comrade fall, and noted the French Protestants fighting without a commander. He galloped across the water to head them, and "in such a hurry" that he entered action without his defensive armour. Having pithily addressed them—"Allons, messieurs, voilà vos persécuteurs!"—he formed them for an attack. The Irish dragoons had been by this time cut down by the Enniskilleners; a handful of them, however, were making their escape, and in the *mêlée* forced the old general with them. At this moment his own party fired, and Schomberg fell instantly dead; so closing a career of honour and glory in the eighty-second year of his age.† Within a few minutes

* The spot which tradition points out as the grave of Caillemote, is a slightly elevated mound of earth between two elm trees, close to the gate-house of "Old Bridge House," to which has been given the name of "the general's grave"—a name by which it was known long beyond existing memories. The motive assigned for his having been buried here is, that as it was mainly through his means the battle was gained, and to show how completely the enemy's ground had been won, they interred him on the Irish side of the river. "For the honour of the thing they took him across," said an old man; who thus accounted, and probably with reason, for the selection of this place of sepulture for the gallant stranger who was here "left alone in his glory."

† There is, we believe, little doubt that the ball which slew the old veteran was fired by one of his own troopers. Captain Parker (who was present at the battle) states that "he was killed, some said by his own men, as they fired on the enemy, and some said otherwise; but that which passed current in that day, and indeed seems most probable, was, that he was shot by a trooper who had deserted from his own regiment about a year before, and was then in King James' Guards. The Duke of Berwick, in his 'Memoirs,' affirms that some life-guards killed Schomberg, mistaking him for the Prince of Orange, on account of some blue ribbon which he wore."

Notwithstanding that Richardson states himself to have been an eye-witness of the conflict, it is quite clear he must be understood to speak in a limited sense. The contest raged hotly at the same moment of time at very distant parts of an extended battle-field. So that although he states, with a show of confidence, that 'a squadron of the enemy's horse, commanded by Colonel Parker, came up and killed the Duke, Doctor Walker, and Colonel Callimote," it can be easily shown that in this instance he must have spoken from hear-say only. The more circumstantial accounts which have come down to us on the faith of other authorities, bear upon them the impress of truth; and we shall presently, we are of opinion, be able to give a very curious proof of the story so often repeated, but hitherto very doubtfully, that Schomberg's death was from a shot fired from behind by one of his own party.

The authorities to which we have alluded concur in stating that during the early part of the engagement Duke Schomberg had reserved himself in some degree waiting for an emergency, when it should be necessary for him to come up to the aid of his old friend and companion in arms, Caillemote, who was some distance in advance when he was killed. Schomberg seeing him fall, and the Huguenot troops he led thrown into some confusion by the loss of their leader, dashed forward into the river, and pointing with his sword to the French troops in James's service, cried out, "Allons, messieurs, vollà vos persécuteurs!" These, according to Leland, and the authorities who support his narrative, were the last words Schomberg uttered. At this moment the remnant of a troop of Irish horse, who, driven back from Oldbridge, where they had attempted a passage, by the Dutch troops of William, who had cut them to pieces with the exception of a few who escaped, infuriated by the loss they had sustained, plunged into the river after Schomberg. Mistaken for a moment by his troops they had been allowed to pass unmolested, but in coming up with the Duke they fell furiously on him, and one of them attempting to cut him down inflicted a severe wound, while others, seizing him, attempted to bring him on with them as their prisoner. At this crisis his own men fired upon them, and one bullet unluckily took effect fatally, and instantly terminated Schomberg's eventful life.

afterwards, Dr. Walker, the famous defender of Londonderry, whose name is not less immortal than that of Schomberg, received a mortal wound in the belly, and died upon the field.

The skull of Schomberg, which has been fortuitously preserved to this day, fully bears out the preceding account. A large orifice over the right temple, as shown in our illustration from a drawing made from the very skull, points out the place of Schomberg's death-wound, and the form of the fracture clearly indicates that here the bullet passed out, leaving the obvious inference that it probably found entrance at the back of the neck.

As a question might be reasonably raised as to the identity of the skull at this distance of time, it is proper to state that this fact rests upon the authority of a very intelligent person, a verger of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, where Schomberg was buried, who states that when he was quite a boy the vault at the left of the altar, in the chancel, was opened by mistake, and that one of the persons connected with the Cathedral, named Mike Manus, took possession of the skull without his doing so having been noticed; and being a heraldry-painter, he absolutely used it for some time as a paint-pot. But having never been removed from the Cathedral, at Manus's death it ceased to be applied to so irreverent a purpose.

It seems that some years ago it was brought under the notice of the Phrenological Society, and it is said that, struck with the large development of philoprogenitiveness, Dr. Spurzheim had at first inclined to pronounce it the skull of a female. Competent anatomists have, however, held the contrary opinion; we give some particulars which have been obligingly communicated to us by an eminent phrenologist.

"The skull is evidently that of an aged person, the sutures in some places being almost obliterated. The marks of violence seem to indicate the passage of the ball upwards and outwards, as if it had entered from behind, and then passed up through the brain, making its way out at the coronal surface. The development indicates a determined and energetic character, not much burthened with moral or religious feelings. The intellectual portion is small, with the exception of the observing faculties, which are generally very full, quite sufficient to master that portion of strategy which relates to tactics; veneration, conscientiousness, and adhesivenesss, are small; destructiveness, combativeness, acquisitiveness, firmness, and self-esteem, are large. The skull certainly belonged in all likelihood to a soldier of fortune—large firmness and self-esteem would probably raise him from the ranks to a post of command, while small conscientiousness and adhesiveness, with large acquisitiveness, would lead him to act as a mercenary, by serving under whatever master could promise the best pay."

A remarkable corroboration of the fact of Duke Schomberg's death having followed from such a wound as we have described, appears to be furnished by the interesting and magnificent tapestry which adorns the Court of the Directors of the Bank of Ireland, once the House of Lords, the only portion of the building which remains unaltered since the period when the Irish Parliament sat within its walls. In the part which represents the Battle of the Boyne, we see a figure which is said to be intended for Schomberg fallen from his horse, which also rolls on the ground; and from a wound above the right temple of the prostrate rider pours a stream of blood.

"The remains of this great General," says Mr. William Monck Mason (in his History of St. Patrick's Cathedral), were removed to this cathedral immediately after the Battle of the Boyne, where they lay until the 10th of July, and were then deposited under the altar. The interment of Duke Schomberg is noted with a pencil in the register; the entry is almost illegible, insomuch that it has been often sought for in vain. Although he well merited from the gratitude of a country in whose cause he fell, and the favour of a prince whom he faithfully served, such a testimonial, no memorial of the place of his interment was erected until the year 1731.

Dean Swift, besides his anxiety to embellish this his cathedral, was actuated by a just indignation towards the relations of this great man, who, though they derived all their wealth and honours from him, neglected to pay the smallest tribute of respect to his remains; he therefore caused this stone (a slab of black marble fixed in the wall near the monument of Archbishop Jones) to be erected, and himself dictated the inscription, which is as follows:

William now, having learned the fates of his two generals, led, in person, across the Boyne the left wing of his army, which he had kept as a reserve. The Irish retreated, and fell back upon Donor, ewhere they made a stand; under the eye, and almost in the presence, of James, they rallied and forced the English cavalry to give way—when king William, with admirable presence of mind, rode up to the regiment of Enniskilleners, and asked them "What will you do for me?" their commanding officer telling them it was their sovereign who was about to conduct them onwards. They answered by a loud "hurra,"—and a gallant onset followed, from the effects of which,

"Hic infra situm est corpus Frederici Ducis de Schonberg ad Bubindam, occisi A.D. 1690.

"Decanus et capitulum maximopere etiam atque etiam petierunt, ut hæredes Ducis monumentum in memoriam parentis erigendum curarent.

"Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos, diu ac sæpe orando nil profecere; hunc demum lapidem statuerunt; saltem ut scias hospes ubinam terrarum SCHONBERGENSES cineres delitescunt.

"Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos. A.D. 1731.

"Dean Swift, before he caused this stone to be erected, made repeated applications to the descendants of this nobleman, and endeavoured to interest them so far as to contribute somewhat toward erecting a monument to his memory; on the 10th May, 1728, he wrote a letter to Lord Carteret, from which we extract the following passage:

"'The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My Lady Holderness is my old acquaintance, and I writ her about a small sum to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myself, and also there was a letter from the Dean and Chapter, to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems Mildmay, now Lord Fitzwalter, her husband, is a covetous fellow; or whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell Lord Fitzwalter, that if he will not send fifty pounds to make a monument for the old duke, I and the Chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds; whereon it shall be expressed, that the posterity of the duke, naming particularly Lady Holderness and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourselves. And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and, rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my register-office to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your Excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or, as you now call him, Lord Fitzwalter; and I expect likewise that he will let Sir Conyers D'Arcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him justice, he averred, 'that Mildmay was so avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to save charges.'"—*Swift's Works*, vol. xvii. p. 219; Scott's Edition.

"Swift's letter repeating his application to the Countess of Holderness on this subject, dated the 22nd May, 1729, is entered on the book of Chapter-minutes, and is printed by Mr. Mason in his history of St. Patrick's.

"When this inscription was first set up, Swift was informed that it had given great offence," and he wrote to his friend Pope on the occasion (29th July, 1731). See *Scott's Edition of Swift*, vol. xvii. p. 412. In the same volume, p. 416, and p. 449, may be found two letters from Swift, dated 24th July, and 26th October, 1731, to the Countess of Suffolk, referring to this monument, the latter of which contains this passage: "Why should the Schomberg family be so uneasy at a thing they were so long warned of, and were told they might prevent for fifty pounds?"

† The king, when he heard of the death of Dr. Walker, is reported to have said, "Poor fool! what business had he there?" a remark that does little credit to the sovereign; for, although the clergyman was unquestionably "out of place" in the battle-field, if he had always avoided it in all likelihood William would never have been King of Ireland. The defence of Londonderry, of which Walker was the governor, was, in fact, the key that opened to him the kingdom; and a more glorious example of enduring and indomitable courage on the part of a garrison is not recorded in the history of the world.

the Irish army did not afterwards recover. William, indeed, never shrank from any personal exposure; and although he escaped without a wound, he was several times in imminent danger, both from the enemy and his own soldiers who did not know him: on one occasion a trooper presented a pistol to his head; he put it aside, saying, "What! do you not know your friend?" The Irish retreated, fighting bravely, however, to retard the advance of their opponents, and actually staying the progress of the English army for a brief space, by the obstinacy with which they defended the walls of an old farm-house, called Sheep-House, that lay between the village of Old-bridge and the church of Donore*, which they held until attacked in flank by the troops of Douglas and Count Schomberg — after their passage of the river at Slane.

James now considered it time to move,—that is to say, "to move off." Sarsfield besought him to make one effort for his triple crown, and head in person the reserve of French guards and such broken columns of the Irish as could be rallied. This proposal the last sovereign of the Stuarts declined; presently, however, he set spurs to his horse, and, followed by above 6000 veteran Frenchmen, who had taken no part in the "business of the day," the poor shadow of a king left the Boyne water, having lost all —including his honour.

Accounts differ as to the number slain on either side; but it was singularly small, considering the large amount of both armies. By comparing the several statements of partisan writers, and steering a middle course between them, we may, probably, estimate the loss on the part of King William at about 500 men; and, perhaps, that on the side of James extended to 1000—a dispro-

* Following a bridle road which leads from the old church to the river, about midway between them, the old farmhouse of Sheep-house stands. This place for a long time withstood the attacks of King William's troops, after the Irish were beaten at the ford of Old-Bridge, forming the rallying-point of the Jacobites. It was taken and retaken several times.

portion easily accounted for when we know that Count Schomberg, after he heard of his father's death, gave no quarter; "pursuing the enemy," writes Harris, "with that zeal and spirit which a noble resentment inspires," until arrested in his progress by the direct command of his sovereign. Among the officers of note who fell on the side of James, were the Lords Carlingford and Dungan, the Marquis of Hocquincourt, and Sir Neill O'Neill, who died of his wounds at Waterford. General Hamilton was taken prisoner; and it is recorded that when conducted into the presence of King William, his majesty asked him if he thought the Irish would fight any longer? "Yes, sir," answered Hamilton, "upon my honour I believe they will." "Honour!" said the king bitterly and with emphasis; "*your* honour!" repeating the words twice, and turning away with exceeding disdain, from a soldier whom he regarded as a renegade. The loss of William in men of rank was confined to his two brave generals and faithful followers—Schomberg and Caillemote*.

"Change generals," was the almost universal cry of the Irish—"change generals, and we will fight the battle over again;" and if fate had so ordained it, the victory would have been with them. As it was, the battle of the Boyne, although in its results so advantageous to the cause of William the Third as to have secured him the crown of three kingdoms, and to his subjects advantages incalculably more mighty, can scarcely be described otherwise than as a "drawn battle;" for when the Irish retreated—their sovereign then, for the first time, leading—they did so in good order; and the still unbroken army of William did not, because it dared not, attempt to follow.

Yet for all the purposes of William, England, and the Protestant people of Great Britain, this battle in its results was equivalent to a victory. It enabled the king to commit the conduct of the war in Ireland to his generals, silenced the murmurings of his opponents in Parliament, obtained for him the confidence of his subjects generally, and freed him from the necessity of a prolonged absence from London, where his personal influence and his natural

* On the lands of Belltumber, now called Townley Hall, the seat of Mr. Balfour, a farmer of the name of Lawless, some years ago, found the curious wooden "bullet," of which we here give a drawing. The flattened space on the top had an iron staple driven into it, and the whole surface was unevenly studded over with clumsy blunt spikes of lead, which projected from the surface of the ball about 1¼ inch; the greatest diameter of the ball was about 7 inches. It was perhaps the ball of the antique and well-known weapon called the "morning star." Whether this weapon was ever used at the battle of the Boyne or not may be a question, which the mere finding it on the field of the battle will not answer. It is probable that the portion of King James's army which were but indifferently armed may have boasted of some man who adopted this antique weapon.

energies were imperatively demanded for the support of his party. Above all, it led to a real and a perpetual abandonment of the kingdom on the part of James the Second. During his brief reign in Ireland, he had contrived to disgust his Irish allies of all ranks and classes; unlike his father and, indeed, his descendants, he had engendered no personal regard; the gallant men who were identified with his cause, and sacrificed themselves to it, despised the ruler for whom they fought. "He had no royal quality about him," we quote from a Roman Catholic historian:—"Nature had made him a coward, a monk, and a gourmand; and, spite of the freaks of fortune, that had placed him on a throne, and seemed inclined to keep him there, she vindicated her authority, and dropped him ultimately in the niche that suited him:

"The meanest slave of France's despot lord!"

His parting address to Irishmen was of a piece with his whole policy towards them, and in keeping with his character. It contained an insult and a falsehood. He told them that "in England he had an army which would fight, but deserted him; and that in Ireland he had an army which stood by him, but would not fight." He uttered one truth, however, in his most graceless and ungrateful speech to the subjects he was about to abandon to "take care of himself," which he alleged he was then "under the necessity of doing:"—

"It seems," said he, "it seems THAT GOD IS WITH MY ENEMIES!"

It is pleasant to find that, at least, one of the subjects he had betrayed had the spirit to resent an insult to the country and the people.—On reaching Dublin Castle, he was met by the Duchess of Tyrconnel, the lady of his viceroy. "Your countrymen, madam," he said, as he was ascending the stairs; "your countrymen can run well." "Not quite so well as your majesty," replied the high-souled woman, "for I see you have won the race*." Even at the moment of his embarking from Ireland—for ever, he bequeathed it a sarcasm. Passing along the quay of Waterford, a sudden gust of wind carried away his hat. A venerable officer, named O'Farrell, immediately took off his own and presented it to the exile. He took it without ceremony; merely observing, as he placed it on his head, "If he had lost a crown by the Irish, he had gained a hat by them."

* How striking a contrast between his entrance into Dublin, and his final departure from it! His "triumphal entry" took place on the 21st of March, 1689, amidst the plaudits of an immense multitude; for centuries had passed since a sovereign had trodden the streets of the Irish capital. On approaching "the Liberties," a silken canopy was hung over his course; forty young and beautiful maidens, selected from the different convents of the city, clad in white, walked before his horse, and strewed flowers in his path, until he arrived at the Castle, where the people greeted him with universal shouts of "God save the king!" "Long live the king!" On quitting Ireland for ever, "no man cried God bless him;" he was only too much despised to be hated.

And so departed from the Stuarts the sovereignty of Great Britain. They had suffered tribulation without learning mercy; they had endured adversity without finding that "sweet are its uses;" wisdom had not been taught them by experience; Arbitrary Power, Licentiousness, and Bigotry, were their familiars; and Freedom rejoiced when the most worthless of the race stepped on shipboard, from Irish ground—verifying to the last the prophetic exclamation of Marshal Rosen, when James declined to attack the miserable relic of Schomberg's army at Carrickfergus: "Had your majesty ten kingdoms you would lose them!"

It is no marvel, therefore, that the battle at the Boyne river is held sacred in the memories of all Protestants—those of Ireland most especially; and that, ever since, its Anniversary should have been a season of thankfulness and rejoicing *.

* In memory of his Majesty's passage and signal victory of the Boyne a medal was struck, representing the king in bust, with these words—GULIELMUS III. D. G. MAG. BRIT. FRAN. & HIB.—on the reverse, his majesty as a general crossing the river on horseback; king James flying with extended arms, and followed by Count Lauzun with his broken troops; a little lower, Duke Schomberg and Dr. Walker lie dead on the opposite bank of the river: over all are these words—APPARUIT & DISSIPAVIT—and on the exergue, LIBERATA HIBERNIA, 1690.

The Obelisk, at the Boyne, immediately opposite the village of Old Bridge, stands on a rock which juts out a little into the current of the river. It is pictured in the accompanying engraving from the pencil of Mr. Nicholl, which conveys also a very just idea of the beautiful scenery by which the famous "water" is bordered. The obelisk was not erected until the year 1736. "The vertex of the shaft is 150 feet above the level of the river, but the altitude of a picturesque rock, on which the monument is erected, and which is about twenty feet in height, is to be deducted from this measurement." The following inscriptions are graven on the dies of the pedastel:

"Sacred to the glorious Memory of King William the Third, who, on the first of July, 1690, passed the river, near this place, to attack James the Second, at the head of a Popish army, advantageously posted on the south side of it, and did on that day, by a successful battle, secure to us and to our posterity our liberty, laws, and religion. In consequence of this action James the Second left this kingdom, and fled to France. This Memorial of our deliverance was erected in the ninth year of the reign of King George the Second, the first stone being laid by Lionel Sackville, Duke of Dorset, lord-lieutenant of this kingdom, MDCCXXXVI."

Underneath is the following:

"In perpetuam rei tam fortiter quam feliciter gestæ memoriam,
Hic publicæ gratitudinis Monumenti
Fundamen manibus ipse suis
Posuit Lionelus Dux Dorsetiæ, XVII^mo die Aprilis MDCCXXXVI."

On the west side is inscribed in Roman capitals:

"JULY THE FIRST, MDCLXXXX."

And on the south:

"This monument was erected by the grateful contributions of several Protestants of Great Britain and Ireland."

In the south die:

"Reinard, Duke of Schomberg, in passing this river, died, bravely fighting in defence of liberty."

CAVAN.

THE inland county of Cavan is bounded on the north by the county of Fermanagh; on the west by that of Leitrim; on the east and north-east by that of Monaghan; and on the south by parts of the counties of Longford, Meath, and Westmeath. It comprises 477,360 statute acres, of which 30,000 are unimproved mountain and bog, and 22,141 are under water. In 1821, the population was 195,076; and in 1831, 228,050. It is divided into the baronies of Castleraghan, Clonmahon, Clonkee, Upper Loughtee, Lower Loughtee, Tullaghgarvey, Tullaghonoho, and Tullaghagh. Cavan and Belturbet are the only towns of size. The county possesses no feature of a striking or peculiar character; its remains of antiquity are limited in number and not remarkable; and in natural beauty it is far surpassed by the adjoining counties of Meath, Fermanagh, and Armagh*.

* Cavan was one of the counties portioned among the "undertakers" in the reign of James the First. It was then otherwise called "Breny Orelye, or O'Relie's contery," according to Sir John Davies, the king's attorney-general; and its lords were the then powerful sept of the O'Reillys—the chiefs of whom "did adhere to the Earl of Tyrone, and other rebels." The usual consequences followed. An inquisition found that certain O'Relies had died in rebellion, and "of course forfeited their estates."

In the orders and conditions which were published by the king, and which were rigidly enforced under penalties, the English and Scottish undertakers were to plant their proportions with English and Scottish tenants only, who were to yield to his Majesty for every proportion of a thousand acres 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* English, and so rateably for greater proportions, which is after the rate of 6*s.* 8*d.* for every 60 English acres.

Every undertaker of 2000 acres held his lands by "knight's service in capite," and was bound to build a castle with a strong court or bawne about it. An undertaker of 1500 acres held his lands by "knight's service of the castle of Dublin," and was bound to build a stone or brick house thereupon, with a strong court or bawne about it; and every undertaker of 1000 acres, held his lands "by common soccage," and there was no wardship on the two first descents of that land; he was bound to erect a strong court or bawne at least. They were all obliged to make their tenants build their houses in the vicinity of the mansion, for general defence, and an inhibition was made to restrain the falling or destruction of woods, out of which there was a sufficient quantity adjudged for the building of each plantation.

The undertakers were bound to have a sufficient number of arms ready at all times, and a competent number of able men; they were obliged to take the oath of supremacy, and to conform in religion according to the king's laws; they could not demise or alien to any but those who conformed in these particulars, nor to the mere Irish on any account. They had power to erect manors, to hold courts baron twice every year, to create tenures, to hold of themselves upon alienation of any part of the portions, so as it did not exceed the moiety thereof; they could not demise their lands at will only, but were bound to make certain estates for years, for life, in taile, or in fee-simple; and there was a particular provision against "cuttings, cosheries, exactions, or uncertain rents," according to the Irish custom.

We shall, therefore, not be called upon to detain the reader in this comparatively uninteresting county from his progress to "the North."

As we are in the Province of Ulster, where the Irish language ceases to be spoken, except in some isolated or mountain districts, and along the wild seacoast of Donegal, we avail ourselves of a fitting opportunity of introducing some general remarks on the subject*.

The Irish is a language very rational and beautiful in its philosophy, and far less difficult to learn than is generally imagined; its grammar being reducible to a few simple elements, which are capable of very extensive application. The alphabet originally consisted of sixteen simple elements, and in this respect, as well as in the form of several of the characters, bore the impress of its Phenician descent, in common with the Celtiberian, the Etruscan, and the Cadmean Greek. The letters have a relative position different from those of all other alphabets †. Two copies of the ancient alphabet are extant; viz., that of Forchern, who lived in the first century, and that of the book of

* For the information we communicate, we are indebted, chiefly, to Mr. J. B. Wright, of Clonmel, an accomplished Irish scholar. The Irish language is a dialect of the Celtic, and (as Sir William Temple justly observes) the purest dialect extant. The Celts were the aboriginal inhabitants of Europe, who possessed it anterior to the Roman and Gothic races, by whom it was subsequently overrun. Being the earliest colonists that passed from Asia, the Celts retained a closer resemblance to the Orientals in their manners, customs, and language, than the other two races. Besides, they had much intercourse with the Phœnicians, and received colonies from them. This in a great measure serves to account for the difference between them and the Gothic or Teutonic nations, which consisted principally in language and religion (the religion of the Goths being gloomy in its mythology, while that of the Celts was mild and cheerful). The principal Celtic nations were the Umbrians, Sabines, Etruscans, Gauls, Celtiberians, Lusitanians, and inhabitants of the British Isles. The genuine descendants of the Celtæ are now only to be found in Ireland, the Scottish highlands and isles, the Isle of Man, in Wales, Brittany, Biscay, and some of the Alpine valleys.

† The Roman missionaries reduced the Irish alphabet into its present order. The following is a copy of it according to the ancient order :—

Order.	English Name.	Form.	Irish Name.	Interpretation.	Order.	English Name.	Form.	Irish Name.	Interpretation.
1.	B	ᚁ	Beith	A birch.	10.	M	ᚋ	Muin	A vine.
2.	L	ᚂ	Luis	A quicken.	11.	G	ᚌ	Gort	Ivy.
3.	F	ᚃ	Fearn	An alder.	12.	P	ᚈ	Pethpoc	Not known.
4.	S	ᚄ	Sail	A willow.	13.	R	ᚏ	Ruis	An elder.
5.	N	ᚅ	Nion	An ash.	14.	A	ᚐ	Ailm	A fir-tree.
6.	H	ᚆ	Uath	A white-thorn.	15.	O	ᚑ	Onn	Broom.
7.	D	ᚇ	Duir	An oak.	16.	U	ᚒ	Uar	Heath.
8.	T	ᚈ	Tinne	Furze.	17.	E	ᚓ	Eadhadh	An aspen.
9.	C	ᚉ	Coll	A hazel.	18.	J	ᚔ	Idha	A yew.

The above is from the book of Lecan. The alphabet of the Uraiceact na N'eigeas, or "primer of the learned," ascribed to Forchern, a grammarian of the first century, differs from it only in calling the letters after the names of men, (said to be the original compilers of the Japhetan languages), a practice similar to that of the Chaldeans, who named the five vowels after the patriarchs. Properly speaking the H is no Irish letter, being merely used as an *accent* and mark of aspiration. It is fully sounded however in nouns of the feminine gender beginning with a vowel. The P is only found in, comparatively speaking, modern MSS.

Leacan. Both agree in the number, power, and order of the letters; but they differ in the names, the former calling them after men, the latter after trees. Vallancey does not account for the practice of giving letters the names of trees, but it evidently arose from the form of the *Ogham* alphabet, which, as we have attempted to show in an earlier part of this work, anteceded the alphabetic characters of which we now speak. The Ogham Scheme resembled the stem of a tree, the letters forming the lateral branches. This species of Druidical freemasonry, as it may be termed, is often alluded to by the Cambrian or Pictish bard Talliesin, who celebrates "the engagement of the sprigs of the trees, and their battles with the learned." He boasts that he could "delineate the elementary trees and *reeds*, and speaks of the *alders* at the end of the line beginning the arrangement." ᚠ Fearn the *alder*, is placed near the beginning of the ancient Irish alphabet, being the fourth in the original arrangement. He also tells us, that when the sprigs were marked by the sages in the small *tablet* of devices, they uttered their *voice*. The ancient Irish, before the use of parchment or paper, used beechen *tablets*, called Taibhle Fileadh, philosophic *tablets* or tablets of the *sages*; and the alphabet was called Faodh or Faiodh, "a *voice*." Another bard says that he "loves the sprigs with their woven tops tied with a hundred knots, *after the manner of the Celts*, which the artists employed about their mystery." From the part in italics, it is evident that this custom was derived from the Guydl, or original Celtic inhabitants of Britain, who were one race with the Irish.

The Irish is certainly the best preserved, as it is the purest, of all the Celtic dialects. It contains written remains, transmitted from so remote an antiquity that the language has become nearly altogether unintelligible; MSS. of a date so old that they had become ancient in the fourth and fifth centuries, and required a gloss, which gloss has since become nearly as obsolete as the work which it was designed to expound. To the archæologist, to those who would inquire into the origin, the descent, and the affinities of the older nations of western Europe, it is of the highest value; its utility has been long acknowledged by some of the most eminent writers of this and of the neighbouring Continental nations. Camden, Usher, Bochart, Menage, Aldrete, Leibnitz, Lhuyd, Dr. Johnson, Vallancey, and Betham, have amply testified by their eulogies their appreciation of a language which once pervaded a large portion of Europe.

"The Iberno Celtic," says Bochart, "contains more pure Celtic than the Welsh, Armoric, or Basque, and approaches more to the Celtic of the Scythes."

"I am of opinion," writes Leibnitz, "that for the completion or the sure

promotion of Celtic literature, a knowledge of the Irish language must be diligently preserved."

Testimonials of this description might be multiplied manifold. Yet against this language, so prized, the policy of the English medieval government was for centuries directed in unceasing hostility. Its use was prohibited by severe penalties, which however so far from proving effective, seemed but to spread that "degeneracy" amongst the Anglo-Norman settlers which finally gave them the character of being more Irish than the Irish—"Hibernicis Hiberniores." Queen Elizabeth, with a good sense not participated in by her chief minister, although that minister was the great Burleigh, saw that in giving that education to the people, which she intended when she founded

* As a specimen of the Irish language, and in illustration of the preceding remarks, we beg to present to our readers the following verses from an ancient bard in the Irish and English characters, together with a literal translation.

A Cionuin Teamhra treith na nig
Fada tu go faon ad luighe
Ain mhur an aruis ain gan uaim
Act Siabhar deimhe an dubh-ghruaim.

Mall do ghairm fiadhain fiar
Air sgail Chormaic codlas shiar
Mar gluaiseas for b'fatha an sigh
'S uath an chluain-cholhail tighe.

TRANSLATION.

Oh! noble harp of Tara of Kings,
Long hast thou been lying feeble
On the wall of thy illustrious hall without sound
Save the shadowy sound of dark sullen sorrow.

Slow is thy wild winding call
On the shade of Cormac sleeping westward,
As he moves o'er the plain of aërial spirits,
And by the hawthorn of the enclosed field of his dwelling.

* This will give even the mere English reader an idea of the prosody of the Irish language. The mark A denotes the alliterations, D the diphthongs, and Tr the triphthongs. The quiescent consonants (indicated by the dot in the Irish and the adventitious letter H in the English character) render the words however harsh to the eye extremely soft to the ear.

Trinity College, her purpose would be aided through the medium of their spoken language, and suggested the appointment of an Irish professorship. But the idea found no favour with her premier. "What!" said Burleigh, "encourage a language more nearly allied to canine barking than to the articulation human;" and he illustrated his most calumnious assertion by pronouncing, as a specimen, the cacophonous alliteration—

D'ibh, dubh, damh, obh, amh—

pronounced, *div, duv, dav, ov, av;* i. e. "a black steer drank a raw egg." The unhappy phrase lost to the University the intended professorship, and to literature such benefit as might have resulted from it. But against a weapon of this description no language would be invulnerable. The English tongue itself should be doomed, for giving utterance to such a Pierian gargle as "strange straggling steers struggled in strenuous strife."

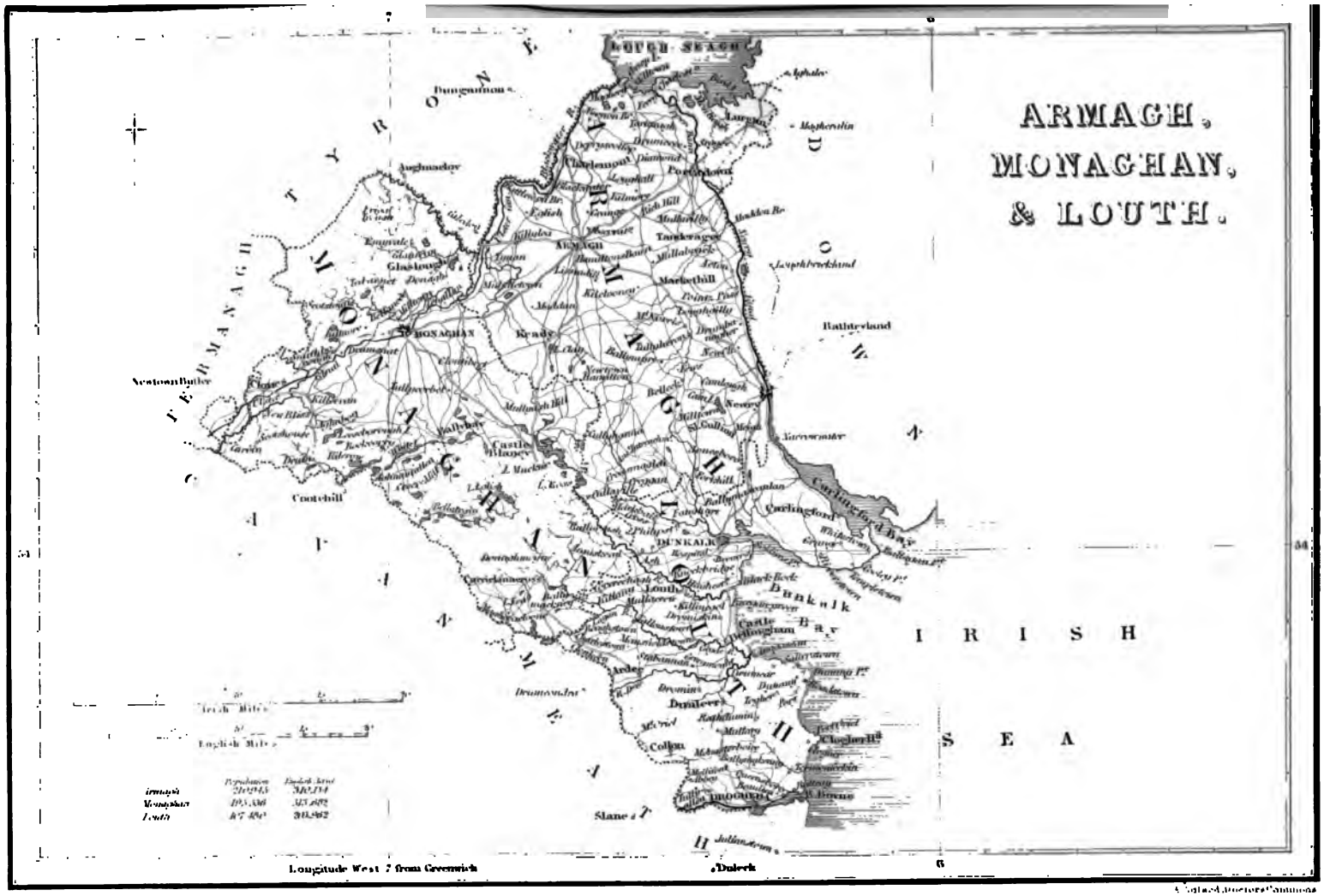
Denounced, then, and shunned by the ruling class, despised as that alone of the populace, it met but little favour from the learned. The publication of the bold and beautiful figments of Macpherson—the Poems of Ossian—opened up a controversy which at length, though slowly, recalled attention to this too long contemned vehicle of nearly forgotten information. Little, however, has been since done in exploring or making known the treasures of literature, history, poetry, romance, and philology, which our scattered MSS. contain. With the exception of the invaluable "*Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*" of Dr. O'Conor, in which some of the choicest of the old Irish annalists have met with a limited publication, scarcely anything has been effected hitherto. But a better spirit is arousing. The great importance of the language is beginning to be understood for literary, as well as religious and political purposes. The recent establishment of the Archæological Society of Dublin, even checked as it is, in its efficiency, by the unwise amount of entrance subscription, gives promise of something being done hereafter which may rescue and preserve what otherwise in a few years may be irretrievably lost.

We shall briefly notice the two most remarkable characteristics of the Irish language. The first is its *expressiveness.* One word is often a definition, and conveys a very complex idea; indeed, the terms in which the language abounds are so *ideal,* suggesting such vivid and beautiful images, that it may be termed one of the most *picturesque* languages in existence. As an example of this, we may mention the ancient names of places, whose etymons often not only call up delightful pictures of the localities, but also mark some important circumstance in their early history.

Another characteristic of the language is its admirable adaptation for lyrical composition, and indeed for many other species of poetry. This arises (in addition to the quality already referred to) from the number of diphthongs, triphthongs, and quiescent consonants, with which it abounds; and the Bards have availed themselves of these peculiarities with such art, as to render their numbers exceedingly smooth and harmonious. They have consequently brought their prosody to a perfection equal to that of any other language.

The Irish, though evidently on the decline, is still the vernacular tongue of about two millions of the population*. Its prevalence in reference to the different provinces may be expressed as follows:—In Connaught it is spoken almost universally; in Munster, generally; in Leinster, sparingly; and in Ulster, only in the county of Donegal, and the mountainous districts. The best Irish is spoken in Connaught and Thomond, and the worst perhaps in Tipperary, although a native of that county would be highly offended at being told so. The language ceases to be spoken in the lower parts of the county Tipperary, and is almost totally unknown in the King and Queen's County, part of Carlow and Wexford, Wicklow, Kildare, and Dublin. The Connaught and Munster dialects differ almost as much as the Hebrew and Chaldee.

* This is exclusive of a great number (probably a million) who, although they can speak Irish, yet from their rank, or other circumstances, now generally adopt the English as their vernacular language.


ARMAGH,
MONAGHAN,
& LOUTH.
IRISH
SEA
ARMAGH
MONAGHAN
LOUTH
TYRONE
DOWN
Longitude West 7 from Greenwich
Dublin

ARMAGH.

Few of the Irish counties fill so prominent a page in ancient Irish history as the county of Armagh. It is surpassed by many in picturesque beauty, but by none in the sturdy, independent, character of its peasantry. Along the high roads, and also among the bye-ways, very little of poverty is encountered: the cottages are, for the most part, neat, cleanly, and comfortable; few of them are without orchards added to the ordinary "garden," and the continual click-cluck of the shuttle betokens the industry that is securing humble luxuries within. Almost every dwelling is a linen factory; and the whole of its inmates, from the very aged to the very young, are made, in some degree, useful. Therefore, although the "earnings" of each are small, the combined gatherings amount to a sum sufficient not alone to supply wants, but to obtain the advantages which make life something more than a mere state of existence between the birth and the grave. We had been but a very few hours in Armagh county before we perceived abundant signs that we were in "the North;" and very soon ascertained that the statements we had heard of its exceeding prosperity, as compared with the southern districts of Ireland, were by no means exaggerated.

The county is inland, in the province of Ulster; its boundaries are the county of Down on the east, Louth on the south-east, Monaghan on the south-west, Tyrone on the north and north-west, and the great inland sea of Ireland, Lough Neagh, on the north. It comprises, according to the Ordnance survey, 328,000 statute acres, 17,941 of which are covered with water, and 42,742 of which are unprofitable mountain and bog. In 1821, the population was 197,427; and in 1831, 220,134. It is divided into the Baronies of Armagh, Turaney, O'Neilland East, O'Neilland West, Upper Fews, Lower Fews, Upper Orier and Lower Orier. Besides the city of Armagh, the county contains the towns of Lurgan, Portadown, Tanderagee, Market-Hill, and Newtown-Hamilton; all of them being comparatively large and prosperous, and presenting appearances of cleanliness and comfort very cheering to the tourist who has made his way upwards from the south.

The city of Armagh, from whatever side it is approached, is an object of considerable interest and beauty. It lines the sides of a steep hill, which stands

almost in the centre of a remarkably fertile valley. The new houses are, for the most part, built of marble, and the streets are literally paved with the same material: from its high position, therefore, and the solid character of the buildings, its appearance is singularly clean and pure, and even the lowest alleys have a character of decent and orderly arrangement. Several public structures have been of late years erected; and in every instance due regard has been had to elegance as well as durability: walks have been laid out in various directions round the city, to which the public have free access *; and great exertions have been made by many of its citizens to render modern Armagh worthy of its ancient fame. This ancient fame is derived mainly

* "Dobbin's Valley," with its "walks," near the entrance to Armagh from Portadown, may not be passed over without notice. We borrow from a friend a brief description of its beauties. "I would advise the traveller to Armagh to turn in at the handsome gate which stands on the left, on his approach to that city by the Rich-hill road. Should the elegant little lodge and neat planting invite him into the valley, the clack of the mill will soon lead him down to the river; and there is little probability of his turning on his steps till he winds round the lake, into which an artificial embankment has widened the Avonmore—now sauntering down straight alleys of closely-planted firs and larches, through whose embowerings the sun can scarcely penetrate—now bursting out into the lake and open lawn, and again winding along close by the bed of the rocky stream, pendent over which are the entwining branches of trees of various kinds, springing from rocks that scarcely seem to afford sufficient soil for the nurture of the moss and the wild flowers with which they are enamelled. The stranger will scarcely credit that all this variety can be contained in the scope of ground which, on ascending any of the neighbouring eminences, he may see beneath him. His surprise will be nothing diminished on being told that a few years ago this spot, now so beautiful, presented nothing but a rude glen, with a little stream idly brawling among rocks and briars. These natural advantages which a taste less refined and accurate would altogether have overlooked, have been beautified by the owner almost into a fairy-land; and with a liberality which reflects on him the highest credit, the grounds have been thrown open to the public."

ARMAGH.

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from its cathedral; which crowns the summit of a hill—Druimsailech *, and is seen from all points within a great distance of the long celebrated "City of the Saints." "Towards this venerable church some of the streets seem to converge, like radii, to a common centre—others ascend in more oblique directions from the base of the hill, and are intersected by those of greater magnitude, which encircle the town." Our print represents it and its entrance, before the Restoration—of which we shall speak presently — first intreating the patience of the reader while we relate a few particulars connected with its remote history.

The foundation of the city and cathedral has been ascribed to St. Patrick, and on grounds sufficiently satisfactory; although Dr. Ledwich has been at considerable trouble to show not only that the great Patron Saint of Ireland built none of the churches that bear his name, but that he never had existence, and consequently is entitled to none of the honours and homage that have been rendered to him for precisely fourteen centuries — a heresy which Dr. Stuart in his History of Armagh has taken vast pains to refute. According, however, to numerous authorities—from writers his contemporaries, down to the modern historian of his famous Archiepiscopal See—he arrived in Ireland A.D. 432, and made such rapid progress in the conversion of its inhabitants,

* The original name was Druim-sailech, "the hill of sallows," which was afterwards changed to Ard-sailech, "the height of sallows," and still later to Ard-macha; either from Eamhuin-macha, the regal residence of the kings of Ulster, which stood in its vicinity—or, as is more probable, from its characteristic situation, Ard-macha signifying "the high place or field." Hence Armagh. This derivation is considered to be the true one by Usher, Ware, and Harris. In the charter by which James I. incorporated the inhabitants of the city into a borough, it is called Ardmagh.

that about three years afterwards, in 435, he founded this city, built his cathedral, and surrounded it with various ecclesiastical edifices *.

The schools, or colleges, also established here, became famous throughout Europe; and are said, upon safe authority, to have furnished England with its earliest teachers—having been in fact the small spring which supplied the healing waters of Christianity to the other British Isles †.

The comparatively humble church of St. Patrick vanished centuries ago; but upon the same site, time after time, sacred edifices have been erected. Early in the ninth century the city and its cathedral were destroyed by the Danes; and as often as the inhabitants attempted to rebuild them, they received visits from their implacable enemies; there are records to prove

* Various opinions exist as to the birthplace of St. Patrick. He was probably born at "Tours" (on the 5th of April, 372 or 3), and his family was of Roman origin. In the sixteenth year of his age, he was stolen by some adventurers, and sold to slavery in Ireland; from hence he made his escape; and although he is said to have always cherished the idea of converting the Irish, he had attained his sixtieth year before he commenced his mission to that country. He lived, however, to complete the work. "After having established 365 churches, ordained a like number of bishops, and 3000 presbyters, he died in the abbey of Saul or Sabhal, on the 17th of March, 493, at the patriarchal age of 120 years."

† "Foreign students" (we quote from Dr. Stuart, who gives his authorities,) "were gratuitously furnished in the Irish colleges with lodging, diet, clothes, and books; and we have the authority of Bede and Alcuin, as well as of Erric, of Auxerre, and of the writer of the Life of Sulgenus, that numbers of Saxons, Gauls, &c. flocked to Ireland for instruction. This account is corroborated by Camden, Spenser, Llhuid, and Roland. It is certain, that whoever wished to perfect himself in theology, and in the other sciences, deemed it necessary to reside in some of the literary seminaries of this country. Hence Camden quotes the following passage from the Life of Sulgen:—

"Exemplo patrum commotus amore legendi
Ivit ad Hibernos, Sophia mirabile claros."

He alleges, also, that the ancient English even learned the form of their letters from the Irish. Indeed the Irish language seems to have been formerly held in considerable repute, even by British monarchs; for when Aidan preached in that tongue to the Northumbrians, King Oswin himself interpreted his discourse to the people. When any learned man on the Continent had disappeared, it was generally said of him—"*Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia.*" Aldelm, an author of the seventh century, the very first of the English nation who wrote Latin poetry, was a pupil of the Hibernian Scot Maidulph, as Camden testifies. Aigilbert, the first bishop of the Western Saxons, and afterwards bishop of Paris, and Alfred, king of Northumberland, were educated in Ireland. In the seventh century, Columban, an Irishman, founded the abbey of Luxeuil, in Burgundy—a second at Fontanelle—and a third at Bobio, near Naples. Gall, another Hibernian, founded the abbey of Stinace, or Stinaha, near the lake Constance. In the sixth century, Columba, the Irish Culdee, founded the famous monastery of Hi, or Iona, and converted the Picts.—Arbogast, an Hibernian Scot, about the year 646, founded an oratory in Alsace, where Hagenau was afterwards built. Maidulph erected the monastery of Ingleborne, where, about the year 676, he instructed the English youth in classic literature. Fursey founded a monastery at Cnobersburgh, now Burgh-castle, in Suffolk, about the year 637, and, shortly afterwards, the abbey of Laigni, in the diocese of Paris. He died on the 16th of January, 648. We may remind our readers that Charlemagne, of France, placed the university of Paris and that of Ticinum, (i. e. Pavia,) the two first formed establishments of the kind on the continent of Europe, under the care of two Irishmen, Albin and Clements, as best qualified to preside over institutions at once so novel and so useful.

that, between the ninth and the twelfth centuries, the city was, either partly or wholly, burned no fewer than seventeen times. The cathedral having been restored, was again consumed by fire, in 1404, and again, by Shane O'Neal, in 1566; "upon which occasion the city shared the same fate, and was reduced to a parcel of wattled cottages, with the ruinous walls of a monastery, priory, and the Primate's palace." In 1642 it underwent a similar fate—"Sir Phelim O'Neal having burned it." After that catastrophe, however, it was subjected to frequent repairs, or rather "restorations," by successive Primates,—by Primate Hampton, in 1612; by Primate Margetson, in 1675; by Primate Lindsay, in 1713; by Primate Boulter, in 1729; and by Primate Robinson, between the years 1766 and 1784 *. The repairs were, however, effected "piecemeal;" and the structure presented an heterogenous mass, until the present archbishop, Lord John Beresford, was promoted to the see of Armagh—to which he was translated, from Dublin, on the 22nd of June, 1822. His Grace immediately applied himself to the work of its complete restoration; setting a munificent example, which was liberally and extensively followed †. We have obtained drawings of the interior, in its state before and after the restoration. The reader will be interested in contrasting both. It is here represented before the skill of the artist was brought to bear upon it.

* In 1125, the roof was repaired with tiles, by Primate Celsus, having for the period of one hundred and thirty years, after the fire in 995, been only repaired in part. A more perfect restoration was effected by the Primate Gelasius, in 1145, on which occasion, according to the annalists, he constructed a kiln or furnace for the preparation of lime; which kiln appears to have been quadrangular, and was of the extraordinary dimensions of sixty feet on every side.

† The original edifice appears, from the authority of the tripartite Life of its founder, to have been an oblong structure, 140 feet in length, and divided into nave and choir, according to the custom of all ancient Irish churches. The present church differs from its ancient predecessor in form and size; its shape being that of a cross, and its interior measurements 183½ feet in length from east to west, and its breadth in the transepts 119 feet from north to south. "The interior is ornamented with several splendid monuments, of which the most remarkable for beauty and costliness is that of the pious, worthy, and learned Dean Drelincourt—a work of the most famous sculptor, Rysbraek. The other monuments most worthy of notice are those of the Rev.

A public meeting was held on the 14th of March, 1835, and subscriptions were entered into, headed by the Primate, on so munificent a scale, that the work was rapidly proceeded with; upwards of £12,000 were at once contributed; the restoration having been entrusted to Mr. Cottingham, the accomplished architect whose reputation had been previously established by his successful restorations of Rochester Cathedral and the Abbey of St. Albans *. He took the fine old edifice as his model; from the beauty and grandeur of which he made no essential departure. We have here a print which may convey some idea of the improvement to which it was subjected.

In its present state, no ecclesiastical structure in Great Britain, of similar extent, surpasses in grace and beauty the Cathedral of Armagh—crowning the summit of the hill, overlooking a wide expanse of rich country—pre-eminently rich in historical associations—it has received from the mind of the architect, by whom it has been "restored," all the advantage that

Dr. Jenny, Rector of the Parish, who died in 1758; Primate Robinson—a bust by Bacon; William Viscount Charlemont, who died in 1671, and his father, William Baron Caulfield; and the late Rev. Thomas Carpendale, Master of the Endowed Classic School of Armagh, erected in 1818. The monuments for which the original cathedral was celebrated, unfortunately no longer remain! Many of these deserved from posterity a different fate—for here were interred the heroes of Clontarf—the venerable Brian, and his son Murchard, and his nephew Conan, and his friend Methlin, Prince of the Decies of Waterford—here their bodies, which had been conveyed thither by the clergy, lay in funeral state for twelve successive nights, during which psalms, hymns, and prayers were chaunted for their souls—and well did they merit those pious honours." We copy the above from the "Dublin Penny Journal." Two other very interesting monuments have been since added—one to Primate Stuart, a statue by Chantrey; and one to Sir Thomas Molyneux, by Roubilliac; removed to the cathedral from the house of his descendant.

* The first subscription of the Primate was £8000; and we understand it was subsequently increased from time to time to £30,000—the cost of the work having greatly exceeded the original estimate. The restoration was commenced before public aid was called for. In 1834, Mr. Cottingham had made a satisfactory report, and before the end of that year had removed the piers of the tower, which were found "unequal to bear its weight;" they were replaced by others, resting upon a more solid foundation, "in the execution of which the whole weight of the tower was sustained, without the slightest crack or settlement, till the new work was brought into contact with the old, by a skilful and ingenious contrivance, of which a model is preserved."

modern art could give it, without impairing its primitive character—no change having been introduced that is not in keeping with the original design, and in perfect harmony with its sacred purpose*.

Although the relics of ancient times are remarkably rare within the city of Armagh, they are very abundant in its immediate vicinity: of Norman castles, indeed, there are few or none; but of ages far more remote there exist some of the most striking in Ireland. The "Rath of Navan" is distant about two miles from the cathedral; in its general character it resembles the Hill of Tara, and is more picturesque though less extensive. It is said to have been the site of the Palace of Eamhain, erected A.M. 3603; adjoining to it was a "House of the Red-branch Knights;" and to this day, every place in the neighbourhood retains a name similar to that which it might have borne before the Christian era: thus, for example, "a townland close beside the hill is still denominated Creeve Roe, a name which, in English letters, expresses the very sound designated in the Irish characters by the words Craobh Ruadh—the red branch." It is impossible to examine this Rath without being fully convinced that, huge as it is, it was the produce of human labour. Various relics of antiquity are dug up from time to time in its vicinity; so numerously, indeed, that a cottager seldom occupies a day in delving a field without striking his spade against some record of long-past ages—arrow-heads, continually; sometimes a spear-head or a skene, and, now and then, a brooch or ring of costly workmanship †. These alone afford evidence of the early greatness of Armagh; a subject, however, concerning which history furnishes us with proofs abundant, clear, and conclusive ‡.

We might occupy a large portion of our work—and certainly to advantage

* A Roman Catholic cathedral is in course of erection, on the summit of a hill adjacent to that on which stands the ancient structure. According to the plans, it will be a very extensive and magnificent building. They have a story current in Armagh, that when the restoration of the ancient cathedral was completed, and the venerable edifice appeared in more than its original beauty, the Roman Catholic Primate went to examine it. Being asked his opinion as to the improvements it had undergone, he expressed himself fully satisfied therewith; observing that, "the Lord Primate had done but what was right;" and adding, pleasantly, "it is *the duty of an outgoing tenant to leave the premises in proper repair.*"

† Mr. Corry, to whom we have already referred, a respectable trader in Armagh, has formed an interesting, valuable, and indeed extensive museum, of articles collected entirely in the neighbourhood of the Rath. He pointed out to us the several spots where the rarest of them had been discovered; and afforded us much valuable information, which our limits will not at present permit us to turn to account.

‡ "Nial's grave" is still pointed out on the banks of the Callan, immediately adjacent to the city. He was a king of Ulster—A.D. 846—who fought and conquered the Danes. He is said to have fallen a victim to his humanity; for after achieving a brilliant victory, he commanded one of his captains to pass the river and pursue the flying enemy. The waters, augmented by recent rains, were rushing with frightful impetuosity, and carried away the warrior. The king ordered his followers to the rescue; but none of them obeyed. Instantly he dashed, himself, into the current, and was drowned. Tradition preserved the story—and the place of his interment.

—by details of interesting objects in the County of Armagh; either with regard to the happy position of its inhabitants generally; the beauties of its scenery;—parts of the banks of the Ban river being exceedingly rich in the picturesque;—its ancient remains; its modern improvements, in reference alike to mansions, cottages, farms, and estates; and above all, the efforts of its landlords to promote the welfare, augment the comforts, and better the condition of its people. We are reminded, however, of the absolute necessity of compression; and are compelled to postpone our remarks upon a subject of especial interest—the magnificent Lough Neagh; which borders the northern division of the County, although it belongs more properly to the County of Antrim. In driving to this noble lake from our head-quarters, in the neighbourhood of Portadown, we passed through a singular district called "the Munches." Let the reader imagine a tract of bog, stretching far and away: carriage and cart roads have been formed through it at great expense; yet the only change of soil is from bad bog to good bog, from turf so black and hard, that its very sight gladdens the housewife's heart, to poor pale-brown crumbling stuff, which the poor burn because they can afford no better. Numerous are the squatters, notwithstanding, who have cultivated patches of this arid common into productive land.

At the termination of this outspread bog, we came in sight of Lough Neagh; and soon standing upon its banks we saw as it were a sea, encompassed by land. Of its peculiar features—and they are numerous—we shall hereafter have occasion to speak.

Our visits to the towns of Armagh afforded us much enjoyment. Portadown, Lurgan, and Tanderagee have each a "thriving look;" their large markets suggested the notion of abundance; and the warehouses for the sale of linen bore testimony to the industry that produces wealth. From a hill, that rises just above Tanderagee, there is a most glorious and exciting prospect of the surrounding country—seen thence, for very many miles, in every direction; and looking into several of the adjacent counties—the view, in reference either to its picturesque or moral character, is cheering in the extreme;—cultivated mountains, fertile valleys, gentlemen's domains richly planted, cottages not huddled unhealthily together, but spread over the land; each of which might be copied as a picture of rural grace and domestic comfort.*

* The principal proprietor of Tanderagee is Lord Mandeville; who with his neighbours, Lords Farnham and Roden, Colonel Blacker and the Marquis of Downshire, have contributed largely to the present cheering condition of the county of Armagh. Lord Mandeville has established no fewer than sixteen district schools on his estate, in this neighbourhood—for the support of which he devotes £1000 per annum, out of an income by no means large. In the schools there are 22 teachers, and the average daily attendance of scholars is 2000. They are maintained independently of aid from any society.

There are few parts of Armagh county which do not supply some interesting or important contribution to history. The fort of Charlemont, which stands on the borders of Tyrone, demands especial notice. During the brief contest between William and James, the governor was a brave officer, named Teague O'Regan. Schomberg summoned the fort, and received for answer, that "he was an old rogue and should not have it;" to which the Dutchman sent a reply "that he would very soon give the governor better cause for anger." The fortress was exceedingly strong; it occupied the summit of a hill which commanded a very important pass, and overlooked the Blackwater; it was surrounded by a morass, and approachable only by two narrow causeways. Its possession was very necessary to Schomberg, and he determined to "get it by some means or other;" but finding the garrison and the governor resolute to keep him out, and knowing that he had to do with brave and experienced soldiers, he "sat down" quietly before the fort, to wait until famine had done the work for him. And this ensued, at length; the gallant old governor capitulated "on his own terms," and marched out with all the honours of war*.

There is, in the County of Armagh, another small and insignificent spot,

* An anecdote is recorded which exhibits the stern and resolute character of the old soldier. An attempt was made to relieve the garrison; an officer named Mc Mahon, at the head of 500 men, gallantly made his way through the besiegers and reached the walls of the fort. Teague O'Regan, however, had men enough for his purpose; he accepted the supply of provisions Mc Mahon had brought, but obstinately refused to admit his soldiers, inasmuch as they would speedily consume the food they had conveyed, and render their enterprise worse than useless. He bade them, therefore, fight their way back again. But old Schomberg, who was alive to the movement—(Harris indeed states that he foresaw it, and so "allowed Mc Mahon to pass after a slight resistance,")—stood in the way, and to return was impossible. Two attempts were made, however, and twice they were driven back under shelter of the walls of Charlemont. Still old Teague "swore if they could not make their way out they should have no lodging or entertainment within;" and the unlucky detachment were compelled to take up their quarters upon the counterscarp, between the fortress and the enemy, where they continued in a most miserable condition, until the governor was compelled to capitulate.

which bears a name in history; "the Battle of the Diamond" is almost as famous in the north, as "the Battle of the Boyne." We travelled some three or four miles out of our route from Armagh to Portadown to visit the place—a cluster of hovels dignified with the rank of village, and called "the Diamond;"—a term frequently used in the northern counties, to indicate an assemblage of buildings which, taken together, are diamond-shaped; thus the market-place of Derry is in the centre of the Diamond; so also is that of Coleraine; and the few cabins to which we more immediately refer, although changed in form, by time, from that of a diamond to that of a triangle, retains the name it originally bore. It was never more than a mere collection of cottages; built in a small valley, or, rather, a ravine, upon both sides of which steep hills look down. A stream, of some depth, must have been, at one period, running in the vicinity, for in the contest of 1795, several persons were drowned there; it has, however, disappeared. There, in 1795, originated the "Orange Societies," which, for nearly half a century—while they existed—occupied no small share of the world's attention; for in their after influence upon the destinies of Ireland, they were made to play very prominent parts. The reader will be naturally curious to know something of their history. We shall give it very briefly, for the space to which we are limited is nearly exhausted. As we have elsewhere had occasion to remark, towards the close of the last century, when the French Republic was arranging a descent upon the Irish coast, anticipating a general rising of the Irish population against the British government, and so contemplating the junction of Ireland with France, the Roman Catholics of Ulster were associated under the title of "Defenders;" their avowed object was to terminate the connexion between England and Ireland. Upon this point it is needless to state further than that—according to the authority of Theobald Wolfe Tone, a conspicuous leader of the disaffected Irish, in French pay—the oath of the Defenders was "that they will be faithful to the United Nations of France and Ireland." Into this subject it is neither requisite nor desirable that we enter at any length; but so much is necessary to show that the parties who combined for the opposite purpose—to continue and maintain connexion with England—were acting upon the defensive when they took up arms and formed themselves into societies which afterwards became known and recognised as "Orange Societies;" the adversaries of "the Defenders" having previously been distinguished as "Peep-of-Day Boys." It is difficult now to say, with certainty, how these two great parties were first created. At that period the penal laws against Roman Catholics prohibited them from keeping arms, and to obtain them

they were driven to the practice (still too common in disturbed districts in Ireland) of taking them forcibly at night. There were then no organized police, and the law was very inefficiently administered. The Protestants therefore became greatly alarmed;—not without reason, as the events of the few following years proved—and in order to discover and prevent the robbery of arms, roamed about the country in small armed bodies. From the hours at which these patrols were made, they derived the name of "Peep-o'-day boys." To oppose this system the Roman Catholics found it necessary to organize their attacks, and assumed the name of "Defenders." This account, though probable enough, is, however, far from certain, and some suppose that the two parties originated merely in some private feud, which, after a time, was converted by political agents into a religious war.

Their quarrels were conducted with the bitterest animosity, and gave rise to much bloodshed. The Peep-o'-day boys had no regular system of union, while their adversaries formed a perfectly organized combination, with signs and pass-words. The latter, therefore, in a short time became a most powerful body—not confined to the north, but extending over a large portion of the kingdom. Outrage and bloodshed—amounting sometimes to barbarous massacres—became so common, especially in the northern counties, as to awaken the serious alarm of the Irish Parliament. A select Committee of the Lords was appointed in 1793, who made a very strong Report upon the subject. To confute the opinion that the violence of the Defenders had the countenance of the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, a pastoral admonition was immediately afterwards circulated by Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, and the then great advocate of the Roman Catholic claims.

Several skirmishes having occurred in the county of Armagh between the opposing parties, and some lives having been lost, a truce was agreed upon, and a meeting took place at the house of a man named Winter, in the village of the Diamond, by which a Roman Catholic clergyman, on the one part, and a Protestant gentleman, on the other, bound themselves, for their respective parties, that peace between both should be strictly preserved for a period named. The Protestant gentleman was fired at on his way home, after having affixed his name to the treaty, and his party was, on the next day, attacked by above seven hundred of the Defenders; but it is asserted that these "Defenders" were, at the time, ignorant of the fact that an armistice had been agreed upon. Thus exasperated, both parties prepared for a resort to arms—both assembled in large numbers—the one upon the one hill that overlooked the Diamond, and the other upon the hill opposite; each having laid in a large store of provisions and ammunition, and each being amply provided with weapons. The battle

took place on the 21st of September, 1795; and happily, before very much mischief was done, although several lives were sacrificed, the parties were separated by the timely arrival of the military.

Out of this affray—preceded as it undoubtedly was by many other unhappy quarrels, and a terrible state of insubordination in the County of Armagh—arose the "Orange Institutions." For the Protestants of that county, and ultimately of all Ireland, formed themselves into lodges, to which they gave a name which, ever since, has been dearly cherished by the one party, and utterly execrated by the other, until, within a comparatively recent period, the direct interference of the Crown terminated their existence.

According to some reports, the first lodge was formed on the field where the battle of the Diamond was fought—among the men who had been actually engaged in it. According to other accounts, a considerable portion of the routed Defenders escaping into the county of Tyrone, renewed the system of aggression there, and it was more immediately for the purpose of resisting this body that the first lodge was formed; a village called Dian, on Lord Caledon's estate, in the county of Tyrone, claiming "the honour" of being the first place of meeting. This latter is believed to be the more correct account. The lodge consisted merely of yeomen and a few respectable farmers of the middling rank of life—little imagining that it was to be the germ of so numerous and mighty a body as the "Orange Institution" afterwards became.

The Association of United Irishmen had been formed three or four months previously—in May, 1795. It is, however, very unlikely that the framers of the first Orange Societies had originally any view of counteracting the operations of this body, although in after years they became so efficient for that purpose. The circumstances of the formation of the early lodges, and the rank in life of their founders, render it highly improbable that they would, or indeed could, form a design so comprehensive.

The Institution was found so effective, that it was soon encouraged by the gentry of the neighbourhood. In a short time several lodges were formed, with a regular system of rules for their guidance. They consisted chiefly of persons in the humble ranks of life; the rules and ceremonies adopted were such as were likely to strike the minds of such men, and were full of mysteries. As none but Protestants were admitted, and most of these were Presbyterians, the Institution partook considerably of the religious character of that sect. United in a cause which they believed to be a holy one, they always commenced and concluded their meetings with prayer, a custom which continued to be universally observed ever afterwards, though their other rules were of course modified and altered when the management of the Institution came into the hands of more enlightened men.

Among the nobility and gentry of the North who were the first to join actively in furthering the interests of the new Institution, were Lords Hertford, Abercorn, Northland, and Londonderry—and the influential families of the Verners, Blackers, Richardsons, and Brownlows. The Institution spread rapidly through the whole of the North of Ireland, and there is at least this fact in favour of its utility at that time, that the North, from being the most disturbed, became, and has ever since continued, the most peaceable and thriving portion of Ireland; and during the subsequent outbreak in 1798 was the only part apparently uninjured by that frightful convulsion.

In little more than two years the Institution extended itself to the capital. The first lodge formed in Dublin was founded early in the year 1798. In after times it became, as is well known, one of the most influential and numerous associations that ever existed, extending throughout England and Scotland, and even into the colonies. The first lodge in England was formed in 1808, in Manchester. In 1821, the Grand Lodge of England removed to London, and held their meetings in the house of Lord Kenyon, in Portman-square; and in 1836 the number of Orangemen in England was stated to have been between 120,000 and 140,000. Although the English Orangemen were governed by similar rules, and had the same Grand Master (the Duke of Cumberland), and the same system of signs and pass-words, there seems to have been very little unity of action between them and the Orangemen of Ireland, except, perhaps, immediately after their first institution*.

* The ceremonies observed at the Institution of an Orangeman were briefly these—The candidate, carrying in his hand a bible and the book of the rules of the society, was introduced at a meeting of the lodge, of which he proposed to become a member, by two sponsors—one of whom was his proposer, and the other the member who had seconded him. He was placed at the end of the room while the other members stood in their places. The chaplain of the lodge, or in his absence a brother nominated by the master, repeated some Scripture verses expressive of the power and paternal care of Providence, and the necessity of trust in Him in time of danger. The master then asked, "Friend, what dost thou desire in this meeting of true Orangemen?" The candidate answered, "Of my own free will and accord I desire admission into your loyal institution." The master then asked, "Who will vouch for this friend that he is a true Protestant and loyal subject?" to which the sponsors replied, giving their names. The master then questioned the candidate thus—Master: "What do you carry in your hand?" Candidate: "The word of God." Master: "Under the assurance of these worthy brothers we trust that you carry it also in your heart. What is that other book?" Candidate: "The book of your rules and regulations." Master: "Under the like assurance we trust that you will study them well, and obey them in all lawful matters. Therefore we gladly receive you into the order. Orangemen, bring to me your friend." The candidate was then invested with the decoration of the order—an orange sash. The chaplain then again repeated a selection of Scripture verses, and the master said, "We receive thee, dear brother, into the religious and loyal institution of Orangemen; trusting that thou wilt abide a devoted servant of God, and a true believer in his son Jesus Christ—a faithful subject of the King and supporter of our constitution. Keep thou firm in the Protestant Church, holding steadily her pious doctrines and observing her ordinances. Make thyself a friend of all pious and peaceable men; avoiding strife and seeking, benevolence; slow to take offence and offering none. In the name of our brotherhood I bid thee welcome, and pray that thou mayst long continue among them a worthy Orange-

The system of secret signs and pass-words in order to recognise each other whenever they might meet, and the strict privacy of their meetings, were natural schemes considering the circumstances of their first institution. It has, however, been much regretted by more enlightened Orangemen, that so much mysticism was ever adopted. It gave rise and probability to all the stories circulated by their enemies, and rendered them as individuals far less able to confute them. Without examining particularly the merits or demerits of the Institution, or pronouncing to which most weight is due—the boasts of Orangemen as to their loyalty, liberality, and high character, or the charges of their enemies as to their bigotry, cruelty, and intolerance—it must be admitted that nothing could be more charitable, or breathe a purer or more peaceful spirit, than their recognised book of rules and regulations*. It is

man, namely—fearing God, honouring the King, and maintaining the law." The master then communicated the signs and pass-words of the order, and the chaplain in conclusion repeated the verse, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good will towards men."

This ceremonial slightly differed in different lodges, but the principal features of it were exactly the same in all. It was in some few the custom to impose an oath or a promise of secrecy. This unnecessary and mischievous portion of the ceremony was, however, much discouraged, and declared to be contrary to the rules of the institution by an address of the Grand Lodge published in 1828.

A brother once admitted into one lodge was free of all lodges in every part of the world, and obtained admission to their meetings by giving the sign and pass-word. The supreme management of the affairs of the society was vested in the Grand Lodge, who met in Dublin, and consisted of the most influential members of the body, and officers deputed from the various provincial lodges. The principal body of rules and regulations was passed and adopted in 1800, and continued in use with a few alterations until the dissolution of the society.

* From this book of "Rules and Regulations" we copy two passages; the first introductory, the second which relates to the qualifications of members. "This institution is formed by persons desiring, to the utmost of their power, to support and defend his Majesty King George the Fourth, the constitution and laws of this country, and the succession to the throne in his Majesty's illustrious house, *being Protestant*, for the defence of their persons and property, and for the maintenance of the peace of the country; and for these purposes they hold themselves obliged, when lawfully called upon, to be at all times ready to assist the civil and military powers in the just and lawful discharge of their duty. They associate also in honour of King William III., Prince of Orange, whose name they will *perpetually* bear, as supporters of his glorious memory, and the true religion by law established in this United Kingdom."

"This is, exclusively, a Protestant Association; yet, detesting an intolerant spirit, it admits no persons into its brotherhood who are not well known to be incapable of persecuting, injuring, or upbraiding any one on account of his religious opinions: its principle is to aid and assist loyal subjects of every religious persuasion, by protecting them from violence and oppression."

Qualifications.—"An Orangeman should have a sincere love and veneration for his Almighty Maker, a firm and steadfast faith in the Saviour of the world, convinced that he is the only Mediator between a sinful creature and an offended Creator. His disposition should be humane and compassionate, and his behaviour kind and conciliatory—an enemy to savage brutality and unchristian cruelty. He should love rational and improving society, faithfully regard the Protestant religion, and sincerely desire to propagate its precepts. He should have a hatred of cursing and swearing, and taking the name of God in vain; and he should use all opportunities of discouraging these shameful practices. Wisdom and prudence should guide his actions; temperance and sobriety, honesty and integrity, direct his conduct; and the honour and glory of his king and country, be the motives of his exertions."

The rules further provided that "the proposer of a candidate shall satisfy the lodge that he has put a copy of these laws and ordinances into the hands of the candidate, before such proposition."

also but fair to add that the Society stood the test of two most scrutinizing Parliamentary Committees—one of the Lords, in the year 1825, and the other of the Commons, 1836, without the slightest imputation being cast upon it which has any weight with rational men.

The Orange Society was dissolved in the year 1836. After the proceedings before a committee of the House of Commons, in consequence of the declared wish of the Crown, and before any Act of Parliament was passed which could interfere with their proceedings, a meeting of the Grand Lodge was summoned, on the 13th April in that year. After much debate, the question of dissolution was carried by a majority of 92 to 62. It was questioned by some of the lodges whether the deputed authority of the Grand Lodge authorised this resolution. It was, however, in the end generally acquiesced in by them all, or, at least, with very few exceptions; and a society of almost unprecedented magnitude, comprising a very large proportion of the most wealthy and influential noblemen and gentlemen in the kingdom, and numbering, we understand, above 250,000 members, voluntarily separated.

We have thus endeavoured to condense as much as possible the information we have gathered concerning the origin and history of the "Orange Institution;" it is not our object to follow it out more particularly; in fact, it had such extensive and important influence upon all the political events which succeeded its establishment, that an account of its progress and proceedings would be a history of Ireland from the year 1793 to the year 1836.

It is scarcely necessary for us to observe that this "Orange Institution" has been pictured to us by all parties. It has been essentially our duty—and a duty we have at all times, under all circumstances and in all places, laboured conscientiously to discharge—to obtain information from the adversaries as well as the supporters of any system, subject, or measure; and to endeavour to form our own conclusions as to the nature of the evidence received,—which, in Ireland, is singularly conflicting and contradictory upon nearly every topic concerning which inquiry can be made.

We feel assured, indeed, that we cannot have proceeded thus far with our work without having satisfied our readers that this principle guides us in every line we write.

We need not say that in Ireland the name of an "Orangeman" is almost inconceivably odious to a very vast proportion of the people. No doubt much of this is attributable to the fact that they maintained Protestant ascendancy when England, of herself, could not have maintained it, and so balked and disappointed the enemies of England and Protestantism: but that much of it must be traced to the cruelties, oppressions, and utter recklessness of just

dealing, exercised by some Orangemen towards their Roman Catholic brethren, is, at least, equally certain. We have shown that in *principle* the Orange Institution cannot be described as even uncharitable; but in *practice* it was often otherwise. Although among its leading members were some of the most enlightened, most upright, and most humane gentlemen in Great Britain, it contained some who were alike ignorant of their duty towards their God and their neighbour, and who had reasoned themselves into a notion that in persecuting a Roman Catholic they were doing both service. Their conduct, undoubtedly, gave a show of justice to charges advanced against the body.

In former times, when the laws were comparatively inefficient, and the Protestants were a few, isolated in the midst of adversaries, such an association may have been necessary, and therefore justifiable; but when circumstances had changed, and such necessity no longer existed, it was wisdom, policy, and justice to terminate a system which sustained discord, and effectually prevented that which can alone render Ireland really prosperous—a termination of hostilities between its people on the ground of differences in Religion.

We hold it as incontrovertible that the use of any particular emblem, sign, or token, calculated to promote a breach of the peace and to stir up evil passions, is an act of which the law should take cognisance; and that, therefore, rightly, the law was, at length, called into operation to prevent the continuance of that which had become an evil. But it is only justice to state—and it is difficult to conceive how any unprejudiced reader of history can arrive at an opposite conclusion—that if the retention of Ireland was an advantage to England, England is certainly indebted to the "Orange Societies," for having retained Ireland as part and parcel of the dominions of Great Britain; for assuredly, if there had been no Union of Irish Protestants, acting together and in concert, between the years 1793 and 1800, Ireland would have become—for a time, at least—a Province of France.

END OF VOL. II.

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